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THE OLD ROUTE TO ORLEANS

THE MISSISSIPPI

By Willis Gibson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JULES GUÉRIN

NEAR the beginning of the eighteenth century a restless civilization, sailing over seas, reared a town upon the marshy banks of the Mississippi River, hard by the Gulf-gate, and called it New Orleans. Boldly then this civilization turned her canoe against the river's lonely flood, planting, as she paddled northward, many flags of France, and here and there a stockade, beside the tepee of the wondering red man. Trading-posts followed the flags. In a little time St. Louis, a thousand miles and more from the Gulf, was born, and even in the far reaches of the mysterious upper river fur stations, hundreds of miles apart, sprang up.

With the coming of another century, the American pioneer, straggling over the Alleghanies, commenced to drift down the Ohio on his raft to raise the log hut upon the Mississippi's hospitable soil; so many of him that by and by the distant Congress was prevailed upon to possess itself of this new barbaric highway on the Western frontier.

But now that the American had his highway to himself his commerce progressed sluggishly, for his raft, after completing its tedious down-stream voyage, had no means of getting back, and even that innovation, the oared barge, consumed weeks in its journey with the current and months in its return.

Then, abruptly, in the hour of need, came the Steamboat, founder of trade, shaper of migration, first builder of the West. Within twenty years a brave fleet of rude, slow-going steamers was plying the lower Mississippi, interchanging the products of North and South. On the upper Mississippi — a land of terrible winters — the pioneer had pushed his clearing into the extreme North; for his protection Fort Snelling had been established at the head of navigable water, and packets were running in season between St. Louis and the new fort. The steamboat route to Orleans and the sea was complete. For the gateway city was known along the river as Orleans now; the christening of the French had proved too long in the saying to suit the men of this stirring period.

But it was in the forties and fifties that the old route came into its glory. With its more than two score teeming tributaries, the Mississippi was such a transportation system as the world will probably never see again; bearing in its service a multitude of stately vessels—very different from their clumsy sisters of earlier years—each satiated with patronage, each operated in royal style, each reaping a fortune for her owner. It was an era of extravagance, of display, of gigantic commerce, of amazing prosperity.

Then the Rebellion. The Stars and Stripes ascended along the upper Mississippi; the Stars and Bars along the lower. In a day commerce was disrupted; the

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wonderful Orleans route was become a battle-ground.

The contest done at last, the Mississippi Valley thankfully saw its demoralized navigation resume, with a considerable semblance to its former vigor.

But in the years of battle a new force greater than the steamboat had been breeding, a force economic, invincible, inevitable, with never a trace of sentiment in its make-up: the Railroad. Ten years after the close of the war the steel tracks had not only paralleled the river, but tapped and transected it at so many places that in the fresh maps of the Valley all else was smothered beneath the blur of lines present and projected. Going absolutely where it willed, striking out in any direction that conditions seemed to justify, the railroad entirely altered the paths of trade, took unto itself a wide-spread inland territory which had been tributary to the water route, and even between river points effected marked savings in time and distance. The strife that ensued between railroad and river could terminate in but one way: a vast traffic departed from the river; steamboats by the hundreds bitterly drew their fires, never to rekindle them.

All the river's traffic did not depart, however; all the steamboats did not surrender. Over this land it had built and peopled, over these men who had lived and prospered beside and upon its waters, the silent Mississippi held an influence that no change of fortune, no desertion of the world without, could disturb. The hasty fashions which the railroad introduced elsewhere were utterly ignored through the Valley. Serenely navigation continued, the navigation of the fifties and sixties, its scope sadly diminished, but a haughty industry still. River and river people lapsed into a lethargy, lost in dreams of ancient splendors, confidently awaiting the time of their return.

He who sets out, as I did the past summer, to pick such an acquaintance with the old highway and its fortunes at the beginning of the new century as may be gained in four or five weeks' association, must not be discouraged because of what he sees at the start.

For the Mississippi is not well remembered at the official head of navigation, St. Paul. True, one can journey a few miles up-stream to Fort Snelling, and prowl about there until he stumbles over the original fort, almost hidden among the newer buildings of the post, a deserted ruin still standing guard over the joining of the Minnesota and the Mississippi, where steamboats were trading twenty years before there was anything more at the site of the State's capital than a group of barren hills.

But as for St. Paul, she is now the railroad centre of the Northwest. On the Mississippi's east bank, huddling between the water and the main city, are great railroad warehouses, depots, and terminal yards. On the west bank are new, bustling factories and—more railroad tracks. Gone is the old broad levee where single steamboats sometimes landed as many as 800 settlers for St. Paul and Minneapolis at a trip, where the townspeople were wont to gather for news from Washington and the East, where the First Minnesota Volunteers embarked for the front—all sacrificed to the railroad. And very lately—consider the ingratitude!—the city looked smiling on while the Union Depot Company, with pile-driver and steam-shovel, to make room for additional trackage, impudently moved a half-mile of the eastern shore some sixty feet out into the river. The present levee stands largely upon made ground. It is neat enough, but so pathetically small that when three or four steamers are moored there a newcomer counts herself lucky if she manages to pass a line ashore—let alone finding a space to drop her stage-plank.

So to-day St. Paul, from her hills, gazes indifferently upon her river. Strangely enough, however, Minneapolis, the up-stream neighbor, who has never known any navigation save that of the loose logs that come drifting into her saw-mill booms from up-State, cherishes an ambition for south-going steamboats and a levee; hence a system of locks and dams, designed to extend deep water to the foot of St. Anthony Falls, is now under construction above Fort Snelling. Perhaps when the river-craft commence to plough past the forgetful head of navigation on their way to and from the rival town there may be a different story to tell.

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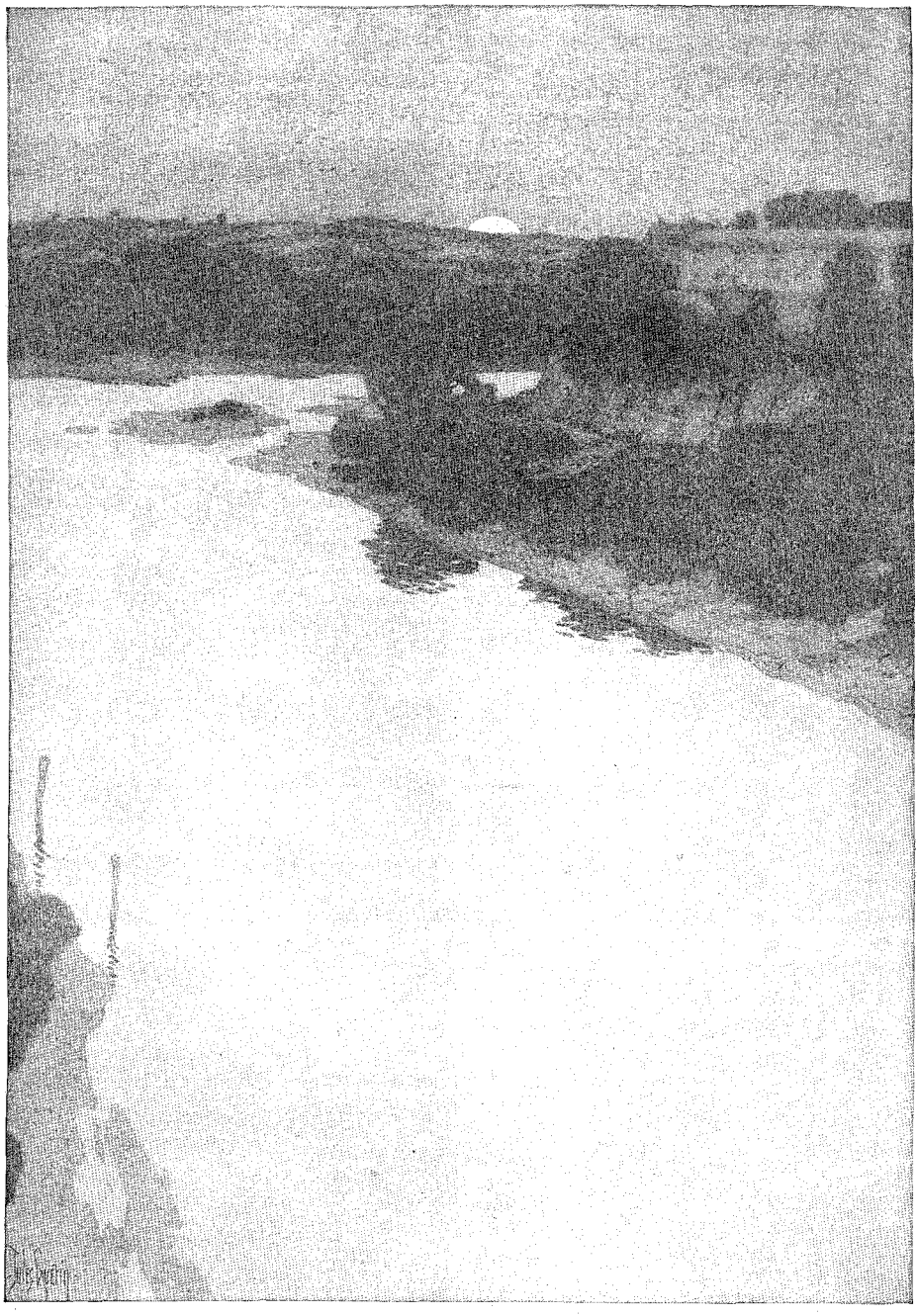

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Fort Snelling, the Meeting of the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers.

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But the steamboats that come to St. Paul's dock are as they should be. The St. Louis packet upon which I covered the first stage of my voyaging—a lean, stern-wheel giant so long that, as she lay quartering at her moorings, her wheel rested full in midstream—looked inch for inch, line for line, like the queenly ghost of some champion-of-the-waters of the days before the war. And the small fry that snuggled alongside, a half-dozen packets and towboats, if youngsters in length and breadth of beam, were faithful counterparts of their big sister, so far as their several uses would allow.

Viewed broadly, steamboat architecture from St. Paul to Orleans is as it was in the years of pomp. And why not? The ideal Mississippi packet is, within, a hospitable structure of cavernous spaciousness; without, a glittering pile of white splendor, whose dignity the deep-water vessel can never approach. In the length of the river there are many sorts of steamboats—boats fresh from the building yards, boats so old that men have grown gray in their service, boats with acres of plate-glass and gold-leaf upstairs and a steel hull below, boats with tottering cabin, musty furniture, and no hull worth mentioning, but all alike are followers of never-to-be-forgotten ideals, proud representatives of an old-time life that will not die.

So let the pilgrim who quits St. Paul on a down-bound steamboat be of good cheer, for in less than an hour's time he will find himself inside the boundaries of the Mississippi's true world, a strange land cleaving the heart of our hurrying republic from north to south, to find whose end he must travel as far as from the Atlantic to the Rockies. But the new-comer will not fully realize the change that has taken place until he sights the first landing, Hastings, Minn., or, perhaps better still, the second, Prescott, Wis., by the entrance of the St. Croix River, some thirty miles below St. Paul. My St. Louis packet blew her landing signal for Prescott at twilight of a splendid evening in May. Prescott, be it understood, lays claim to a thousand inhabitants. As we began to round-to, while the echoes of our mellow whistle were still surging merrily back from the surrounding hills, more people came swarming down upon the sloping levee from out this village of a thousand than one may see along the entire river-front of St. Paul. They were not passengers, these men, women, and children, nor shippers nor consignees; they had come merely to see a steamboat. And it made no difference that they had seen this self-same boat hundreds of times before, that they were to see her every week of the summer, not counting scores of other craft, because this was a real river town, where the joys of steamboat-hour never pall.

Back of Prescott's levee, setting its face squarely toward the Mississippi, stands a solid row of queer old stores and warehouses—not all tenanted—with the stable look of fortresses, brick or stone every one, with iron lintels and quaint tilting roofs. Years ago the commerce of a wide inland section flowed through these structures. To-day they seem sadly out of place in so small a settlement, oddly out of harmony with the white cottages that cluster on the hill behind. Sneaking along the base of the hill may be seen what has cast this spell of stillness; just two rusty strands of steel—not these particular strands, but some like them in the back-country, which gave to Prescott's former patrons markets of their own. Such is Prescott, a drowsy village, infinitely peaceful, wholly content, a projected metropolis, a forsaken market, a typical upper Mississippi landing.

At Prescott the voyager is upon the threshold of the upper river's wonderland. The stream begins now to widen rapidly, to split into many glassy channels, heavy with the fragrance of woods and waters, and shortly the bordering lines of mountain-bluffs, whose beginnings are to be seen at St. Paul, draw near to follow the winding shores, save for a lapse between Dubuque and Keokuk, all the way to St. Louis and beyond. Towering ranges of solid rock, a hundred fantastic shapes, sheer, inaccessible, rarely colored, some stark naked, some turf-clad, some cloaked in timber, they make of the river's valley a wilderness, magnificent, primeval, eternal, so lonely that one may travel for hours and see upon the land no trace of man or his works save the hounding railroad. And all about lies a filmy blue mist, as though the soft smoke of Indian signal

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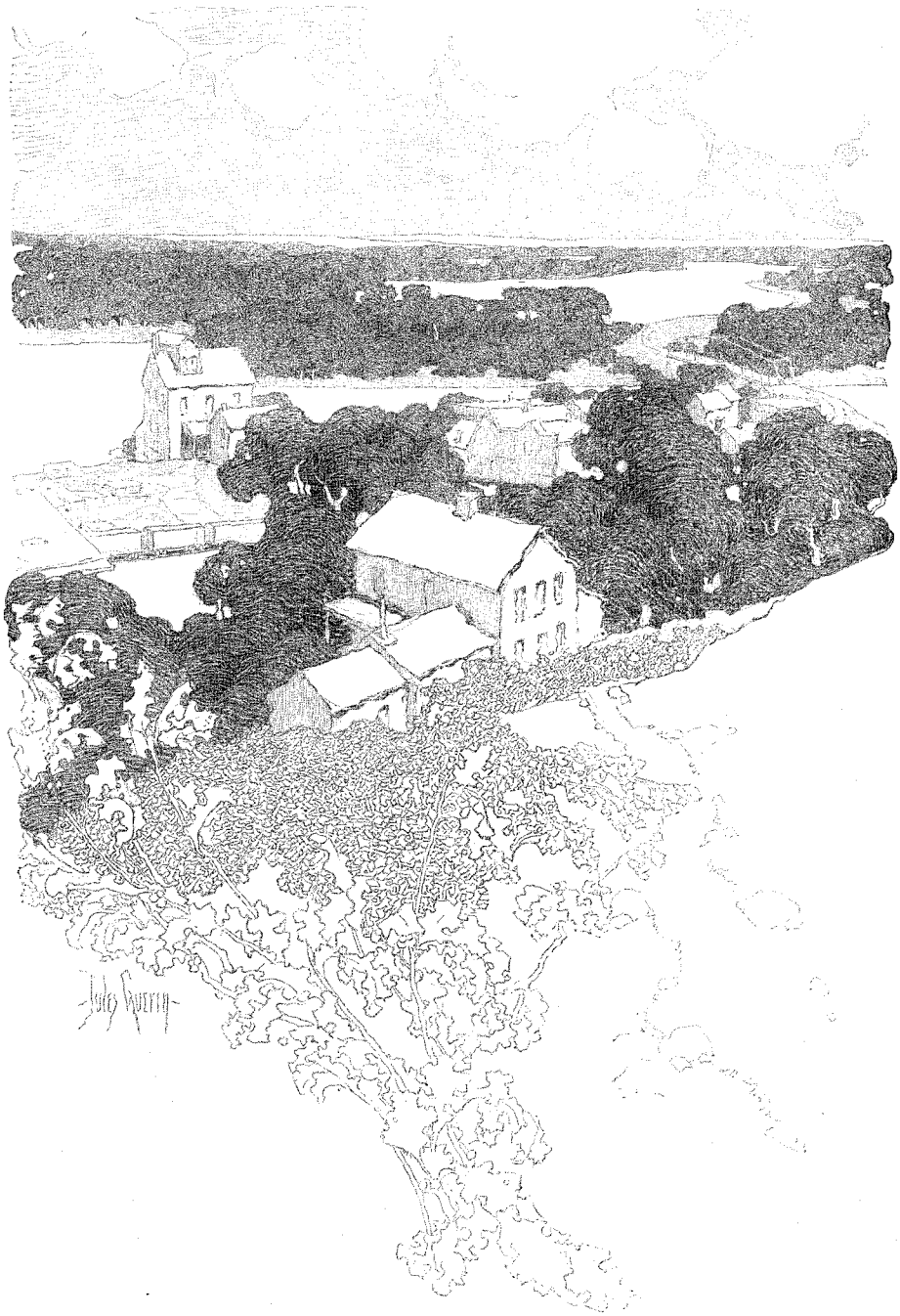

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Village of Prescott on the Upper River.

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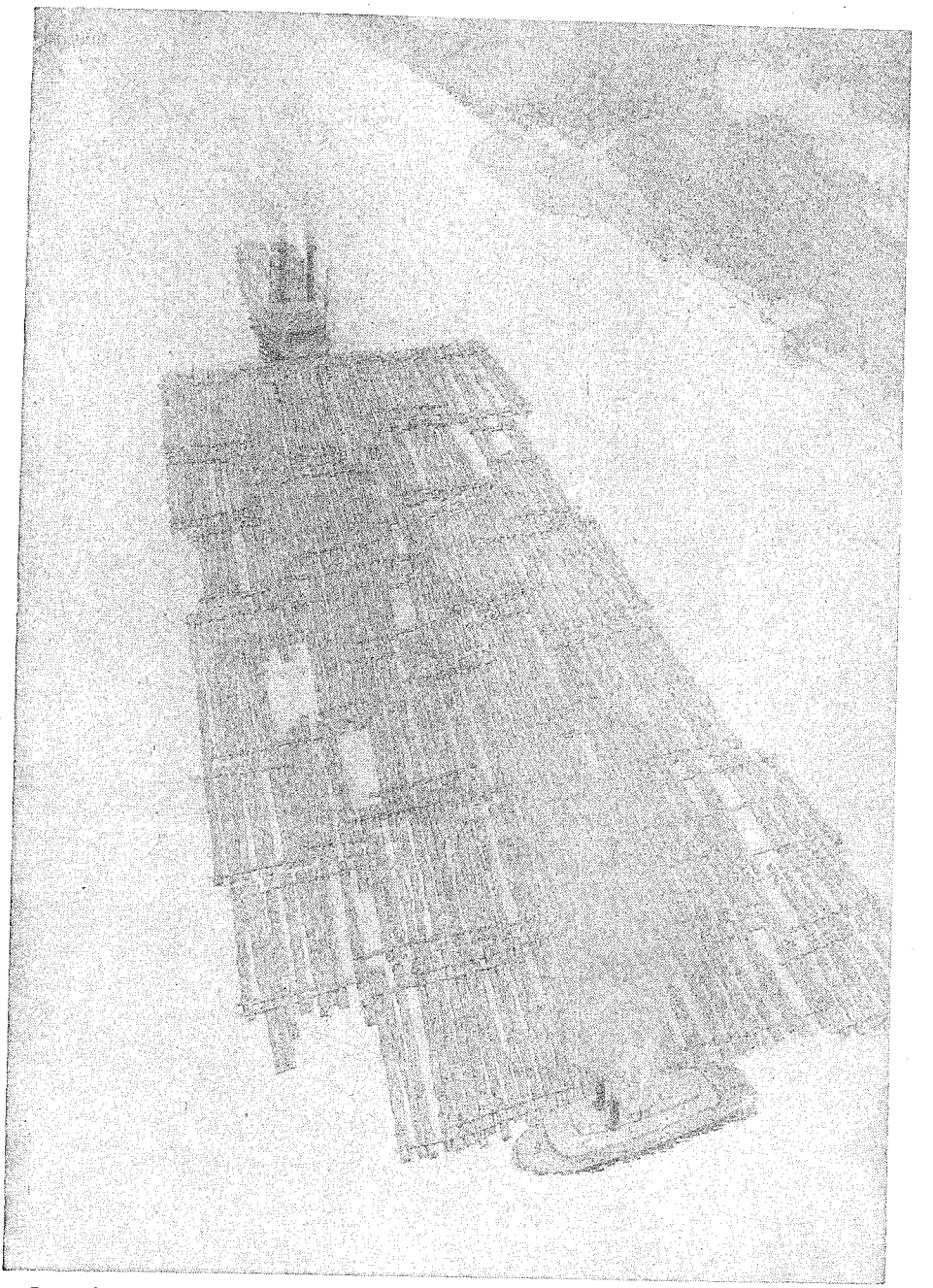

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Rafting on the Upper River.

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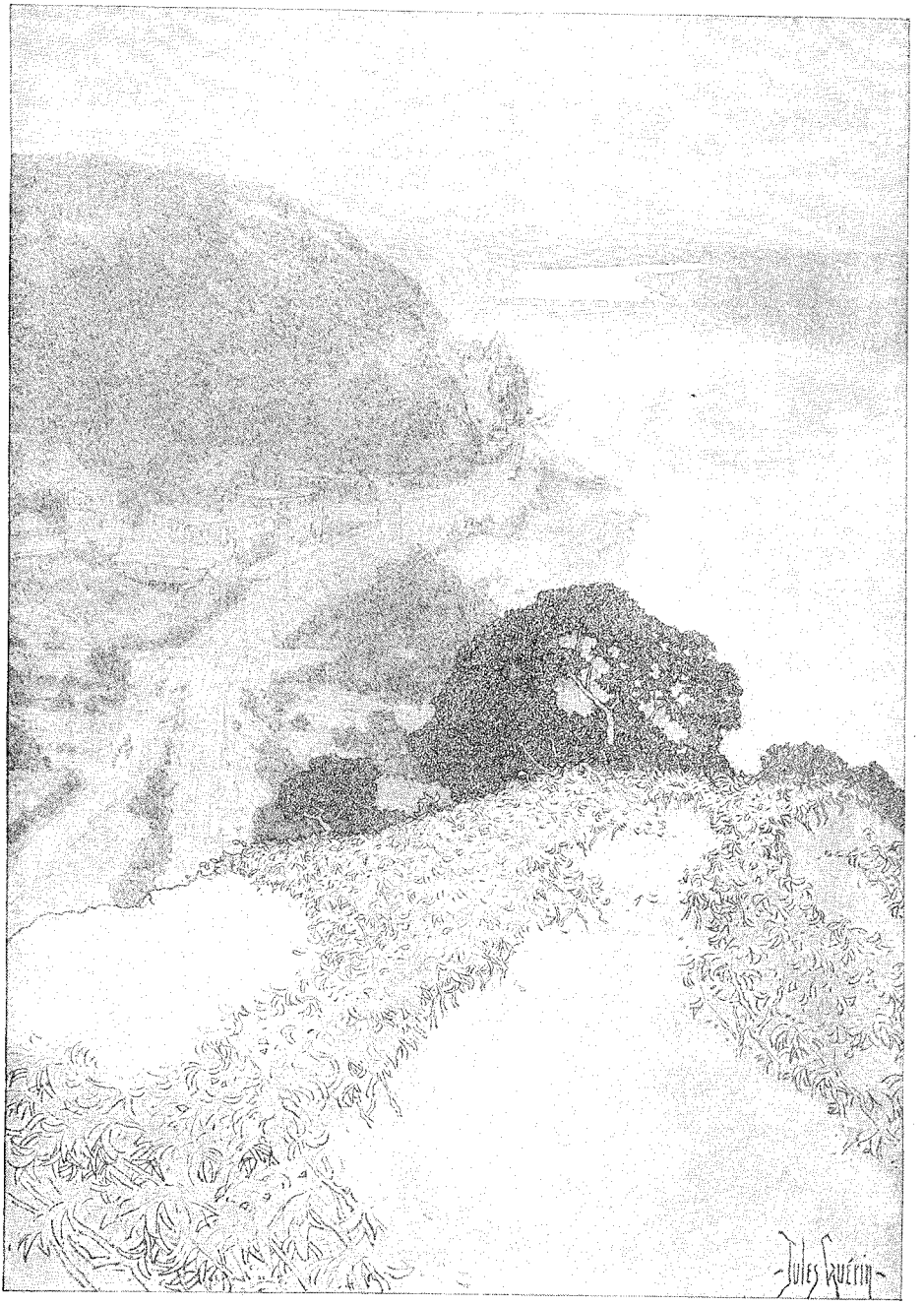

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

The Hills of Iowa, Looking Up the River.

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fires of centuries past still hung over the river.

It is thickly peopled, this fair upper valley. Between its terminals nearly a hundred old settlements nestle by the waterside, a hundred Prescotts, great and small, some stagnant, others mildly thriving, the majority ingeniously fashioned to fit the lay of the rough country, their business structures hugging some narrow niche between cliff-base and river, their churches and dwellings clinging perilously to random ledges on the bluffs above. They are proud towns. Many sit upon Indian hunting grounds and council hills that were gained only after bloody strife, and not one of them is there that had not once—if it has not now—a far-reaching name as a depot of trade. At every landing, no matter how tiny, one sees sturdy store buildings where fortunes were born, bulky warehouses where the properties of hundreds of inlanders once awaited shipment. The stores are occupied generally, but most of the warehouses stand empty, cobwebbed and crumbling, sad monuments to a short-lived traffic.

In the upper river cities, of which there are a round dozen, the passage of great east and west railroads, the establishment of latter-day industries and the influx of men to whom the Mississippi is a stranger, have accomplished an odd blending of past and present. But none of them betrays the slightest desire to shirk its river ancestry. Quite the contrary. Winona, for instance, displays a river-front park, sea-wall and all, that rivals New York's famous Battery. Rock Island, Davenport, and Burlington maintain levees almost big enough to accommodate the shipping of Chicago. And Dubuque has a shipyard where I saw, nearly completed, a monster towboat far greater than my admired St. Louis packet; so great indeed that it seems a pity that her owners, instead of placing her in the Orleans coal trade as they intend, do not prop her up on the front lawn of the Capitol for the inspection of those cautious Congressmen who have their doubts concerning the worthiness of our Western waterways.

These northern hill-cities are beautiful. All have stately public buildings and magnificent homes—for much of the wealth that was won in the days of thrift is still in the Valley. All have the old-fashioned river-front: weather-beaten wharves and warehouses, drowsy save at steamboat-time, a swarm of idle skiffs and blanketed launches nearby, maybe a loafing steamboat, two or three droning sawmills, a grumbling boat foundry and a slow-going boat-store, where the steamboat-man purchases his capstan bars and cans of milk. And all love their river. That staid aristocrat Dubuque, with a half-dozen railroads and all manner of "world-famous trains" passing day and night, will scurry leeveward in answer to a packet's whistle as hastily as that little village, Prescott.

Four months of the year, sometimes longer, the valley of the upper Mississippi is a bleak white land, and the river itself, as far south as the mouth of the Missouri, flows sluggish and unseen beneath impregnable thicknesses of ice. But early in March, perhaps, after the spring sun has loosened the grip of the ice on the rocky shores and set it floating Gulfward, while the nights are yet wintry and the snows by no means done, the hardy raftboats begin to start out of the northern ports the drives of logs that have been hewn during the winter up in north Wisconsin and north Minnesota for the down-river sawmills. Next appear the short-trip packets, which make daily runs of from 50 to 100 miles between principal points, and are glad to land at any place along the bank where there is a chance of business and not too many rocks, boats to whom hours are no object.

But the industry of log-raft towing is the bone and sinew of the upper river navigation. To give an idea of its magnitude is difficult—to name the hundreds of millions of feet of timber annually transported would convey little meaning. But the traffic is so big a thing that the railroad makes practically no effort to undertake it.

The ease of its movement by river, however, is surprising. Into the everyday Mississippi raft enough logs are bound to load a mile or two of railroad flat cars. To the rear of this wide-spreading bulk a small but powerful sternwheeler puts her blunt nose; broadside-on at the head a sort of baby tow-boat, called a bow-boat, makes fast, whose work it is to swing the

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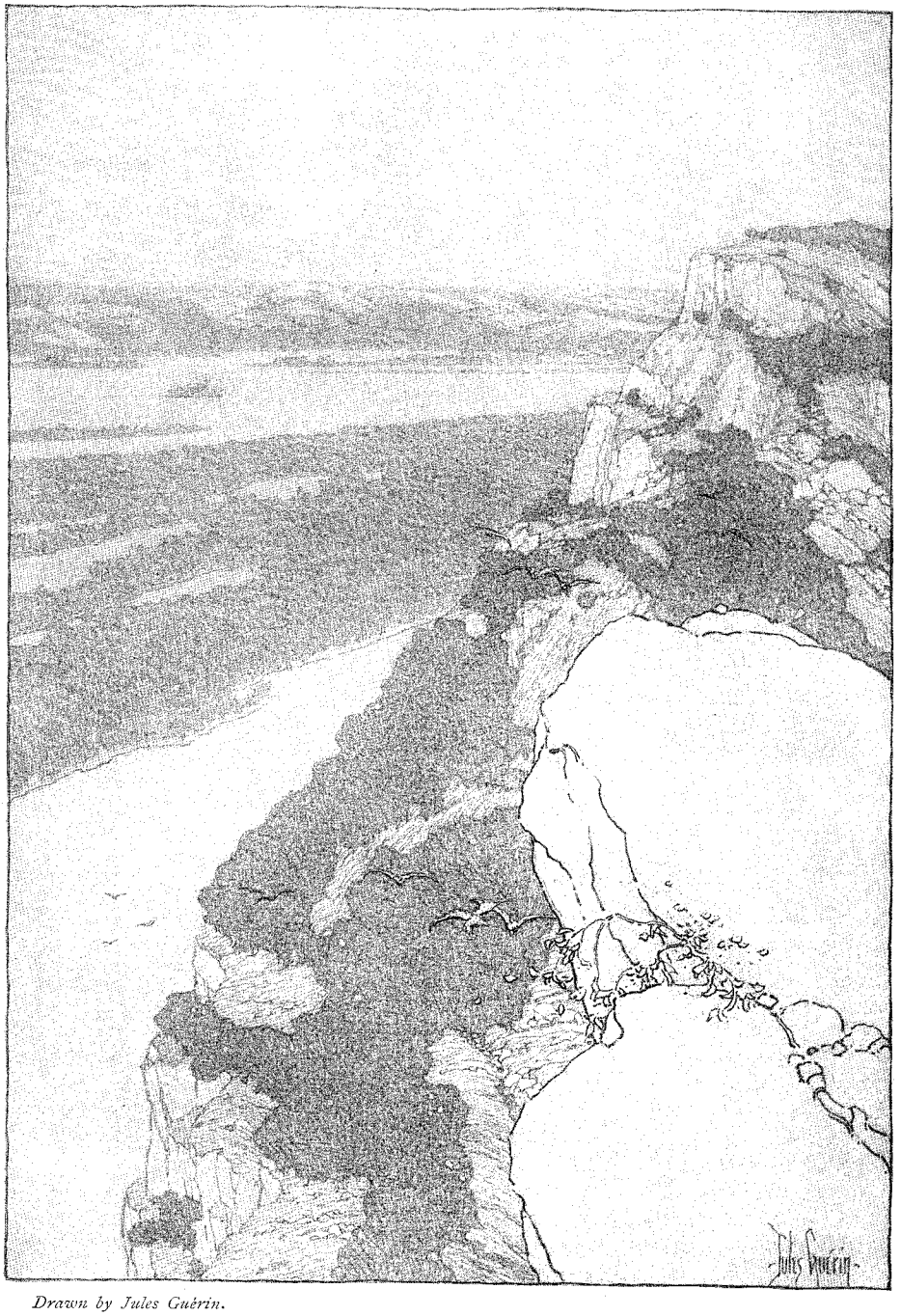

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The River from the Wisconsin Bluffs.

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raft's forward quarters in the bends; a crew of nimble-footed raftsmen scrambles abroad to keep logs and lines in order, and, presto, the helpless giant of an hour before goes slipping down-stream on a three or four hundred mile journey as deftly and daintily as though each log had a paddle-wheel and rudder of its own.

A month or two later, say in May, when the warm winds begin to stir through the valley, other classes of craft emerge from their winter quarters.

By midsummer the navigation of the upper river has become a veritable spectacle, a double pageant more than 700 miles long: St. Louis liners, to the river what the limited express is to the train service, straining every fibre to make their 1,500 mile run in eight days, stopping at none but important landings, and then only to touch and go, promenades gay with tourists, a lounging crew of black deck-hands chanting down-South songs on the forecastle, a troop of white-jacketed waiters flitting about the cabin; trim Burlington night boats black with passengers, and asking no favors of any railroad; rival fleets of down-bound raft-boats pushing forests of wet, glistening logs, and sometimes a tow of sweet-smelling sawed lumber; raft-boats and consort bowboats, lashed abreast, hurrying north after fresh loads; new-painted, gaudy excursion boats with brass bands and dancing barges; heavy-laden small-fry packets, maindeck guards in the water; millionnaires' houseboats, gorgeously furnished; dainty gas and steam launches, bright with brass-work and blazing awnings.

This is the upper Mississippi in summer-time, a wonderful land of painted hills and great sweeps of gilded water, a land of warm sunshine and lazy breezes, a happy highway of gala pleasure traffic and rollicking commerce.

With the first frost the fickle pleasure-seekers forsake the river, and in a few weeks at best the carnival of summer navigation is over. But months later, way along in November, when the icy winds of the hastening winter are sweeping the naked bluffs, the raft-boat is still at her task, grinding a path through the thin ice that forms of nights, and so she continues until the coming of ice that she cannot break.

But even in the dead of winter the steamboat is not forgotten in that valley, for she is a lady of varied ailments, and the frozen season is the time of her curing. At many a town some snow-covered boat sits high on the bank noisy with shivering carpenters and machinists.

Climatic, commercial, and navigation conditions make St. Louis the division mark between the upper Mississippi and the lower, although from the pilot's standpoint the upper river extends to Cairo, 200 miles farther south.

St. Louis is nearing the million figure, she is the railroad hub of the Southwest, but she has not outgrown her river days. Approaching the city from the north, one sees easily enough whence the settlements of the upper river drew inspiration for their architecture. The river edge, and all of old St. Louis, is simply a greater Prescott—two or three square miles of her—the same stout structures of brick and stone, the same iron lintels, the same tilting roofs.

St. Louis's levee, however, is at once impressive: a flagged slope of interminable length, a broad hill whose height varies with the stage of the river. A mile strip, below the Eads Bridge, is given over to the packets and their wharf-boats—floating warehouses made necessary by the changing water-level.

The reminiscent veterans about the wharf-boats will tell you that where you see perhaps a score of steamers along that strip there were once seldom less than a hundred at a time. They will tell you further that those two biggest boats of all, placarded to carry twenty-five cent excursions, whose main-decks have become common dancing-floors, whose promenades are littered with vulgar catch-penny devices, whose tiers of staterooms are locked and empty, are relics of the greatest St. Louis and Orleans line the river ever knew.

But to one who never saw St. Louis at that glorious day, the levee at five of an afternoon, the leaving hour of tradition, is a stirring sight. The last time I visited it, there were behind the dingy wharf-boats fifteen great packets, stern-wheelers and side-wheelers, blazing white beneath the afternoon sun, packed together in a fashion that would have turned a sea-captain's hair, loading for five rivers and

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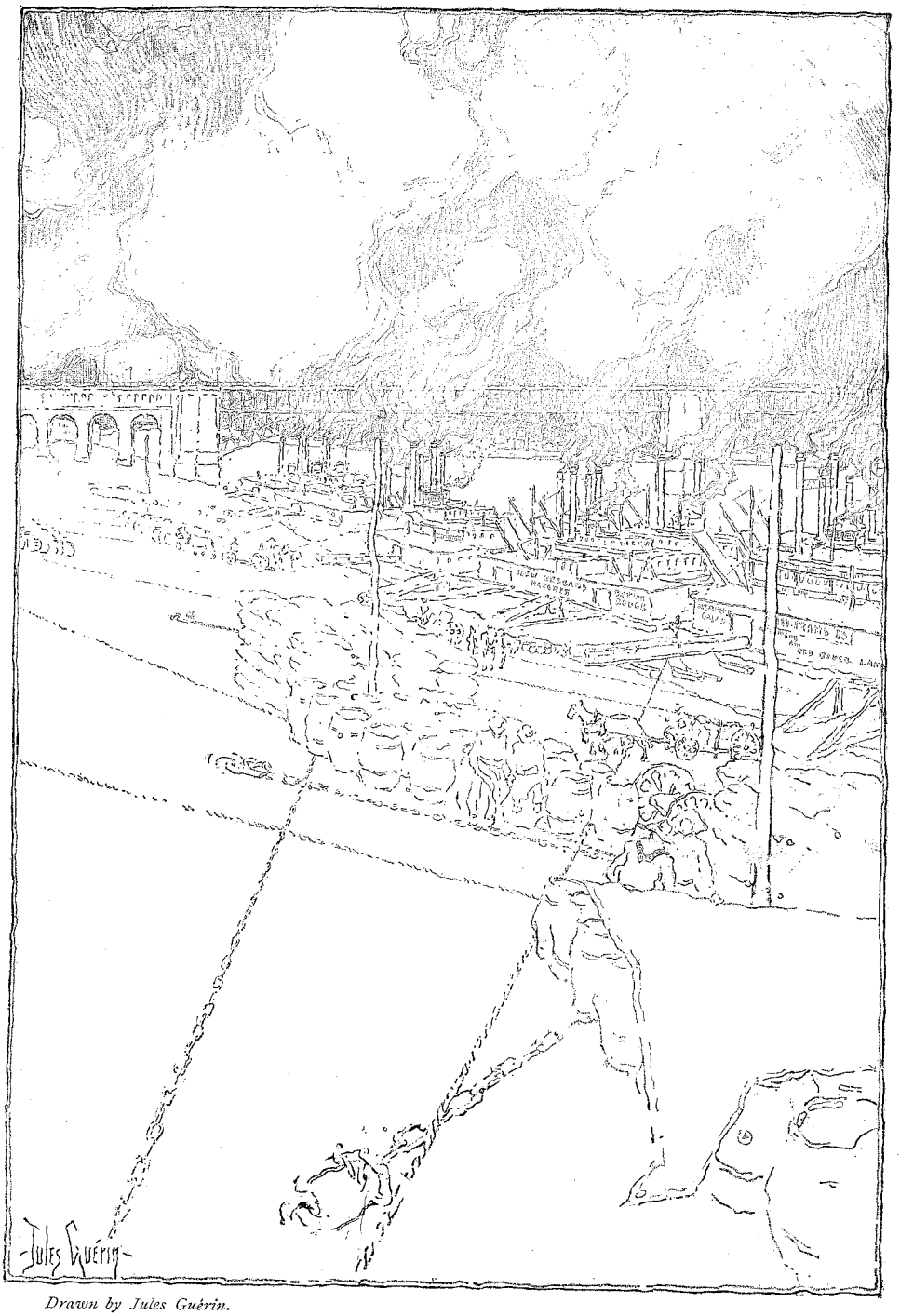

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

The Hour of Departure of the Packets, St. Louis.

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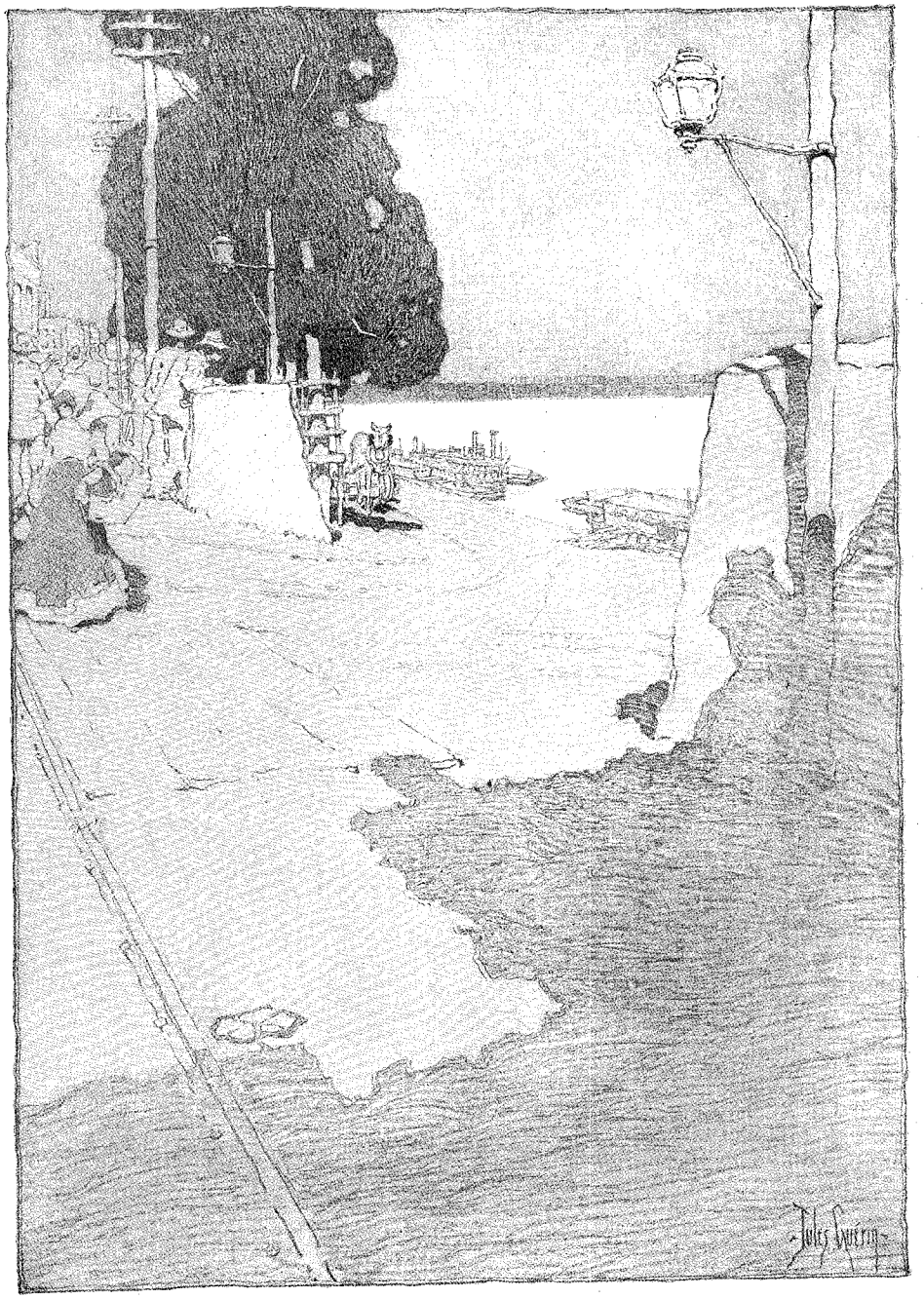

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Water-front at Cairo, on the Ohio River.

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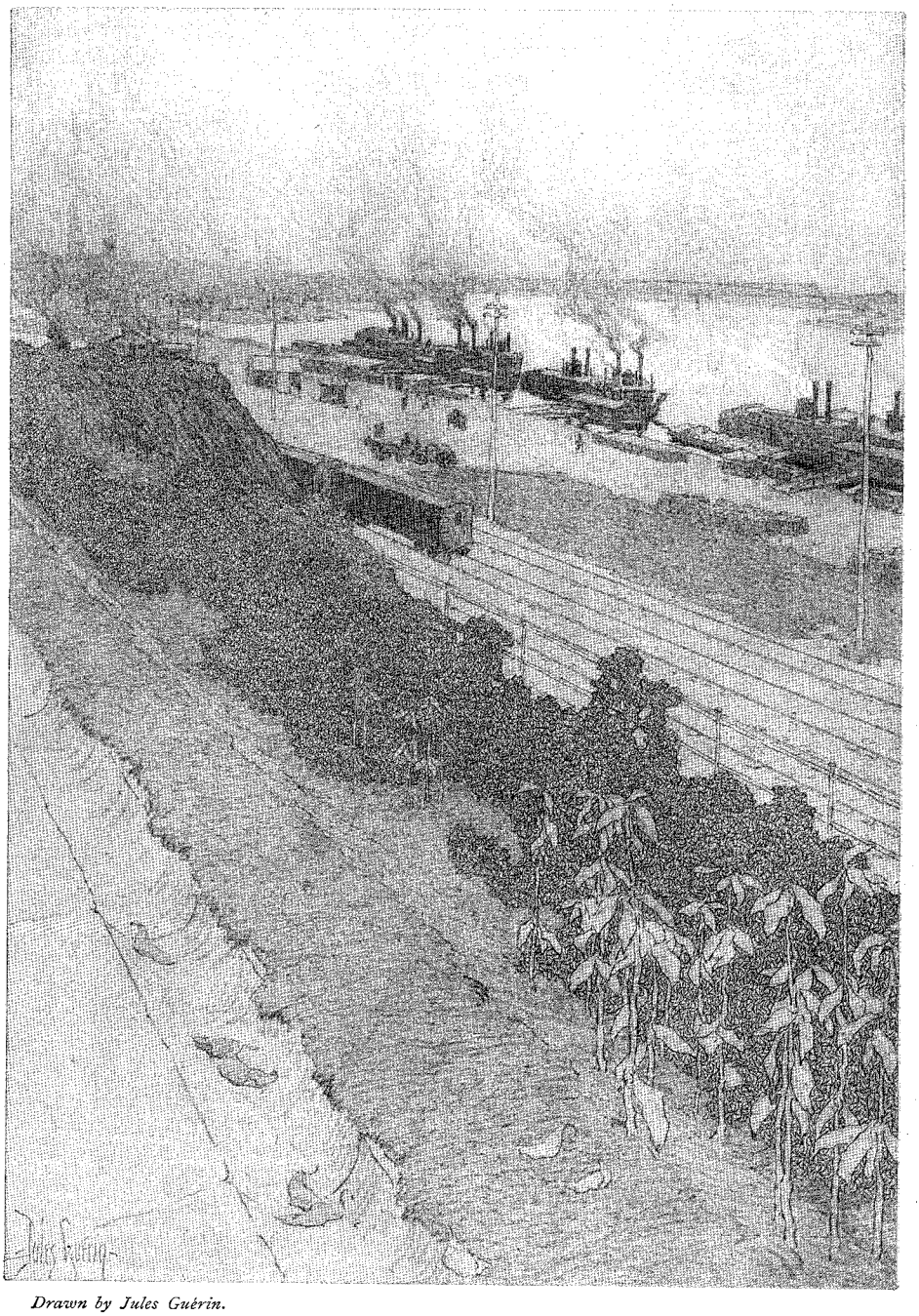

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The Levee at Memphis.

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ten states. Up above the bridge there was even one smaller packet, striving to revive a lost trade on the desolate Missouri. It was an hour of escaping steam, of shodden hoofs slipping over cobble stones and thundering onto wharf-boat decks, of shuffling feet, of oaths, of discordant orchestras, of utter tumult, the one place, barring Memphis and Orleans, where the serenity of river life is disquieted.

The Missouri River, vomiting out its ugly torrent, inky black as dirt newturned by a plough, some twenty miles above St. Louis, seems to foretell evil changes in the Mississippi's fair country. So when the south-bound voyager, having left behind him St. Louis's busy harbor, begins to notice the same lovely bluffs, the same rocky banks, the same old towns, that he has seen on the upper river—though the stream is much wider and deeper now—he will be perplexed. And when this state of things continues down past Cape Girardeau, 150 miles below St. Louis, he will perhaps conclude that this kind of country is to last all the way to Orleans. If he does so, he errs sadly. But a little distance farther, a transition begins that is far more startling than that change below St. Paul.

With the passage of Cairo and the mouth of the Ohio, the transformation is complete. The many-colored bluffs, the rocky shores, the old-fashioned towns, the warehouses, the levees, the frivolous excursion boats, have vanished. The river has entered an awesome solitude, an empty stillness as of the sea. From Cairo in Illinois to Baton Rouge in Louisiana—900 miles—the outlook is ever the same: by day, a vast field of frowning water, losing shape in great hazy bends ahead and behind, hiding dread depths beneath its black bosom, silently, sullenly eddying between high gray banks, water-soaked and crumbling, topped by a never-ending fringe of shaggy timber; by night, a pathless waste of murky shadows, with never a light anywhere save of the stars, and now and then a government beacon. Yet there is a wonderful fascination about this grand, grim lower river, that seizes upon even the visitor of an hour—an impression of mighty energy, of smouldering rage, of resistless, ungovernable strength. And it is far more than an impression. Over this lonely realm the Mississippi, backed by the Ohio's yellow flood, exercises a sway that is whimsical, pitiless, absolute; shaping its soft, rockless shores as it chooses, tirelessly tearing them down, tirelessly building them up, giving no peace to the puny men who seek to dwell in its vicinity.

For all the apparent loneliness it is in the lower river that the steamboat gets down to real business. Dancing barges, flags and brass bands play a very small part there. And the negro roustabouts seldom group on the forecastle to give vent to song; the mates have something else for them to do. For that unending fringe of timber is not deep, and behind it, on either bank, stretches out the most bountiful corn and cotton growing country in the world. Save at points extremely far separated, the whistle of the locomotive has never been heard in this region, and probably never will be. Foolhardy the railroad that plants its bed on these changing shores! Aside from the lines at the principal cities—Memphis, Vicksburg, and Natchez, which occupy three of the half-dozen lonely hills between Cairo and the Gulf—the railroads that touch the river are weaklings that run back to no place in particular. The paralleling roads, that robbed the river of the old-time St. Louis and Orleans trade, lie scores of miles inland, out of the reach of high-water.

So every great planter and every little planter hereabouts, every great storekeeper and every little store-keeper, has his private landing, which is convenient for him, and not inconvenient for the steamboat, because in this river the banks drop off sheer; a boat can loaf along shore almost anywhere, as carelessly as though she were in mid-channel. Odd landings these are, usually nothing more than a solitary ramshackle box, by courtesy a warehouse, no bigger than a railroad hand-car shanty. Frequently a rude platform, or a roof perched on poles, takes the place of the warehouse. Sometimes a black plantation hand, with mule and cart, is all the steamer has to welcome her.

A strange sight it is to come upon a pile of freight, sacked wheat say, wait-

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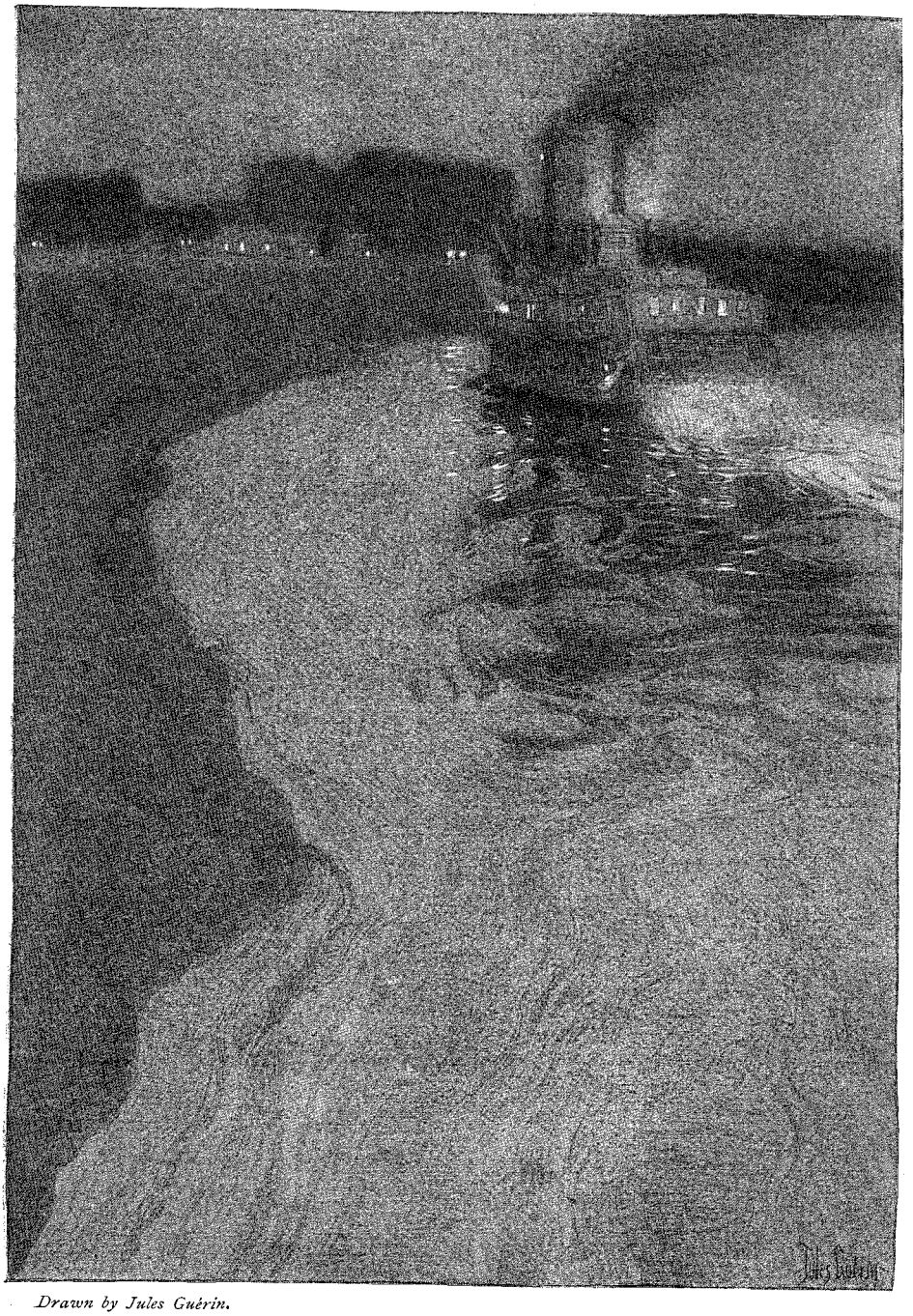

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Packet Making Night Landing—Arkansas Shore.

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ing shipment in the midst of a seemingly impenetrable forest, unguarded and alone, as if it had lately risen out of the earth, or, again, on a shore that appears barren of man, to see a group of passengers, from a plantation-house a mile or two back, suddenly spring up from behind a shading shrub, and begin to wave coats and hats in a frantic hailing signal. Of these private landings there is an interminable number—three or four to every mile—consequently the big packets of the lower Mississippi, of which there are a host the year round, do more landing, loading, and unloading than they do navigating. Owing to the steep soft banks, which offer no footing whatever, the moving of the immense quantities of freight transported is a work of the greatest hardship. And the great changes in the water-level cause fresh difficulties with each succeeding week. When the river is falling fast, a steamer which calls on her up-trip at a warehouse atop of a ten-foot bank, is liable to find that warehouse thirty feet above the forecastle on her return. In the time of slack water and lofty banks it becomes necessary at nearly every stoppage, before an ounce of freight can be transferred, to set the deck crew to cutting an incline up the steep with pick and shovel.

As for actual towns and villages along the lower river, they are few and far between. But when the traveller does come upon one, he sees downright antiquity. New Madrid, Mo., for example, was bothered by an earthquake before the war of *1812*. In these places brick, stone, and paint are elements unknown, although, at intervals, a settlement is to be noticed whose listless buildings disport themselves in whitewash. Ginghams, sun-bonnets, and bare feet are the prevailing fashions. Up north the citizens come scampering out as the steamboat approaches, but down here the populace is already posted on the bank when the boat heaves in sight.

There is little reason, however, for a settlement in these parts to bestir itself. Its future is too uncertain. The town that is on the river this year may be on a useless swamp the next; the town that is five miles inland, with no dream of the Mississippi, may be awakened any morning by the roar of a steamboat whistle. There are many points in desperate straits to-day. Tiptonville, Tenn., a town of more than ordinary prosperity, depending altogether on the steamboat service, once on the main channel, now finds herself, because of a cut-off, on a shallow backwater which goes dry as her streets in low-season.

Which brings me again to the river's vagaries. To begin, its crookedness is something appalling. Approaching Cairo from the north by boat, the stranger, seeing the city's elevators and church-spires within a stone's throw, is pretty certain to rush into the cabin to assemble his belongings when he has still before him a tortuous ride of two hours. Yet this phenomenon is not wholly without advantages. The citizen of before-mentioned Tiptonville who misses the up-bound boat at breakfast-time does not worry over the accident. He calmly spends the morning at home, then, after dinner, trudges four or five miles across-country to Slough Landing, arriving there in plenty of time—likely with an hour or two to spare—to catch his boat, which, in the interval since leaving Tiptonville, has been wandering through some thirty miles of bends. Down in the Great Bends country, below Memphis, the south-going steamer at the end of a half-day's travel may be farther from the Gulf of Mexico as the crow flies than she was at the beginning. One may go from Memphis to Orleans by rail—the distance is 400 miles—in a single night. By steamboat it is, at best, a four days' run; the Mississippi dilly-dallys through exactly *800 miles* of twists and turns between the two cities.

But it is the river's habit of constantly changing its path that is the most remarkable. Every hour of the day and the night the giant is busy cutting and undermining his yielding shore-line. In a night he may devour more land than dynamite and steam-shovels could demolish in a month. For 900 miles one sees along the high banks uncovered roots of cotton-plants, wire fences dangling over the brink, plantation roads ending giddily in space, that speak eloquently of past devastation. And everywhere, yawning gashes, like raw wounds, in the shores, and long cracks in the sun-baked fields

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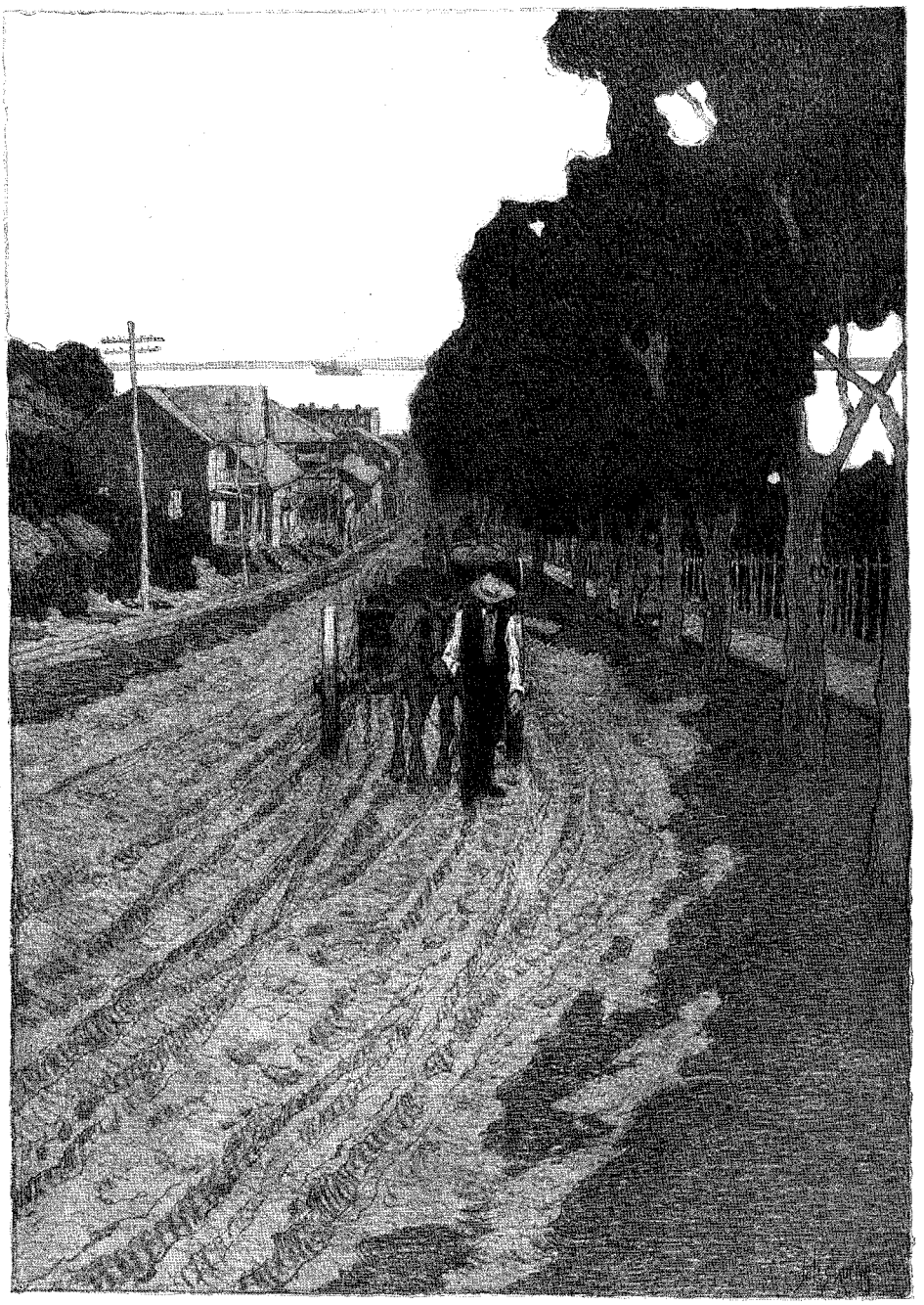

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

The Approach to the River, Natchez.

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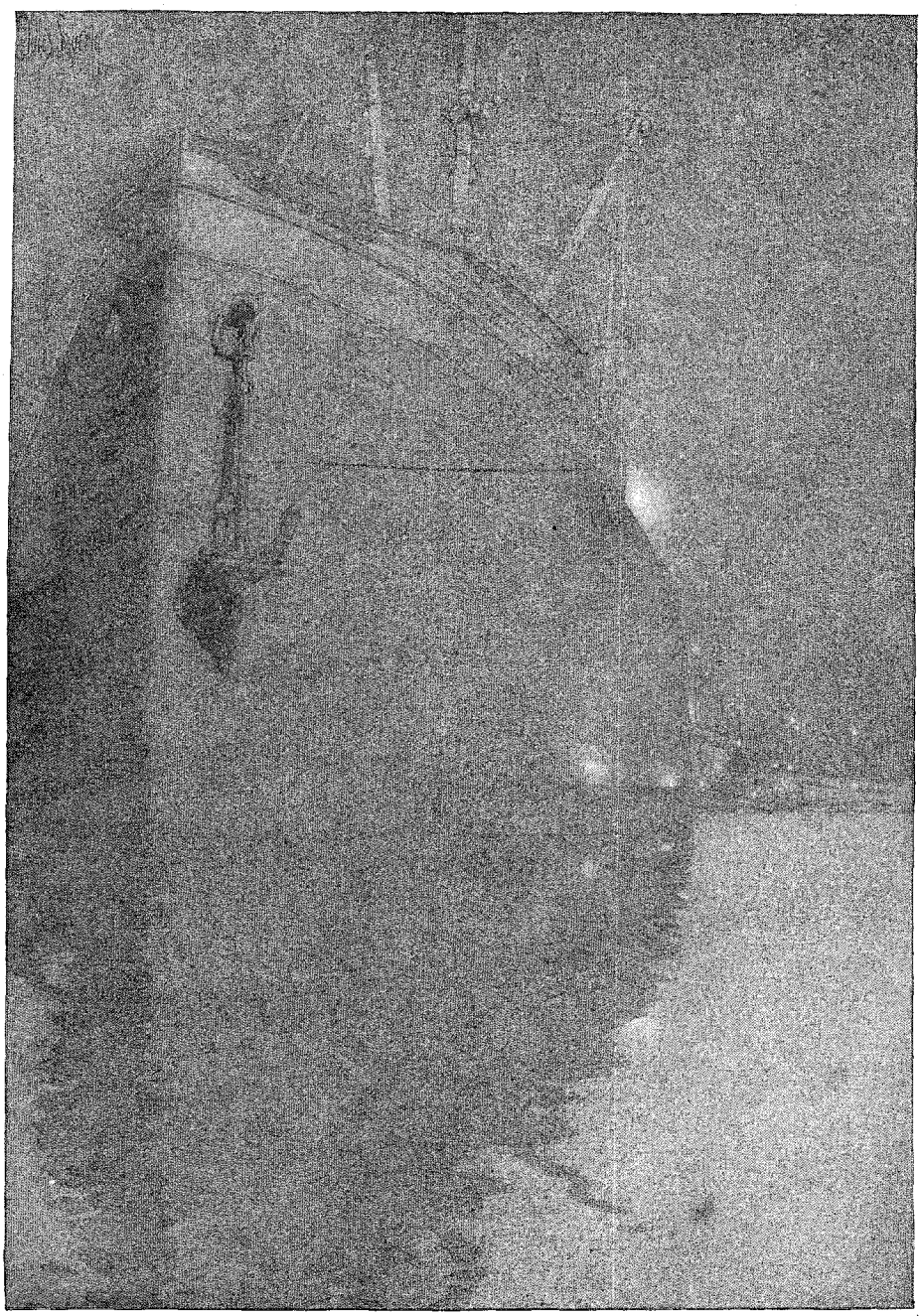

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Along the Docks, New Orleans.

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beyond, betoken breakdowns soon to come. He is no respecter of persons, this Mississippi. Originally, they told me, the buildings of Stockley's Plantation, Tennessee, were far from the water-front, but a cut-off brought the river foaming by Stockley's door-step, and now the destroyer is aiming one of his V-shaped incisions for the plantation-house as precisely as though the course had been surveyed in advance.

It is uncanny to watch this dissolution at close range. One evening at Elkin's Plantation I saw ton after ton of the State of Missouri slide into the black river. Silently, softly, sadly, it went, with neither a tremor of warning, nor a splash to mark its going.

Yet this cutting does not, as might be supposed, widen the Mississippi permanently. When the current swerves into a new cave-in it makes dead-water of a space somewhere across river, a quiet harbor into which the Mississippi at once commences to drop a fraction of the acres of soil which it is carrying in suspension. The beginnings of a bar thus formed, the deposit of sediment goes on apace until by and by a substantial area of rich soil is annexed to the plantation that is lucky enough to be near by.

It is the favorite and almost constant amusement of steamboat passengers on the lower river, many of whom are veteran planters, to discuss the river's changes. "When I first came here the river was over yonder in that clump of willows; where the boat's running now So-and-so was raising cotton," is a remark overheard twenty times each day.

Nor is the Rebellion forgotten, that time when the banks of the lower river bristled with fortifications; when hundreds of boats, theretofore the aids of peaceful commerce, were hurrying ravaging armies to their work; when Orleans packets with a cannon on the forecastle masqueraded as war-ships, and went out to do battle with the Northern ironclads. Passing Belmont, Vicksburg, or Port Hudson, war talk is plentiful. Many of these lower river captains and pilots served on gunboat or transport. Many of them well recollect the noise a solid shot makes when it strikes the flimsy side of a steamboat. But beyond the talk there are few evidences left of the long strife. The river has wrathfully effaced almost everything that smacked of that disastrous epoch in its history. It has made sure that no more guns shall be mounted at Island Number Ten; it has washed away the famous bit of land to the last spear of grass.

Below Memphis the river's country is the same solitude, but a new element appears: the levee, which stands between the Mississippi at high-water and the vast low-lying region adjacent. There are scattered levees above Memphis, but the system proper, in which Government and States join hands, begins there. The levee is simple in appearance, merely a railroad embankment minus its track, seldom more than ten to twenty feet high. It follows the shape of the river in a general way, but is often as much as a mile distant from the bank. The levee is easy to build—the formula, as tersely stated by one of my fellow-passengers, being "niggers, mules, and scrapers"—but not so easy to keep built, because, aside from the strain of floods, the river, when claiming a section of somebody's plantation, frequently swallows two or three miles of levee at the same meal.

These embankments make somewhat of a change in the scenery, hiding as they do the lower extremities of everything behind them. Save for the shanty warehouses, which go under at flood-time, nothing can be seen of a town behind the levee except its roofs. I spent several hours in a typical place of this sort—Lake Providence, La. Though Lake Providence is a steamboat town pure and simple, her people do not glimpse their river from one month to another, unless they chance to climb to the top of the levee. Yet they prefer it so. I heard the story of how, not many years ago, they saw the Mississippi from far back in the town, how they saw little waves washing down the levee's grassy slope, waves driven by the wind out of a river flush with the earthwork's summit.

At Baton Rouge occurs the last change in the Mississippi's world. The river, of a sudden turned sedate, rolls slowly into the so-called upper coast of Louisiana, an odd hundred miles of semi-tropic South, a land of wondrous sugar production, of

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white-pillared plantation mansions elbow to elbow, of rose gardens and moss-draped oaks, of quaint French settlements, stray bits of old Orleans.

I need not say what a seaport is New Orleans—ashore, one no longer calls it Orleans. Ships of every nation lie at her miles of wharves. Yet it is the Mississippi steamboat that holds the post of honor there, that looms grandly at the foot of Canal Street; and anyone who knows New Orleans knows what honor is that. Nowhere else does the steamboat so stand upon her dignity; incoming or outgoing, the native American, towering dizzily skyward, she ploughs past those grimy foreigners a very bundle of arrogance.

From New Year's to New Year's the atmosphere of the lower river's navigation is business-like. Besides the packet industry, which I have already touched upon, there are various fleets of towboats and freight-barges, and a monster system of coal towing from Pittsburg to Orleans, which unfortunately is suspended for months at a time by reason of slack water in the troublesome upper Ohio. This last-named traffic is carried on in much the same way as the upper river log-rafting, a number of coal-laden barges being handled by a single stern-wheeler, and like that Northern industry it is a commerce upon which the railroad gazes wistfully from afar. Yet in the busiest season—the fall and winter—when the packets are smothered under cotton-bales, and the coal is moving in fine procession, this navigation is wholly lost in the magnificent loneliness of the lower Mississippi. Nor do I believe that 10,000 steamboats let loose upon those mighty waters would meet with any better fortune.

When the Mississippi is at average stage it looks as clean-cut as the Welland Canal, and as deep as Lake Erie. Thus it is that many a stranger who surveys the stream from a car-window, goes home to lift up his voice against the folly of the River and Harbor Bill, and to scoff at the Mississippi pilots' science, knowingly averring that, given a little practice, he could hold a steamboat in mid-river as well as anyone.

But at low water the reasons are at once apparent why the Government appropriations, so far as they relate to the Mississippi, are but drops in a bucket, and also why the amateur steersman would not carry his boat many lengths before coming to grief. If the scoffer should return then, he would discover that the steamboat channel is a narrow strip of water which wriggles about the river's bed like an endless snake, ceaselessly crossing and recrossing from shore to shore, actually following the bed's centre scarcely once in a dozen miles. He will see farther, everywhere flanking that channel, mammoth billowing hummocks of yellow sand, which the river at its former level had wholly concealed.

Even in its days of prosperity the river was a highway beset with stumbling-blocks and navigation was often subject to grievous delays which everyone made the best of, no other course being open. But with the coming of the feverishly active railroad this uncertainty in steamboating was suddenly realized to be a nuisance of serious proportions, and eventually the Government awoke to the wisdom of putting its chosen highway in condition for advantageous navigation.

In 1864 the Mississippi had touched the shoalest mark in its known history. Taking this as a basis, it was decided, with an easy nonchalance, to establish and maintain a channel between St. Paul and New Orleans in which even at low-water mark of '64 there should be sufficient water to float steamboats of the type and draught in use on the river's several divisions.

What sort of a labor it has been, and will continue to be, to persuade the Mississippi to accept the Government's plan, only the commissions and army engineers who have coaxed and wheedled and fought him these many years can tell adequately.

The Brooklyn Bridge, as an engineering feat, caused a stir at the time of its conception. On the Mississippi, unheard and unseen, engineering schemes the size of the big bridge are hatched every month in the year. But that is not saying they are all successful.

Between St. Paul and the mouth of the Missouri the task is to provide a channel depth of at least four feet during the open season—which is a harder problem than it seems at first glance.

In the vastness of the upper Mississippi

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lies weakness. The water that stands limpid in the lovely bays and back channels of which I have told, is water sorely needed in the main channel. Moreover, even the main channel's bottom is far from uniform; the rock of which the wonderful bluffs are made mischievously outcrops in the channel's bed, and at each of its graceful bends the current is incessantly striving to build bars and reefs that will top the draught-line and so block navigation. Neither should the passing of the old-time Northwestern snows, and the consequent high-waters which followed the spring thaws, be left out of account. Nor the fact that because of the removal of timber the rains of to-day waste down the river in sudden freshets whose benefits are of slight duration. In the upper Mississippi the army engineers have dammed the useless back-channels; they have built in the main river innumerable wing-dams, stone dikes, running out from shore at various angles, which are purposed to confine the current to the steamboat channel, and so clear and deepen it; and, wherever that channel forsakes the rocky bluff bases to wind through lowlands, they have reinforced the earthen banks with broken stone—a process called riprapping—to prevent caving and ensuing changes. Furthermore, they have spent years in dredging sandbars and in uprooting snags and bowlders: easily the steamboat's deadliest foes.

Acting in co-operation, the navy department—lighthouse division—has mounted hundreds of beacon lanterns to mark both head and foot of every shift, or "crossing" of the steamboat channel.

All this is a step in the right direction, but only a step. For the river, in its hours of ill-humor, breaks down wing-dams, eats in behind riprapping, and floats it off by the mile, slices away earthen shores, and takes unto itself fresh lots of stumps and stones. In consequence the channel alters, and makes false prophets of scores of the navy's beacons. Whereupon the whole campaign of dam-building, riprapping, snag-hunting, dredging, and beacon-adjustment, is renewed.

There are, however, two works of real permanence on the upper river. In old times the upper rapids, above Rock Island, and the Des Moines, or lower rapids, above Keokuk, shallow reaches of sharp descent, with jagged rock bottoms and treacherous currents, were dreaded places. At low water it was necessary to transfer cargoes over them in lighters. To-day a deep channel has been established in the stony bed of the upper rapids by sixteen miles of laborious blasting, and its wanderings indicated by a score of signal-piers of massive masonry. In daylight an association of special pilots takes steamboats over in short order, but between sunset and sunrise the beacons on the piers shine in vain; few owners care to risk their boats in the night passage. At the Des Moines Rapids, the more dangerous of the two, the engineers have left the waters alone in their wickedness, and have taken away all their romance as well, by building a fine, and undeniably safe, twelve-mile canal, with three locks, in the west side of the river. Running this canal is slow work, however, and when the water is favorable, there is a temptation to save an hour by using the Rapids. Last summer I saw a little Keokuk packet out in that old, abandoned river, swinging cautiously along through the gray of a gathering dusk. In former years I had been over the Des Moines Rapids myself. There is no confusion of waters about them, as in the Niagara gorge, but there are more ugly little rings of bubbles, and greasy little swirls, than one can count, each of which marks a bowlder or point of rock, plenty strong enough to rip away a steamer's whole bottom, and no more than a yard or two below the surface.

Between the mouth of the Missouri and the mouth of the Ohio the work is of much the same nature, except for the fact that here a much deeper channel is required, to accommodate the increased steamboat draught necessary to lower river traffic. This two-hundred mile stretch is the vital link in the river system; upon it depends the St. Louis and Orleans trade. And, sad to say, it is also the weakest link. Though there is seldom a time when a light-draught steamboat cannot navigate it, there have been periods when steamers loaded according to the legitimate demands of their traffic have been forced to tie up because of obstructing shoals. Owing to the failure of the River and Harbor Bill of 1901, Government activity on this important piece of river was represented at

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the time of my visit by a great engineering fleet idly rotting at the bank opposite Chester, Ill., for lack of operating funds.

Below Cairo the entrance of the Ohio and other mighty tributaries, and the substitution of alluvial shores, alter conditions immeasurably. There is a prodigious volume of water now, so much that oftentimes the worry is to get rid of it. Sandbars, however, form here in a month such as the upper river would consume years in building, and with the constantly caving banks, snags tumble into the flood in dismal numbers. Hence there is work in plenty for the dredges and the snagboats. But with wing-dams and riprapping the river has little patience. Therefore, aside from the endless task of policing the shifting channel, and the erecting of protection levees, all efforts are bent toward keeping the river within hailing distance of its ports. With the independent landings this is easy : it is merely a question of moving a warehouse ; but in the case of a point of consequence it is another matter.

Vicksburg is an example of this difficulty. For years Vicksburg has been a Mississippi port only in geography and atlas. By a great cut-off, formed since the war, Vicksburg was suddenly left a city with levee, warehouses, and steamboat agencies, in front of which there was no river. The Mississippi was thenceforth no nearer than Kleinston, two miles to the south. Efforts made to bring the Mississippi back through its dried-up channel had to be abandoned. But though the Government could not give Vicksburg her old river it is now engaged in doing the next best thing : giving her a brand-new one. The Yazoo River at present enters the Mississippi shortly above Vicksburg, but the engineers have nearly completed for the first-named stream a new mouth, in the shape of a canal which runs past the city front and the old levee, and joins the Mississippi at Kleinston.

Through the level country below Baton Rouge the river makes but little trouble ; it is nowhere shallower than 100 feet, and its lessened current washes the shores gently.

The railroads which follow both banks of the upper Mississippi were difficult of building. A score of curves and a dozen culverts were necessary to every mile. Millions had to be spent on defensive stone walls and riprapped grades. And many of the river's towns sat squarely and stolidly in the way. When the railroad came to Alma, Wis., it found so little waste room that to get by the place it was compelled to go into the river —on a mile-long trestle. One can imagine how the river must have chuckled over its arch-enemy's dilemma.

And now that the railroads are finished, the river makes things most unpleasant for them—when it is not quarrelling with the Government. In flood-times it terrorizes their passengers by washing the tops of the embankments, and, later on, it cuts deeply into their earnings by carrying out tracks right and left. And now and then through the year the river's overhanging bluffs let fall ponderous bowlders upon the interloper. All night long one may see on either hand from the steamer's deck the dancing lanterns of guarding track-walkers.

But more than all else the river hates the twenty-two drawbridges between Fort Snelling and St. Louis, which force its navigation to squeeze through a wee space that is opened at the will of a bridge-tender, and in the spring-time it brutally buffets and bruises their piers and approaches with giant ice-cakes. Nor does the river hold too much love for the thirteen overhead spans in the same section.

But below St. Louis the Mississippi has the railroad at its mercy. Bridges in that angry torrent are well-nigh impossible. In all the lower river there is but one ; the overhead span across the narrow channel at Memphis. Elsewhere the railroad that wishes to pass, must bow down, and humbly seek the steamboat car-ferry.

It seems a far cry from the rages of the Mississippi to the black steamboat roustabout, but the latter demands attention : he is as much part and parcel of the river as is the water, and quite as necessary. There is an impression that the roustabout is a much-abused individual, an inclination to class him along with the slave-like circus hand. This is wholly wrong. The

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roustabout is traveller, nomad, autocrat, man of leisure. He is little seen on the upper river, but in St. Louis, Memphis, and Orleans, there are enough of him to man five times as many boats as touch at those ports. Yet lower river packets have trouble in shipping full crews of the blacks—they are compelled to ship for each trip separately, because it does not please the rouster to take more than one trip in a month; the balance of the time he plays gentleman of affluence. On the Memphis levee I listened to a group of the brawny fellows as they lolled within the shade of a freight pile. Not one was there who had not visited at some time every point in the Mississippi Valley at which the steamboat calls. They were equally at home in Pittsburg or Orleans, Little Rock or Chattanooga.

In summer the rousters are fairly willing to work, though they exercise fine discrimination in the matter of boats. But in the fall, when steamers are plentiful and labor scarce, they become exceeding coy. They do not gather around the hiring mate then—he has to come to them. They regard coldly the average monthly wage, $40—they ask for $60, and even for $90, and they get it. If they hold a grudge against the mate of a boat they demand his discharge, and get that, too.

But the moment, summer or winter, that the roustabout steps upon a steamer's forecastle his hours of ease are done. He works day and night—a sort of work no white man could stand for even twelve hours—he sleeps at odd minutes between landings, sprawled on deck or cotton-bale. He wears shirt—usually—trousers and shoes, and finds them burdensome. He lays aside his powers of sight and reasoning, retains only ears and muscles, and becomes a powerful machine, answering to the slightest inclination of a mate's will. On the whole it is a good system. A strong mate with fifty blacks can accomplish astonishing results. But he must exercise unceasing vigilance and complete physical mastery. The minute his eye wanders, the rouster begins to shirk with consummate cunning—a half-dozen men will lay ready hands upon a package scarcely heavy enough for two. The least sign of flinching in a mate is not only fatal to discipline, but dangerous to his safety, for the roustabout is by nature quarrelsome and revengeful, a brooder over fancied wrongs.

As the river is a creature of oddities, so is the steamboat-man—with all the evil left out. I have not the opportunity now to delve into the intricacies of his remarkable science, but in sketching his dwelling-place I may have given a hint of the difficulties which confront him. His is a trade of dangers and hardships, of a watchfulness that knows few resting hours, of many rough undercurrents, yet the true steamboat-man, though he often denies the fact, will make any sacrifice rather than be parted from it. He has spent his life making friends with the Mississippi, and has come to know the river; he has learned how to cope with it when in anger, how to travel hand in hand with it when in happy mood; he sees about it a thousand things that are invisible to the landsman; every point and bend suggest to him some adventure or disaster, some mystery or story.

There is no other craft so governed by traditions. The captain who runs a hundred miles out of St. Paul, and who has never seen Orleans, has the same characteristics as the captain who runs a hundred miles out of Orleans, and who has never seen St. Paul.

The river makes its navigators men of sentiment, though many of them do not, themselves, suspect the fact. I remember one steamboat-man in particular, as rough a mate as I ever knew, who, after directing an extraordinarily strong flow of billingsgate at his crew, surprised me by speaking with the finest feeling of the recent loss of two river-men in the capsizing of a raft-boat.

Nor is it peculiar that in this land of mystery superstition should have a hold. No more deep-seated superstition exists than the river belief that steamboat disasters must occur in series of three. Men may laugh at this, but it is a fact that after the first accident of an expected series, vigilance is at top pitch upon almost every boat on the river until a second and a third steamer have gone to the bottom.

The faults of the steamboat-man are those of omission. Easy-going, unassuming, he hesitates to sound his own

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trumpet in the way that seems advantageous in this turbulent era.

I wish I could make it plain how wonderful a being is the steamboat. She has a romance clinging to her every timber, and the blood of the thoroughbred in her veins. Into her go the engines of dead-and-gone river racers, and the treasured relics—sweet-toned bells, paintings, bits of bric-a-brac—of famous steamers of the past. Cabins, worthy because of beauty or stanchness, descend from generation to generation. Her name, oftentimes, stands for wife, daughter, old-time sweetheart, life-long friend.

Nobly she does her work. As a rule, the packet steamboat travels at least 25,000 miles in a year. Landing, she does not float smoothly into a deep-water slip as does the ocean liner; she has to grind through sand, stumble over rocks, buffet against banks and wharves. In time of storm she does not have miles of space in which to manœuvre; she is cooped up at the wind's mercy, with nine-tenths of her bulk above water, in a channel sometimes not wide enough to turn about in.

Her powers of resistance are remarkable. When I likened to a ghost that St. Louis packet which I first boarded at St. Paul, there was more than mere fancy in the words. Thus far in her lifetime she had been once wrecked in a cyclone, once sunk by a drawbridge, once sunk upon a snag—in that last accident losing almost her entire bottom. Thrice the river had viciously wounded her, but it had not killed her—yet.

There is no sadder sight than a steamboat whose day is done. I came across one tied at the bank below Vicksburg, a stern-wheel packet. Her wheel was gone, her chimneys awry, her rotted woodwork protruding through gaps in her faded paint. So she was waiting the end—either dismantling or dissolution—with the river she had known so many years mournfully caressing her decrepit hull.

Of the Mississippi's future, prophets are not lacking. Some of them see things through spectacles rimmed with pearl, others dolefully affirm that with the beginning of another century the river will have become again the lonely stream of the Red Man's time. But to my mind there is small warrant for this latter view. An industry that has survived such troublous years as has Mississippi steamboating has little to fear from the days to follow.

A wonderful highway is the Mississippi to-day, pregnant with possibilities of redevelopment. But it is not a place for the practical man of modern affairs; he soon loses temper at the river's pranks. Many an ingenious scheme that has accomplished success elsewhere, fails to find favor with the Mississippi. Within the past few years a distinguished Great Lake navigator built for the river two steel barges and a towboat with which he hoped to revolutionize the freight-carrying trade. It was his idea to bring to the Mississippi the method of barge-towing in vogue in his own country. In appearance and design his towboat was much like a big lake tug. She had a propeller, a bridge, and a single rakish scarlet chimney. He planned to carry his barges behind the tug at the end of a tow-line. . . . I saw that towboat at Milliken's Bend. She was still the only boat of her class on the river, and she was carrying her barges abreast of her in the good old way, like any other river towboat—the Mississippi had scornfully spurned the tow-line scheme. On the other hand, I saw at St. Paul a dingy little raft-boat, a dozen years old, converted into a packet merely by the addition of a swinging stage-plank, which was making a run of ninety miles every day and merrily doing freight and passenger business at twelve or fifteen towns served by two of the strongest railroads in the Republic. There was little capital behind her. Her mate, one of her owners, acts as clerk between landings. Her captain, another owner, after helping his crew to move freight, climbs into the pilot-house to guide the boat to her destination. This case well illustrates what may be done on this free-to-all river by men who understand.

Here's to the Mississippi then, Old Route to Orleans. May its waters never grow less; may its commerce multiply; may its navigators never forget their kindly fashions; may its bosom be crowded again with swift-running palaces like the Lees and the Eclipses of the fondly remembered days.

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WITH MY PICTURES

Wainscoted windows looking out of life.

How golden lies the light on these deep eaves
And elms of solitude, where I was born—
The broad grouped elms limned in the placid lake!

Oh for an hour back in that grassy world,
With orange clouds low bagging in the west,
Heavy with damp and perfume—loaded wains
With creaky reaches staggering slowly home
Through lanes and gates time-hallowed—poplars tall
High quivering, white above the cock and vane,
From undergrowth that hums with scurrying bees!

. . . . . .

"The Summer Hills"—a breathless, blistering calm!
A spell of silence, that the bated blood
Resents with elfin cascades in the ear. . . .
Those fluctuant butterflies could mount the heavens
With all earth's care! A beetle's pinions now
Would whir like turner's chips. . . . That watching eagle,
Pencilled in loneliness, sees all the gorge!

. . . . . .

You have seen this? The pristine woman shields
Her bosom from the gods—those "sons of God"—
While sighs but she can hear, and hovering kisses
Of lips scarce visible, and faint embraces
Of arms too fine this twilight to reflect,
Bear her away half-yielding, half-afraid,
Out of her mortal lover's jealous grasp. . . .
He seems to say, "Where wilt?—what wouldst thou do?"

. . . . . .

This is my "Hebe." . . . Once Jove's cup-bearer,
But now dismissed, she laughs—she hath the cup!
And prone in flowers will read her fortune in it.
Shall one slip daunt the darling of the skies!

O! brows o'erarching purple pools elysian,
Startled at shadows—though death was not yet!
O! breasts tumultuous as the ivory wheels

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That romp the stadium through victorious cheers!
O! fair entrancing swell of the "heaped wheat
Set 'round with lilies" of the King of Israel—

. . . . . .

Ah, that? why, Mars—man at his rankest growth—
The jungle breast to foil a tiger's paw!
A wrist of brawn wrung from the grip of a sword
When breath of battle stormed the loitering peers
With curse fraternal—till they could but join—
And the bolts flew far off the heavenly gates
In streaks of fire, bronzing a front that hurled
Command!—the lion tan of his great eye
Staring straight on to see his will creating
A future for the world!
Was it a future?

. . . . . .

I keep this veiled; not often would I view it—
The haggard lightning, and the infatuate throng
That hold the women back—a bigot crew,
Upgazing fiercely, tho' with furtive looks,
To the white sufferer, hoisted by his hands. . . .
The raw spikes bloody His distracted arms!
The tears fall slowly to the broken heart.
There goes a bleating to the helpless heavens:
"Lamah, Eloi?"

. . . . . .

This is marked "A Sequel:"—
Soft moonlight floats the palaces of Rome,
Save where a few belated, smoky lamps
Invest the Circus with a tawny ring;
Slaves rake the sands whereon to-day nude fighters
Struggled with rampant beasts—but on the morrow
The patient Christians will not strip, nor strive:
Here the world-victor deigns to fight no more.
Above, the woods are shuddering grim and chill,
Where through dead boughs the splintered moonbeams fall
On hamadryads bearing the dead Pan
In quaint procession—and there, farther east,
Some wondering sages of Chaldea muse
Of a new lustre in the heavens—for lo,
The coming race a softer aureole wears:
Forever from the shoulder of the Bull
The Beauty of the Pleiades is gone!

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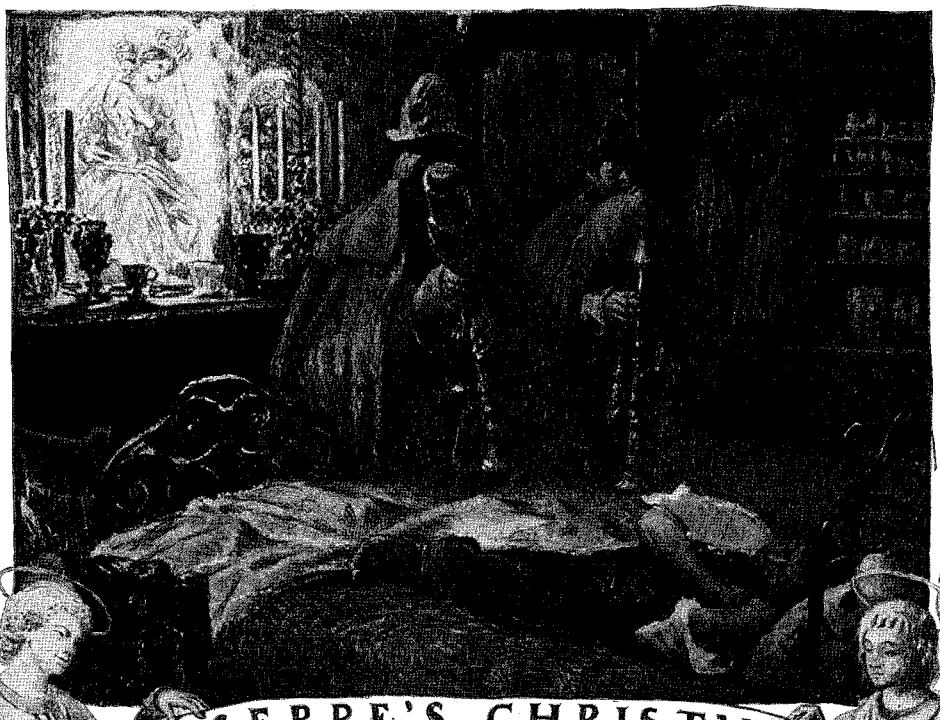

GIUSEPPE'S CHRISTMAS

By Mary H. Peixotto

Illustrations by E. C. Peixotto

If you should ask Giuseppe whether he had ever seen a Christmas-tree, he would shake his head and answer, "No." Though he knew all the saints in the Italian Calendar, if you should ask him who Santa Claus was, he would look perplexed, and vow he had never heard of him. And if, continuing your queries, you should ask what he liked best for Christmas dinner, he would snap his black eyes, and quickly answer, "Eels!"

For little Neapolitan boys have never seen a Christmas-tree nor even so much as heard of plum-pudding and turkey with cranberry sauce. And dear old Santa Claus never ventures as far south as Naples for fear the icicles would melt off his long white beard, and his fleet reindeer would suffocate in the unwonted heat!

But Giuseppe could tell you all about the *bancarelle* in the Toledo, and about bombs they set off at midnight on Christmas-eve, and about the wonders of the *presepi* in the churches—for he had *his* way of celebrating Christmas just as we have ours.

And now for several weeks as he plodded through the narrow lanes of Naples, selling his onions, he had been watching sure signs of the approaching holidays.

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Zia Amelia shaking her big copper tub of boiling chestnuts.—Page 31.

Had he not seen the *zampognari* come in from their mountain homes—shepherds dressed in sheep-skins with their legs tied up in thongs of hide, playing bagpipes in the streets, while little boys clapped their hands and danced before them, first on one foot, then on the other? And were not the shops putting forth their most attractive wares, and were not the pastry-cooks making little boys' mouths water with displays of most amazing cakes and tarts, dressed mountains high with candied fruits and icing? And now little booths were being put up along the Toledo. Even at home Aunt Carmela was rigging up an extra awning and dressing her vegetable shop with green boughs, and making it attractive by hanging about the door bunches of small red tomatoes, and yellow grapes and *poppone*—green Sicilian melons tassled with colored tissue paper.

Giuseppe was a little onion-seller. Having no mother, he lived with his Aunt Carmela, and was one of that large class of Neapolitan boys who go about the streets bare-footed in tattered rags, singing at the top of their lusty voices when not calling out their wares, and seemingly as happy as the sons of any prince.

And now the day before Christmas had come, and he prepared to set off even earlier than usual, and with a longer string of onions. But just as he was leaving the shop, Aunt Carmela called him back and said: "Here, take this paper and these seven *soldi*, and before you come home to-night, go to the monks of San Gregorio and they will give you a *torta* for me."

As he started out, the tardy winter sunshine was just squeezing into the narrow streets, and Christmas was in the very air. Every cart flaunted flags and colored papers, and all the donkeys and shaggy horses wore sprigs of green in their harness. The air was alive with vender's cries, and Giuseppe had to scream his "*cippole, cippole*," else he could not even hear the sound of his own voice.

But the onions sell well this morning.

In the Via Conte di Mola the people are all his friends. It must be confessed that he stops often to chat with his comrades who sell garlic and brooms and goat's cheese. At a corner sits Zia Ame-

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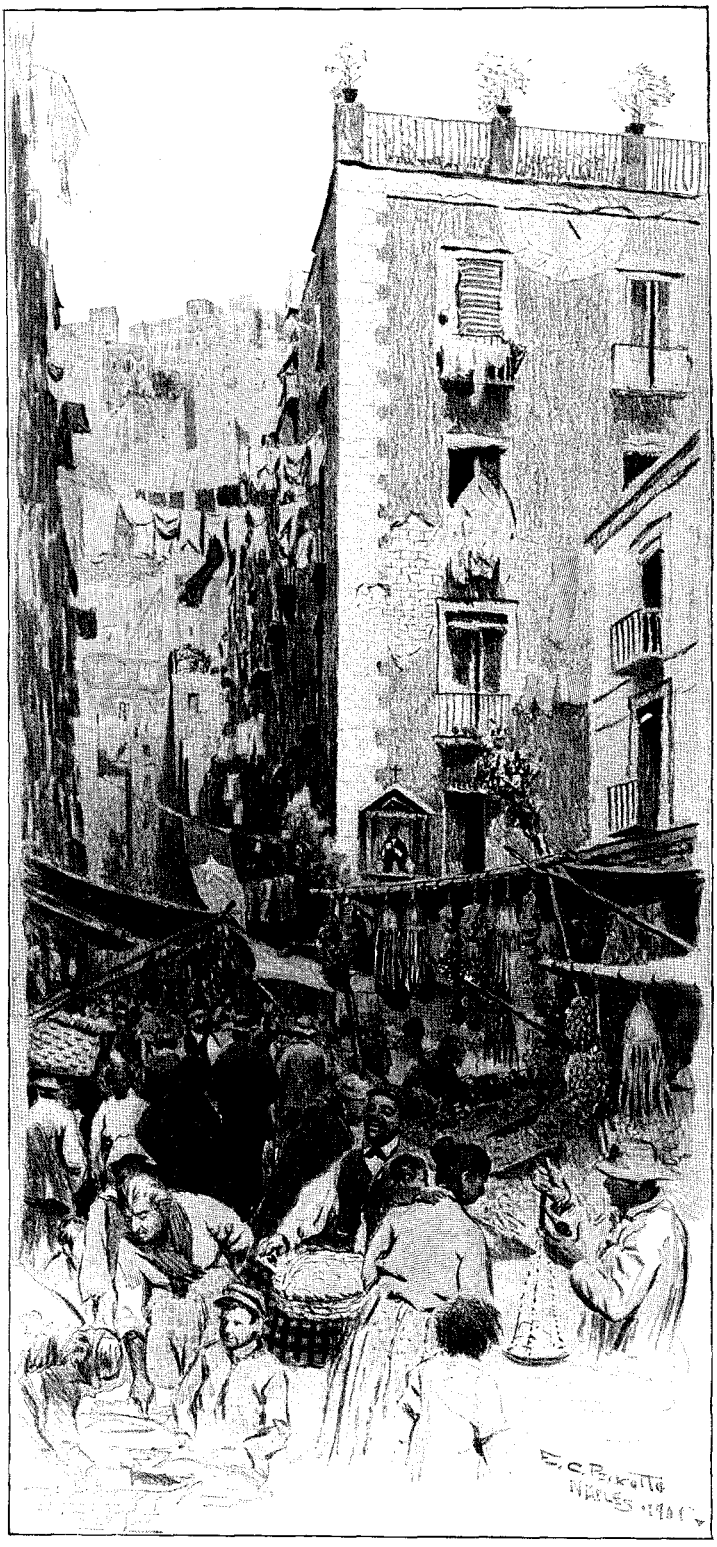
lia shaking her big copper tub of boiling chestnuts. She hails Giuseppe with a friendly "*giorno*" and takes three of his biggest onions. A little farther on, on a high table outside a shop-door —holding court as it were—sits Benedetto's white poodle, surrounded as he always is by a crowd of boys and girls marvelling at his curly white coat. And to-day an organ-grinder is playing gay tunes, and all the children are dancing, and the half-shaved poodle looks majestically down as proud as a king.

How happy Naples is! It is hard for little boys to sell onions on such a day, but Giuseppe braces himself up, remembering that he must make a few extra coppers, for wasn't he seven and almost a man, and were not some of these very same coppers to help buy the eels for dinner to-night? There, near the corner, Donna Gracia is filling the lamps in front of the Madonna—three lamps there are to-day, and beautiful new



What a bustle in the great thoroughfare! —Page 32.

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paper-flowers. And oh, good fortune! for Donna Gracia buys the remainder of his onions, and he jingles ten big *soldi* in his pocket. And he thanks the Madonna, looking smilingly down at him, as he

Donna Gracia is filling the lamps in front of the Madonna.—Page 31.

counts his wealth and then hastens into the Toledo—the main street of Naples.

What a bustle in the great thoroughfare! As far as you can see along both sidewalks, range *bancarelle*—gay little booths covered with rickety awnings, where boys and girls and grown-up people, too, for that matter can buy anything in the world for a cent. There are tin bugs that fly and green balloons that squeak and knives and tiny *bersaglieri* with feathers in their caps and little wax Gésu Bimbi, lying in cradles shaded by parasols of pink paper-flowers. And there are side-combs for little girls' hair and brooches and crooked horns of coral to keep away the evil eye, and beautiful pink shells, in which, when he puts them to his ear, Giuseppe can hear the roaring of the sea just as you can down on the Mergellina. He idles along fascinated, as who wouldn't be, from one gay booth to another until suddenly he finds himself in the sunshine of the Piazza Dante. But he hardly knows it to-day, for instead of the broad open space, bare and desolate, he sees a weaving multitude of venders and purchasers—

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Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

Here is a Christmas street indeed!—Page 34.

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a topsy-turvy of crockery, of tinsmith's wares, of blue-glass jugs and thick tumblers. Alighieri, high on his pedestal, his chin upon his fingers, looks solemnly down on the restless throng in the same austere manner as when he walked among them centuries ago.

But Giuseppe is not thinking of the great poet. His little mind is intent on that *torta* for Aunt Carmela.

From the crowded Via Tribunali he turns into the street of St. Gregory the Armenian, and there stands wide-mouthed with wonder. Here is a Christmas street indeed! All along its narrow way, shops put out upon the paving stones richly robed Madonnas in glass cases, and such lovely Gésu Bimbi with real curled hair and golden crowns upon their heads. On shelves around the doorways are ranged boxes of strange Eastern Kings, of black servitors in gorgeous attire, of shepherds and saints and peasants, and camels and elephants. Cows and donkeys lie waiting to be placed in the manger. Angels fly about the ceilings among bunches of gayly painted flowers.

In each doorway sits a young girl. Near her a glue-pot steams over a charcoal brazier, and all about lie baskets of moss and bits of cork, and armies of little chalk figures ready to be stuck upon the rough grotto standing on a chair before her. And Giuseppe's eyes grow wide as under her deft touch the rude paste-board grotto with its triple cave is transformed into a veritable work of art. Trees grow upon its painted mountain-tops. Pink castles and shepherds' huts are built upon its shelving roads. Moss falls in soft masses to break the harsher lines. In the centre grotto the Child is placed, with Mary and Joseph watching over it; the shepherds, the Magi gather about. In a side cave peasants make merry at a Christmas feast. And now the nimble fingers plant gay flowers round the sleeping Child and the *presepe* is finished.

As Giuseppe wanders down the street —so slowly—he sees fond mothers buying these pretty toys, and he thinks of the happy children who will have a *presepe* all their own that Christmas-eve, and of the tiny toddlers, the youngest of the family, who will light the Christmas candles.

In one shop larger than the others, where in a case upon the street such wonderful wooden *zampognari*, dressed in real clothes, play their pipes, he sees a priest buying a *presepe* for a church—each of its little figures made with love and care, the Eastern Kings in velvets and satins, the peasants in old-fashioned knee breeches and kerchiefs. Lovely lambs lie upon the hillsides, and angels hover in the air.

It is a wonderland, this street, but once again Aunt Carmela's errand spurs him on, and with a sigh he hurries along to the Gregorian convent. Its big street-door gapes wide open, and he climbs a long broad flight of steps on whose soaring vaults angels on clouds and bearded prophets are painted. The green double doors of the convent are closed, but in each is a little barred wicket through which the monks can see without being seen—for these good brothers, who spend their lives in cooking for the poor, never show themselves to the world. At either side of the door, in niches, revolve beautiful tables covered with domes of burnished brass. Giuseppe gave Aunt Carmela's paper and the seven *soldi* to an old woman standing by the wicket, and she told him to go and sit down among the men and women waiting on the long stone bench at the head of the stairs.

As he sat, he watched with wonderment those shining brass *rotoli* revolve by invisible means, each revolution bringing round a mysterious package. As their names were called, old men and young girls, poor women and little boys, would receive these packages—one a basket, another a dish, covered with a white cloth, others loaves of well-baked bread, and others platters. And he wondered what that miraculous table would bring around for him. When the old *donna* called Aunt Carmela's name he stepped up and she handed him a low basket wrapped in a clean white cloth. He deftly placed the basket on his head and trotted down the long broad steps, then took a short cut home, for he wished to be in time to help in buying the Christmas dinner.

When he reached his aunt's shop she greeted him quite affectionately, having had a prosperous day. Then she uncovered the basket he had brought, and he saw that it contained a beautiful *susamiella*—a tart covered all over with chocolate and

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Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

And then he found himself before a wondrous scene.—Page 38.

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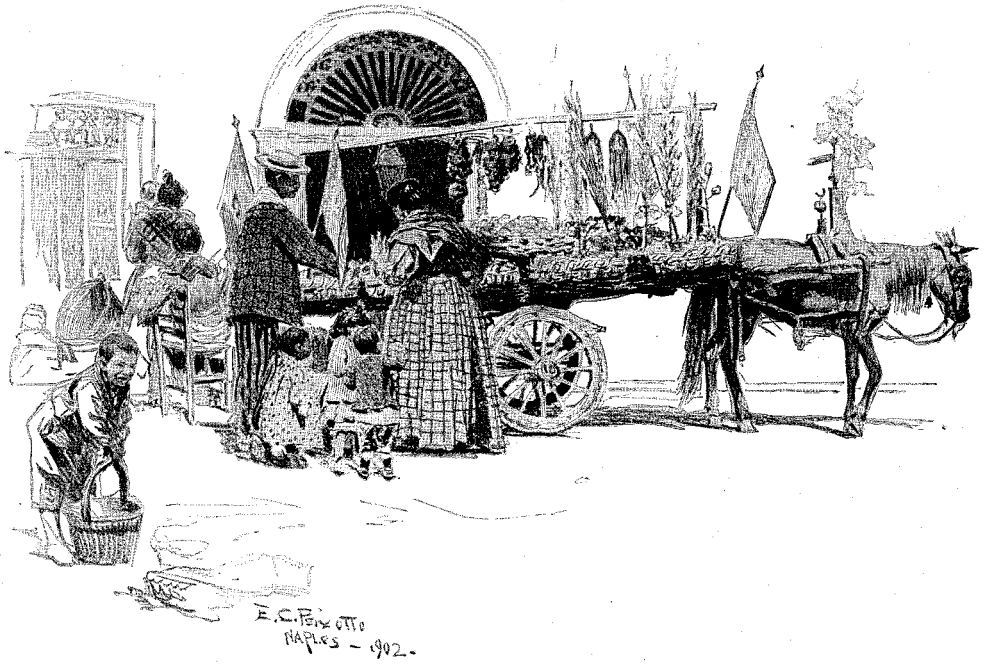

Every cart flaunted flags and colored papers.—Page 30.

sugar—a dish that little Neapolitan boys are very fond of indeed. When she asked him where his onions were, he proudly produced his ten *soldi* and handing them to her, said: "Here, these will help buy the eels for dinner." Aunt Carmela actually patted him on the head, a very great condescension on her part, and Giuseppe was very proud, I can tell you.

The *bottega* was left in charge of a cousin, and Giuseppe and his aunt started off to buy the Christmas dinner.

Day was closing and the narrow streets were teeming with a busy crowd making their last purchases. The shop-windows reeked with good things to eat. The butchers' shops displayed rows of whole lamb skinned to the middles, and kids, heads down, spitted on sticks of wood. In one store-window Giuseppe was fascinated at the sight of a little sucking-pig, roasted whole, of a crackly brown color, lying on its stomach with a golden orange in its mouth. But he knew it was no use wishing for that delicacy—that was only for rich boys. In the wider streets and at every street-corner market-stalls had been erected. Vegetables and fruit littered the sidewalks. Women with baskets were haggling and bargaining over tubs of oysters and clams and sea-urchins (which an American boy wouldn't look at but which Giuseppe smacked his lips over). And there were such quantities of fish with their tails tied to their heads so that their bodies were on a curve and their great red gills stood wide open to show that they were fresh.

But the things that interested him most were the endless baskets of eels—squirming, wriggling eels, the chief delicacy of the Neapolitan Christmas. How slippery they looked in their low flat baskets, and how they wriggled when the man tried to catch them! Finally, Aunt Carmela, after much bargaining, decided upon some that were not so lively, Giuseppe thought, but they were a little cheaper than the others. The vender dexterously threaded them one after another on a twisted straw and Giuseppe carried them in triumph wriggling home.

By the time they reached the shop it was night. The busy day was over, so the vegetables were brought in from the street and stowed away in corners between the furniture and under the beds.

For you must know that bed-room and fruit-store and living-room and dining-room and kitchen are all one in Aunt

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Carmela's house, as they are in the home of nearly every small dealer in Naples. The vegetables are usually arranged about the door-way on shelves and rickety tables. The room, having no window, receives its only light and ventilation from the glass door, shaded by muslin curtains. In the centre of one wall an open fireplace is hung with sooty pots and pans and a copper vessel or two. A cupboard for dishes and two wardrobes stand in corners. The remaining available space is occupied by two iron beds, a half-dozen lame chairs, a deal table, and a tub half-full of soapy water. At the foot of the beds a bureau bears upon its marble top all the finery of the poor household. Blue glass vases and a cup or two—too fine to be put in the cupboard—stand between five-pronged gilt candelabra. Against the wall range three glass cases, two containing artificial flowers, the third a figure of the Virgin and Child, before which an oil-wick is always burning, for though often there may not be bread in the house, there is always oil for the Virgin's taper.

To-night the dark room is the scene of much activity. The fire is poked up in the chimney-piece. The greasy table is moved near the door, and around it are ranged the rickety chairs and several fruit-boxes. For Aunt Carmela, better off than most of her poor relatives, has invited them to share her nine o'clock Christmas dinner—a dinner, you must understand, where no meat is permitted, but which is a veritable orgy of fish and vegetables.

While Aunt Carmela is busy cooking, Giuseppe spreads a fresh cloth on the table and puts a cracked oil-lamp in the centre. And then he arranges ten thick plates along the sides, each with a chunk of bread beside it. Knives and forks are few, but to make up for them there are many bottles of dark-red wine.

And now the guests begin to arrive and soon are seated around a great steaming dish of maccaroni *al pomidoro*—the children propped up in high-chairs, the men in shirt-sleeves with their caps on their heads. After the *pasta*, fish is brought on—*baccala* fried and *baccala* boiled—and quantities of vegetables, all stewed together. There is much talking and much drinking of the dark-red wine. Then come the eels, fried and cut in pieces, saluted with "ahs" and "ohs" and rattling of plates, and everybody begins to feel gay and drinks more wine. Giuseppe, who had been given no knife, uses his pocket clasp-knife, as do Uncle Beppo and the other men, and he feels very warm and happy. Then Aunt Carmela brings in the oranges and nuts and figs and the *susamiella* from the Gregorian convent; and as Giuseppe gulps down his great big slice he thinks there never was or has been such a feast as this!

But the warmth of the room and the weight of this unaccustomed evening meal, combined with his long walks that day, were too much for the little fellow. Even Uncle Beppo's loud voice and the clinking of the wine-glasses and the scraping of the chairs could not keep his eyes open. So he threw himself, dressed as he was, on one of the beds and soon was sound asleep. Not even the loud laughter nor the rattle of the lotto numbers as they fell from the bag, nor the clink of the coppers, nor the scraping of the chairs and benches as the diners pushed back from the table and crowded out to go to the Midnight Mass, locking the door behind them—none of these sounds disturbed his weary sleep.

But in his dreams he heard the exploding bombs and fireworks in the crowded streets—the pandemonium of the Naples night—and he saw such wonderful visions! There, by his bedside, two *zampognari* played their pipes, and he watched the bags fill up and the old fingers wander over the worm-eaten keys, and he dreamt he was their little boy, dancing before them and clapping his hands—dancing first on one foot and then on the other. And then around their heads there grew a wondrous light, and in the light he saw the Madonna smiling so gently at him and the child, while angels with golden halos flew about and cherubim and Magi came with precious caskets! . . .

Giuseppe slept very late on Christmas-morning, but even when he awoke, everyone in the shop was still asleep. For all Naples is tired out from the festivities of Christmas-eve, and Christmas-day is very quiet.

Giuseppe, from force of habit, hunted out a string of onions and set off on his daily rounds. But to-day he lagged about

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the churches. He knew that within their portals the *presepi* had been uncovered. In his babyhood his dear mother had always taken him in her arms to see these wonderlands, and when he was older had led him by the hand and pointed out their beauties. But now he had no dear mother, and he was a man and must look out for himself.

So when he came to Santa Maria in Portico, he resolutely ascended the stone steps to the open door. But there sat three old beggars, and one, pushing him back, said: "Here, *piccolo*, out with your onions," and he timidly went back a step or two. How he longed to behold what everyone else was going in to see! Just then some women, with their heads tied up in colored kerchiefs, came clacking up the steps in their wooden pattens, and Giuseppe squeezed in after them unnoticed, for the old beggars were too busy asking for coppers.

And then he found himself before a wondrous scene: mountains so high, as high as Saint Elmo, he thought—covered with castles and strange trees and figures as big as life.

He felt quite at home in the great church, and soon was standing by the candles in front of the manger, saying an *ave maria*. There was the Madonna in a great cave, and back of her a donkey, and a cow as big as Uncle Beppo's that he takes night and morning through the streets to sell the milk. The Madonna is dressed in a long pink satin gown with a blue scarf about her shoulders—blue as Giuseppe's own blue skies. On her head rests a golden crown, and at her feet, on a big wisp of real straw, lies a lovely Child in a dress of white and gold—what a pink little Bimbo he is! Watching over him stands Saint Joseph—Giuseppe's own patron saint in a gorgeous purple robe—he had never seen so elegant a San Giuseppe before. Above the entrance to the cave flutters a half circle of pink little cherubs, and so happy they look! Above them larger angels fly out to proclaim the gladsome tidings. And what a black man is kneeling before the Infant and offering the Virgin a basket of chestnuts! Behind him comes a *contadina* in a lovely red silk dress of brocade, such as the fathers hang upon the church pillars. She is bringing a basket of eggs, and has upon her head a white kerchief such as grandma used to wear when she came in from Castellamare. What a funny little dog follows that old man carrying the oranges!

Descending from the mountains come the black Kings in coats of gold, with great turbans on their heads, and their slaves behind them are laden with golden boxes—what can be in them? And there are the shepherds who saw the Star and more people travelling on camels from far-off countries, and there are castles and palm-trees and fairy roads—all so wonderful that Giuseppe's little neck grows tired looking up so high. And there, in another grotto, he spies an old blind beggar, near a wine-shop, where a lovely *donna* in purple satin is selling sausages and long loaves of bread, and a man is vending cheese of goat's milk—oh, how Giuseppe loves that cheese and bread!

Suddenly he sees that it is real goat's cheese spread on real cabbage-leaves, and remembers that he hasn't had a thing to eat that morning and feels very hungry. But he hasn't sold an onion yet, and there's not a *centesimo* in his pocket. In a chapel he kneels before San Giuseppe's altar and repeats his prayer, and adds: "And oh, San Giuseppe, if you could, I'd so like some goat's cheese, for I'm very hungry."

A side door swings open and Giuseppe sees a ray of sunshine, and out he goes into the daylight and raises his shrill little cry, "*cippole, cippole*." The same cry answers him from a balcony and a basket is lowered. And there in the basket lies a *soldo*, which he exchanges for three of his onions and off he goes. And there, would you believe it, from around the corner comes a man with a flat basket on his head calling fresh goat's cheese, and Giuseppe changes two of his *centesimi* for a pat on a cabbage-leaf. "Oh, San Giuseppe's always so good to me," says he, as he puts his string of onions down on the sidewalk. Then kneeling beside them, he pulls out of his ragged pocket a chunk of coarse bread upon which, with his clasp-knife, he spreads the lump of cheese—and there, in the sunlight, he eats his meagre little Christmas dinner.

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ENGLISH COURT AND SOCIETY IN THE EIGHTIES

LETTERS OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADRESS

By Mary King Waddington

To G. K. S.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER,
August, 1883.

HERE we are after all settled for a month at the sea. I really needed the change and the sea-air after the fatigues of Moscow. . . .

I made my first visit to the Embassy on the 15th of August (*Journée de l'Assomption*). W. thought I had better come over and see the house before arriving in November to take possession. It was certainly the worst crossing I have ever made. The boat rolled and pitched terribly, we shipped heavy seas all the time, and arrived at Folkstone shivering and drenched. All the way to London we felt little streams of water running down our backs, and our hats were a curiosity—filled with water like a bowl. We emptied them on the quay, but the feathers, of course, were finished. We were met at Victoria by two swell young secretaries, in evening dress, with gardenias in their button-holes, who had come to meet their Ambassadress; and I have wondered since what impression they had of the limp, damp, exhausted female they extracted from the reserved saloon carriage. It seemed a few minutes' drive to the Embassy at Albert Gate, where we were received by a stout porter and a most distinguished "groom of the chambers," dressed in black, with a silver chain around his neck. We dined alone in a fair-sized dining-room, with splendid Gobelin tapestries on the walls. W. came in about 11, having had a man's dinner with Gladstone.

The next day we went all over the house, which is neither handsome nor comfortable. It is high and narrow, like a cage, with no very large rooms, and a general appearance of dinginess and accumulated dust. However, the Minister has promised to paint and clean, and to do over the small drawing-room entirely just as I like. Of course I shall have blue satin—you remember how I always like blue everywhere, on me and near me. The situation is delightful, on the Park—just at Albert Gate. The windows and balconies of the drawing-rooms give on the drive, and the "Row" is so near that I could easily recognize horses and riders. The season is practically over, but I have just seen a pretty group pass; a lady mounted on a fine chestnut and a child on each side of her on nice small fat

*** NOTE BY THE COLLECTOR OF THE LETTERS.—Mary Alsop King Waddington is a daughter of the late Charles King, president of Columbia College in the City of New York from 1849 to 1864, and a granddaughter of Rufus King, the second Minister sent to England by the United States after the adoption of the Constitution.

Miss King was educated in this country. In 1871, after the death of her father, she went, with her mother and sisters, to live in France, and in 1874 became the wife of M. William Waddington.

M. William Henry Waddington was born in Normandy, France, in 1826. His grandfather was an Englishman who had established cotton manufactories in France, and had become a naturalized French citizen. The grandson, however, was educated in England, first at Rugby and later at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he rowed in the Cambridge boat in the University race of 1849. Soon after leaving the University, M. Waddington returned to France and entered public life. In 1871 he was elected a representative for the Department of the Aisne to the National Assembly, and two years afterward was appointed Minister of Public Instruction, in place of M. Jules Simon. In January, 1876, he was elected a Senator for the Department of the Aisne, and two months later again became Minister of Public Instruction, which office he resigned in May, 1877. In December of that year he accepted the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Affairs.

M. Waddington was the first plenipotentiary of France to the Congress of Berlin, in 1878. In the winter of 1879–1880 he refused the offer of the London Embassy and paid a visit to Italy, where he was received by the Pope and the King.

In 1883 he was sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to represent France at the coronation of the Czar, Alexander III., at Moscow, and in July of that year was appointed Ambassador at the Court of St. James, to succeed M. Tissot. He held this post until 1893, and died in Paris in the following year.

Mme. Waddington accompanied her husband to Italy and Germany, and on his embassies to both England and Russia.

The letters, now given to the public for the first time, were written by Mme. Waddington during the period of her husband's diplomatic service, to describe to her family the personages and incidents of her official life; many of them, passed from hand to hand, have been read with such interest, that she has consented to allow me to collect and publish these letters which her family and a few friends, myself among the number, have already so greatly enjoyed.

TOMPKINS MCILVAINE.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1902.

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ponies; close to the little girl, about eight years old, with her fair hair streaming down her back from under a blue cap, rides an old groom, evidently much pleased with his little lady's performance, and watching her so carefully.

Our inspection of the house took us all the morning. The kitchen, offices, servant's hall and rooms are enormous, and in very bad order. I should think it would take weeks to get it clean and habitable, and need an army of servants to keep it so. I am thinking rather sadly of my little hôtel in Paris, so clean and bright, with not a dark corner anywhere.

We spent our evening quietly at home looking over our installation with W.,* horses, carriages, servants, and in fact the complete organization of a big London house which is so unlike a French one. I shall bring over all my French servants and add as many English as are necessary. I don't quite see Hubert, our French coachman, driving about the London streets, and keeping to the left. I should think we should have daily discussions with all the drivers in London; however, we must try. I wonder if I shall like being an Ambassadress, and I also wonder how long we shall stay here. My brother-in-law R.† says perhaps two years.

To H. L. K.

FRENCH EMBASSY, ALBERT GATE,
December 1, 1883.

I am gradually settling down, but everything, hours, service, habits, servants, is so different that I still feel rather strange. I quite sympathized with Francis, who was already unhappy at leaving Paris and his dear "Nounou," and very much put out with his new German governess who was deadly ill crossing. His woes culminated on arriving at Albert Gate, when he was solemnly conducted upstairs by a very tall footman to his room (a nice large nursery and bedroom giving on the Park), and he wept bitterly and refused to eat any dinner or to have his coat and hat taken off. A great many people have been to see us, and we shall have some quiet dinners—and a shooting party at Mr. Monk's one of these days.

Our Harcourt dinner was pleasant. Sir William is charming—such an easy talker, with no pose of any kind. It is decided that Lady Harcourt presents me to the Queen. Lady Granville is away, and it falls upon her as wife of the Home Secretary. Sir William had been to Windsor, and had told the Queen of the curious coincidence—the French Ambassadress, an American, presented by the wife of the British Home Secretary, also an American, and an *amie d'enfance* of Mrs. Waddington. I had some little difficulty in finding out what I was to wear (as there is little etiquette at the English Court upon these occasions), but they finally told me ordinary visiting dress, so I shall wear my blue velvet. We go down to lunch and see the Queen afterward.

To H. L. K.—Continued.

ALBERT GATE, December 7, 1883.

I have had my audience to-day, and will write to you at once while I still remember it all. First I must tell you about Francis. He heard someone asking me the other day if I had been yet to see the Queen. I saw his face change a little, so when we were alone, he said, tremulously, "Tu vas voir la Reine?" "Oui, mon fils." "Est-elle toujours si méchante?" "Mais la Reine n'est pas méchante, mon enfant." "Elle ne vas pas te faire couper la tête?" Evidently his mind had been running on the Tower of London, where we went the other day, and was shown, of course, the block where Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey had their heads cut off. When he heard I was going to see the Queen, his heart failed him, and I had some difficulty in comforting him, and explaining that sovereigns in these days didn't have recourse to such extreme measures (at least in civilized countries). I suppose the Shah of Persia wouldn't hesitate to dispose of a head that was in his way.

Lady Harcourt and I started for Paddington at 1 o'clock, and got to Windsor a little before two. We found a landau with two servants in plain black liveries waiting for us, and we drove at once to the Castle. It was a beautiful bright day, but snow had fallen heavily in the country, so that the old gray walls and round towers stood

* W. here and throughout these letters refers to Mme. Waddington's husband, M. William Waddington.

† Richard Waddington—now Senator of the Seine Supérieure.

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Queen Victoria, in the Dress Worn During the State Jubilee Celebration, June 21, 1887.
From a photograph, copyright, by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde, England.

out splendidly as we drove up. We drove through several courts and finally drew up at an entrance where there were five servants in the royal red liveries with crape on their sleeves (all the Queen's household are always in mourning), a big Highlander in full dress, and a butler in black who ushered us into a large drawing-room with an enormous bow-window looking on the Park. Instantly there appeared Lady Erroll, lady in waiting, and four maids of honor. Lady E. shook hands and introduced the maids of honor, who made us low curtseys. Then came Lord Methuen —Lord in waiting—and we went at once in to luncheon. Everything was served on silver plate, there were four footmen and a butler, but the repast was of the simplest description—an ordinary English luncheon—roast mutton, fowl, pudding, apple-tart, etc. After luncheon we talked a little and then Sir Henry Ponsonby appeared to give Lady H. her last instructions. It was the first time she had presented an Ambassadress in a private audience. Precisely at three a servant in black appeared and said, "Will you come to see the Queen?" Lady H., Ponsonby and I proceeded down a handsome long corridor filled with pictures, vitrines, of china principally, and old furniture, to a room at one end where a footman was standing. Sir Henry opened the door, Lady H. made a low curtsey at the threshold,

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saying, "I have the honor to present the French Ambassadress," and then immediately backed herself out, and I found myself in the room. I made a first low courtesy, but before I had time to make another the Queen, who was standing in the middle of the room with Princess Beatrice, advanced a step, shook hands, and said, with a very pretty smile and manner, "I am very glad to see you." She asked me to sit down and talked a great deal, was most gracious, asked me if I was getting accustomed to the climate and the stairs, whether I had seen all my "colleagues," and how many children I had. When I said one little boy whom I had left in London, she asked me what he was doing; I thought I would tell her about his fears for his mother's head, so I replied he was trembling at home until his mother should return. She looked a little surprised, but was really amused, and laughed when I told her his preoccupations, said, "Poor little boy, how glad he will be to see his mother back with her head on her shoulders."

The Crown Prince Frederick of Germany, in the Uniform Worn by Him at the Jubilee Celebration, London, June, 1887.

From a photograph by Loescher & Petsch, Berlin.

Princess Beatrice took no part in the conversation. She looked smiling and very intelligent. The Queen was very simply dressed in black, with her white widow's cap and veil, no ornaments, but a gold chain and pearls around her neck, and a medallion with a portrait of a man in uniform, whom I supposed must be Prince Albert. I think the interview lasted about fifteen minutes. Then the Queen arose, shook hands, said she hoped my husband and I would like the life in England. Princess Beatrice shook hands —I backed myself out, and it was over. I was very much impressed with the Queen's personality. She is short, stout, and her face rather red, but there is a great air of dignity and self-possession, and a beautiful smile which lights up her whole face.

I never could find out any minor details in dress, as to taking off veil, gloves, etc., but I did as I had done with other Royalties and took off veil and gloves, which I hope was right.

Lady H. and Ponsonby were waiting for me in the corridor, and seemed to think my audience had been longer than usual — were also surprised that the Queen made me sit down. It seems she sometimes receives standing all the time, a first formal presentation.

As we had some little time before starting for the station, Ponsonby showed us part of the Castle. The great halls, St. George's and Waterloo, are very fine, and it was interesting to see the great pictures which one has always seen reproduced in engravings—the Queen's Marriage, Coronation, Reception of King Louis Philippe, Baptism of the Prince of Wales, etc. One room was beautiful, filled with Van Dycks. We went back to the station in the same carriage, and Lady H. and I talked hard all the way home. It was certainly a very simple affair; as little etiquette as possible, but the Castle was fine. The old gray fortress and its towers and crenelated walls, the home of the sovereign who lives there with little pomp and few guards—guarded by her people, in the same Castle, and the same surroundings as when she began her long

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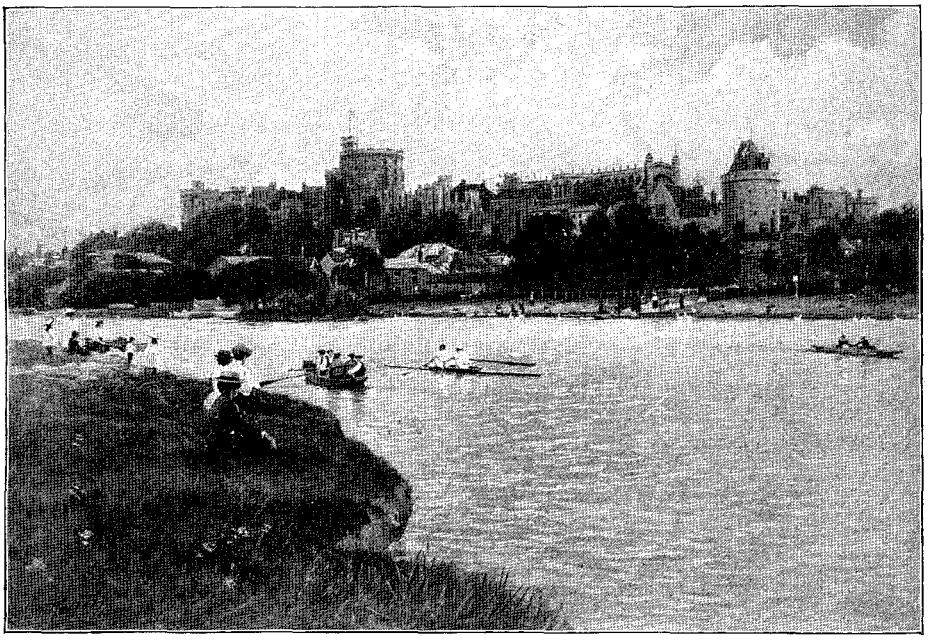

Windsor Castle.

reign, a mere girl. When one thinks of all the changes she has seen in other countries—kingdoms and dynasties disappearing—one can realize what a long wise rule hers has been. It is such a contrast to my last Royal Audience at Moscow, which now seems a confused memory of Court officials, uniforms, gold-laced coats, jewelled canes (I can see one of the Chamberlains who had an enormous sapphire at the end of his staff), princes, peasants, cossacks, costumes of every description, court carriages, Russian carriages, the famous *attelage* of three horses, every language under the sun, and all jostling and crowding each other in the courts of the Kremlin—with its wonderful churches and domes of every possible color from pink to green—only soldiers, soldiers everywhere, and the people kept at a distance—very unlike what I have just seen here.

To H. L. K.

Sunday, December 16, 1883.

This afternoon we have had our audience of the Prince and Princess of Wales—M. W. and I together. We got to Marlborough House a little before 4, and were shown at once into a room on the ground floor where we found Miss Knollys and a gentleman in waiting. In a few minutes Sir Dighton Probyn, comptroller of the household, appeared and took us upstairs to a large handsome *salon*. He opened the door and we found the Prince and Princess standing. The room was filled with pretty things. The Princess was dressed in blue velvet (I too—I daresay Fromont made both dresses) and looked charming, no older than when I had seen her in Paris three or four years ago, and with that same beautiful slight figure and gracious manner.

While the Prince and W. were talking she asked me a great deal about Moscow and the Coronation, and particularly if the Empress was well dressed always, as she had been rather bothered with the quantity of dresses, *manteaux de cour*, etc., that she was obliged to have. The Prince remembered that I was the grand-daughter of Rufus King, who had been United States Minister to London under George III. He was very pleasant, with a charming, courteous manner. The Princess instantly referred to Francis and his fears for his mother's head, which she said the Queen had told her.

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To H. L. K.—Continued.

Friday, 21st.

This afternoon we had tea with the Duke and Duchess of Albany. She is a German Princess and was rather shy at first, but when the tea came it was easier. The Duke is very amiable, talks easily. He looks, and is, I believe, delicate. We have a few dinners before us, and I am gradually getting to know all my colleagues. Mohrenheim is Russian Ambassador; Munster German; and Nigra Italian. Munster is practically an Englishman. His second wife was Lady Harriet St. Clair, a sister of Lord Rosslyn. He is evidently English in his tastes and habits, rides regularly in the Park, and drives a coach with four chestnuts that are known all over London. Mr. Lowell is United States Minister, and is much liked and appreciated in England. Mrs. Lowell is in bad health and goes out very little.

To H. L. K.

Albert Gate, January 5, 1884.

This afternoon we had our audience from the old Duchess of Cambridge. We found her in handsome rooms in St. James's Palace, and one lady in waiting with her. She was lying on a sofa—she is very old, eighty-four—has seen and known every one, and talks easily both French and English. It really seemed a page of history to listen to her. She asked us to come back, and Lady G. told us that when she felt well, visits were a great pleasure to her, and also that she was always glad to see any members of the French Embassy.

We got home to tea—and then I had various skirmishes with the servants. It really is difficult to make French and English servants work together. The butler is an Englishman and directs all the men of the house. It is not easy to make the Frenchmen take their orders from him. They all want to be in direct communication with me. There are always two together in the hall—one Frenchman and one Englishman, and the result of that is that when anything goes wrong, and the bell is not answered the Frenchman tells me he was not there, it was the Englishman's turn; and of course the Englishman the same—so now I have told Holmes (the butler) to make me out a regular paper every Monday with the men's names and their hours of service—Yves et George, 10–12; William and Charles, 12–2—I hope that will work. As to Hubert he hasn't driven me yet. He goes about London all day in a brougham, with one of those nondescript English servants, half French, half English, that we got from the British Embassy in Paris. I find the domestic part of the Embassy rather a bore, but I suppose things will settle down. The housemaids are a delightful institution, though I was amazed upon inquiring one day from my own maid as to who was a young lady with a red velvet dress, and a large hat and feathers, I had met on the stairs, when she replied, "C'est Alice, Madame, la seconde fille de chambre." It seems my maid remonstrated with her for spending her money on clothes, to which she replied that all housemaids in big houses dressed like that, and that she herself would be ashamed if she dressed as plainly as my maids. The two thrifty Frenchwomen were scandalized.

To H. L. K.

Sandringham, January 12, 1884.

We arrived this afternoon at two o'clock, and I am writing in my room, as we have come up to bed, and the gentlemen have retired to smoke. We came down at 2½, found a saloon carriage reserved for us, and the Mohrenheims installed—father, mother, and daughter. We got to Wolferton at six, one of the Prince's gentlemen was waiting for us, and two or three carriages and footmen. We had all sent our servants and baggage by an earlier train, as it had been suggested to us. The house looked large and handsome as we drove up. The party was assembled in a great hall, with a long low tea-table at which the Princess presided. It was easy enough, and I should think a nice party. The Goschens, Lady Lonsdale, the Master of Magdalen, Lord Carlingford, and others. The three young Princesses, Prince Eddy, and the Prince were all there. We talked some little time and then the Princess said

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The Duchess of Cambridge.
From a photograph by Walery, London.

Miss Knollys would show us our rooms. I found two large comfortable English rooms opening into each other, a blazing coal fire in mine, which I immediately proceeded to demolish as much as I could. Miss Knollys had told us not to bring low dresses—merely open bodices.

We went down to the drawing-room about 8½, and a little before 9 the Prince and Princess and Prince Albert Victor (better known as Prince Eddy) came in. The dinner was handsome and pleasant, footmen in royal red liveries, men in black in culottes and silk stockings, and a Highlander in full dress, who stood behind the Prince's chair, and at the end of the dinner walked solemnly round the table playing the bag-pipes. The evening was pleasant. The Prince showed us the new ball-room just redecorated with Indian stuffs and arms, and at 11 we went upstairs with the Princess, bidding her goodnight at the top of the stairs, and the men went to the smoking-room.

Sunday.

This morning we went to church, the ladies in an omnibus with the Princess and her three daughters, and the gentlemen walked across the Park, the Prince appearing as the sermon began. It is a pretty English country church in the grounds. In the afternoon we walked about the grounds; I was much interested in the large stables where there are certainly over fifty horses.

We had changed our dresses after lunch for walking, and the Princess looked marvellously young in her short walking skirt and little toque. One could hardly believe she was the mother of her big son, twenty-one years old. After the walk we assembled again in the big hall for tea, a substantial

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meal with every variety of muffin, crumpet, toast, cakes and jam that can be imagined, but it seemed quite natural to consume unlimited quantities after our long walk. The Princess and English ladies were in very dressy tea-gowns, velvet and satin with lace and embroidery; Madame de Mohrenheim and I in ordinary tailor costumes. The evening was pleasant; I remarked the absence of the Highland piper at dinner, and asked the Prince if he was not going to play. "Oh, no," he said, "not on Sunday, he certainly wouldn't; I shouldn't like to ask him to, and if I did I am sure he wouldn't do it." We finished the evening in the bowling-alley, which was lighted, and we all leave to-morrow, the Prince going with us to London. We have enjoyed our visit very much, the Princess always charming and lovely to look at, and the Prince a model host, so courteous and ready to talk about anything.

Monday.

We got off this morning at 11 o'clock. There is one curious custom. The Prince himself weighs every one, and the name and weight are written in a book. Some of the ladies protested, but it was no use, the Prince insisted. One young lady weighed more than her father, and was much mortified.

I went downstairs to breakfast, which I don't generally do; I keep to my old habit of a cup of tea in my room. It was a most informal meal. None of the Royal family appeared, except Prince Eddy, who was going to hunt, and his red-coat made a nice patch of color. All the rest of us sat down anywhere, and the servants brought the menu. We travelled up with the Prince in his private car, and had luncheon in the car, served by two tall footmen, and everything on silver plate and hot. The Prince himself quite charming, talking a great deal, and seeing that everyone had enough to eat. I should think all servants, railway guards, and small functionaries generally would adore him. He has always a pleasant word and a smile.

To G. K. S.

London, February, 1884.

I made my *début* in the official world last night at a reception at Mr. Gladstone's in Downing Street. There were four large men's dinners (and receptions afterward) for the opening of Parliament. Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone, Ministerial; Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote, "Her Majesty's Opposition."

The Gladstone house is small and dark (that is one of the things that strikes me here—the rooms are so much less lighted than in Paris) and always the chintz covers left on the furniture, which makes the rooms look ordinary. We found a great many people there. The Duke of Cambridge had been dining and was presented to us. He looks a fine old English soldier (was in uniform), was very amiable, and spoke to me in French, which he speaks very well. Quantities of people were presented to me, I can't remember half the names. Almost all the women were in black, half-high and no display of jewels. Mrs. Gladstone is an old lady, very animated, and civil, she wears a cap, with blue ribbons, rather as I remember Mother. I was also presented to Countess Karolyi, Austrian Ambassadress, very handsome, and charming manner; she speaks English as well as I do. It seems strange to me to hear so much English spoken, it is so long since I have been in a purely English *salon*. W. brought me up various old friends of Rugby and Cambridge days; also some of the minor diplomats, as of course I have not yet seen all my colleagues.

To H. L. K.

London, January 9th.

I paid a visit to-day to the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley. I found her, with her tea-table in her drawing-room with Mr. Gladstone having his cup of tea with her, and talking easily and cheerfully about all sorts of things (never a word of politics); no one would have imagined that he was to make a great speech that evening in the House. He really is an extraordinary, many-sided man. In the course of conversation the talk fell upon the Roman Catholic religion, and its extension in many countries, *particularly in America*. He said, turning to me, that a great friend of his, an American, Mr. Hurlbut, certainly the most brilliant talker he had ever heard, and one of the most in-

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Drawn by C. K. Linson.

Rotten Row, Hyde Park, London.

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telligent, had told him how much the Roman Catholic religion was gaining ground in the Northern States of America. I rather demurred to his statement, even though it came from Mr. Hurlbut. His intelligence and brilliancy are undeniable, but I should have thought his views were a little fantastic at times. "I rather agree with you," said Mr. Gladstone, "but I have recently had letters from my friends Bishop P. of New York; Bishop A. of Massachusetts, and other distinguished Churchmen in the United States, who tell me that the Roman Catholic religion is making certain progress; their preachers are so clever, and know so well how to adapt themselves to the liberal views they must have in America." We then talked some time about the various Bishops and clergymen he knew in America, the slight difference between the two Prayer Books, etc. One would really have thought it was a Church of England clergyman, who has passed all his life studying theological questions. A few moments after something turned his thoughts in another direction, and he was discussing with Lady Stanley the translation into English of an Italian sonnet which he thought was badly done. "Too literal, really not understanding the poetry, and the beautiful imagination of the writer." It was extraordinary. I was rather mortified when he asked me if I knew the two Bishops. I didn't, but it is fair to say he understood when I said how many years I had been away from America.

The Countess Fanny Karolyi, 1888, the Austrian Ambassadress.

From a photograph by Walery, London.

Lady Stanley is a delightful old lady. She has seen and known every one worth knowing in Europe for the last fifty years, and it is most amusing to hear her downright way of talking. She was killing over the "Professional Beauties," a style of modern woman she couldn't understand. She asked me to come in again and have a cup of tea with her, and I shall certainly go, as one doesn't hear such talk every day.

We dined with Mr. Childers, and there was a big reception in the evening, with all the celebrities of the Liberal Party, Harcourts, Hayters, Lord Northbrook, Tennyson (son of the poet), and many others, but of course in a crowd like that one can't talk. I hope I shall remember the faces. About 11 o'clock we went on to Lady Stanhope's, where there was a big reception of the Conservative Party. There I found the Lyttons and some few people I knew, and many more were presented. They were all talking politics hard; said the Ministry couldn't last another week, there is to be a vigorous attack on them in both Houses on Tuesday. Every one says the Lyttons are going to Paris when Lord Lyons leaves. She will be a charming Ambassadress, and he is so fond of France and so thoroughly well up in French literature that they will be delighted to have him in Paris.

The political talk was exactly like what I have heard so often in Paris, only in English instead of in French, and the men talking more quietly, tho' they abused one another well, and with less gesticulating. Also they don't carry politics into private life as they do with us; the men of opposite sides lavish abuse upon each other in the House, but there it ends, and they

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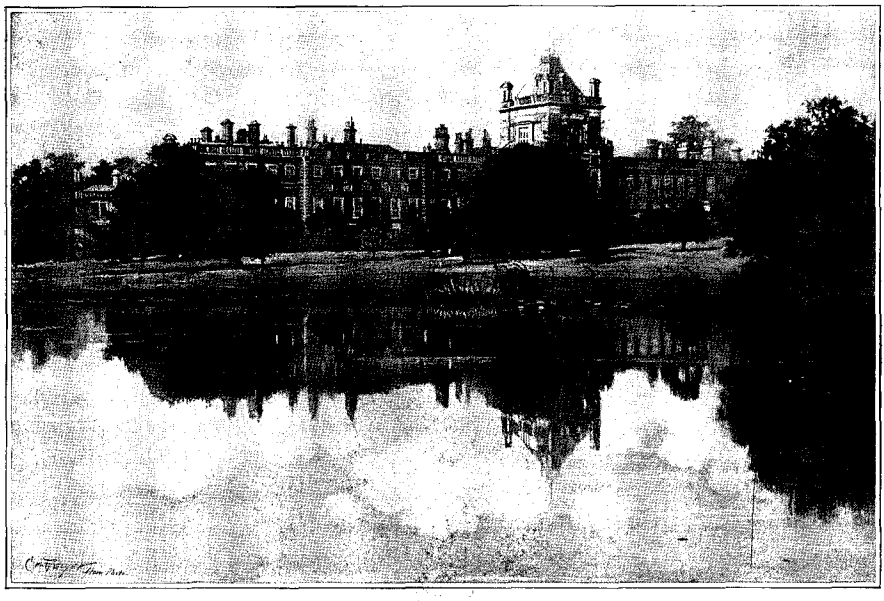

Knowsley Hall.
The Earl of Derby's place at Prescot, Lancashire.

meet at dinner and chaff each other, and the wives are perfectly intimate. In France there is a great gulf between parties, even moderates, royalists, and republicans, and I was astounded when I first mixed in political life in France to see people in society turn their backs upon some perfectly distinguished, honorable gentleman because he had not the same opinion as themselves in politics.

To G. K. S.

LONDON, May, 1884.

We went to the Derby this morning with Lord Corks. I had never been, and W. not for many years. We went down by train—(special, with the Prince and racing coterie) and I enjoyed the day. We were in the Jockey Club box, and it was a curiosity to see the crowd on the lawn, packed tight, and every description of person, all engrossed with the race, and wildly interested in the horses. There was almost a solemn silence just before the "Derby" was run. This time, there was a tie, which is rare, I believe. It was rather amusing driving home from Victoria, as all the balconies along the road were decorated, and crowded with people, but I believe the great fashion of driving down had almost disappeared. Nearly everyone now goes down by train.

To H. L. K.

February 29, 1884.

We are commanded to Windsor this evening to dine and sleep. It is inconvenient, as we have to put off a dinner of twenty-one people. The chef is tearing his hair, as of course all his dinner is ready. When my maid came to pack the trunks she had rather a flustered look; I thought it was on account of the Windsor visit. Not at all. It seems a friend of Julian's (our chef) who is also a chef in one of the great houses heard that we were going to Windsor, so he wrote him a note telling him that his wife (my maid) must be well dressed and take a low or open bodice to Windsor for their dinner. The maid was most indignant for being supposed not to know what was right, and answered the note saying, "she had accompanied her mistress to every court in Europe, and knew quite well how to dress herself."

WINDSOR CASTLE, March 1st.

Our dinner last night went off very well, and was not so stiff as I had ex-

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pected. We took the 6 o'clock train from Paddington, and found the Russian Ambassador, Baron Mohrenheim, and his wife at the station. At Windsor two or three carriages and footmen were waiting, but no equerry as at Sandringham. We were driven to a side door at the Castle, where two servants in plain black were waiting, who showed us at once to our rooms. We had a pretty apartment furnished in yellow satin, with beautiful pictures, principally portraits; a small salon with a bedroom on each side, bright fires burning, and a quantity of candles. They brought us tea, beautifully served all on silver, with thin bread and butter (no muffins nor toast), and almost at the same moment Sir John Cowell, one of the vice-chamberlains, came to pay us a visit. He told us who the party was, said dinner was at 8.45, that a page would come and tell us at 8.30, and that we should assemble in the great corridor. Quite punctually at 8.30 they notified us, and we proceeded down the long corridor. W. in black breeches and stockings (no order, as he hadn't the Legion d'Honneur, and couldn't wear a foreign order), I in white brocaded velvet and diamonds. We found the party assembled, the Mohrenheims; Lord and Lady Kimberley; Nigra, Italian Ambassador; Lady Churchill (who was in waiting); Lord Kenmore (Lord Chamberlain) and Lord Dalhousie (Lord in waiting) and one or two other men. We moved up to a door just opposite the dining-room, and about 9 the Queen came with the Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Beatrice. She shook hands with me and Madame Mohrenheim; bowed very graciously to all the others, and passed at once into the dining-room alone. Mohrenheim followed with the Duchess of Edinburgh; Nigra with Princess Beatrice; W. with Madame Mohrenheim; and Kimberley took me. The table was handsome, covered with gold and silver plate, quantities of servants in red livery, plain black, and two Highlanders in costume behind the Queen's chair.

The Late Earl of Derby.
From a photograph by Franz Baum, London.

The conversation was not very animated. The Queen herself spoke little, and the English not at all — or so low that one couldn't understand them — however, my Ambassador couldn't stand that long, so he began talking most cheerfully to the Duchess of Edinburgh about Moscow, Kertch, and antiquities of various kinds, and as the Duchess is clever and inclined to talk, that corner became more lively. I can't say as much for our end. I think most Englishmen are naturally shy, and the presence of Royalty (the Queen above all) paralyzes them.

After dinner, which was quickly served, we all went out as we had come in, and the Queen held a short *cercle* in the corridor, in the small space between the two doors. She stood a few minutes talking to the two Princesses, while she had her coffee (which was brought for her alone on a small tray), then crossed over to Madame Mohrenheim and talked a little. She sat down almost immediately, Madame Mohrenheim remaining standing. She then sent for me, Lord Dalhousie summoning us all in turn. She was very gracious, saying she could not yet stand nor walk, which worried her very much — asked me a great deal about my life in London, did I find everything very different from Paris, and had I found

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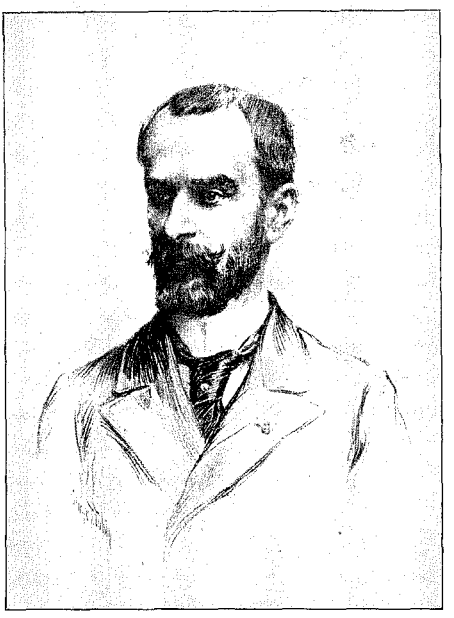
little friends and a school for Francis? The conversation was not easy. She sat on rather a low chair, and I standing before her had to bend down always. She was dressed in black, and her usual little cap and veil, opal necklace, diamonds and orders. While she was talking to the others the two Princesses moved about and talked to us. It was pleasant — the whole *cercle* lasted about an hour. The Queen and Princesses retired together, all shaking hands with me and Madame Mohrenheim, and bowing to the others. We finished the evening in the drawing-room with the household, staying there about half an hour, and a little after eleven we broke up. W. has gone off to smoke — at the extreme end of the Castle, as the Queen hates smoke and perhaps doesn't know that anyone dares smoke here — and I am writing with about twelve tall wax candles on my table.



J. J. Jusserand, Counsellor of the French Embassy, 1883.
Recently appointed French Ambassador to the United States.
From a photograph by Walery, Paris.

It is a bright moonlight night, and the Castle looks enormous. A great mass of towers, vaulted gateways, walled courts, and the beautiful grass slopes that look quite green in the moonlight. The lights at the far end seem like twinkling tapers. It is certainly a magnificent Royal residence.

To H. L. K.

April 9, 1885.

This morning it is pouring, so I gave up the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. W. and Count Florian started all with light blue rosettes (Cambridge). W. was on the umpire boat. Cambridge won easily, which was of course a great pleasure to him (having rowed himself so many years ago in the Cambridge crew, when he was at Trinity College). W. went to the dinner in the evening, and said he was so much cheered when he got up to speak — young men standing on chairs to see him — that he had to wait some time before he could begin. He is certainly the only foreign Ambassador that ever rowed in the Cambridge eight. He was quite pleased when he came home, so many old memories of happy boyish days had been brought back. We talked for some time after dinner, and he recalled all sorts of Cambridge experiences — once when the Queen came with Prince Albert to Cambridge the students were all assembled in the courtyard as her carriage drove up. It had been raining, and the Queen hesitated a moment in getting out, as the ground was wet and there was mud. Instantly W. had his gown off and on the ground, the others followed his example, and she walked over a carpet of silk gowns the few steps she had to make. W. said he had never forgotten her smile as she bowed and thanked them.

Albert Gate, February 9, 1885.

This morning we have the news of the fall of Khartoum and the murder of Gordon. W. is in the country trying horses, so I put on my hat and went out into the Row to hear what was going on. It was crowded with people talking and gesticulating. The Conservatives furious, "such a ministry a disgrace to the country," and a tall man on a handsome chestnut talking to Admiral C. most energetically, "I am a moderate man myself, but I would willingly give a hand to hang Gladstone on this tree." They are much disgusted—and with reason.

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To H. L. K.

June, 1885.

We went to Ascot this morning, a beautiful day, and the lawn like a flower garden with all the women in their light dresses dotted about. We lunched with the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Maharajah of Johore was there, and had brought down his own cook, attired in yellow satin with a large flat hat on his head. He made a sort of curry for his master, which everybody tasted—except me—I don't like culinary experiments, and I think the yellow satin garments didn't inspire me with confidence. I told Julian when he came up for orders just now how far below the mark he was as to costume.

Chinese Gordon.
From a photograph by Chalkley, Gould & Co., Southampton, England.

To G. K. S.

May 6, 1885.

We had yesterday a typical London *Season* evening. We dined at Lady Vivian's—a large, handsome dinner, everybody rather in a hurry to get away, as there were two big parties; Lady Derby's in St. James's Place, and Lady Salisbury's in Arlington Street. We drove down Piccadilly with much difficulty, getting along very slowly in spite of our "white card," but finally did arrive at Lady Derby's. The staircase was a mass of people struggling to get in, an orchestra playing, and about 1,200 people in rooms that would hold comfortably about half. Of course on such occasions one doesn't talk. We spoke to our host and hostess, were carried on by the crowd, made the tour of the rooms and got down again with much waiting and jostling, as there were two currents coming and going. However, we did finally get our carriage, and then with many stops and very slowly, got to Arlington Street, where apparently the same people were struggling on the staircase, the same orchestra playing, and just as big a crowd (I should think the whole Conservative party), for though the house is larger they had invited more people, so the result was practically the same. We did exactly the same thing, exchanged a few words with Lady Salisbury, made the tour and came home. We were two hours performing these two receptions, but I suppose it was right to do it once. However, the English certainly enjoy the sight, and don't mind the waiting. Lady Jersey, who is a grandmother, told me this afternoon she had bored herself to death last night. "Why did you go?" I said, "you must know these big political parties by heart." "Oh, I like the parties," she said, "only I didn't get to either," and then she explained her evening. She started alone in her carriage at 10 o'clock for Lady Derby's, was kept waiting an interminable time in Piccadilly, and when she finally did reach Lady Derby's door, a friendly link man advised her not to go in as everybody was coming away, and she would never get up the stairs, so she turned back and proceeded to Arlington Street. She had the same crowd, the same long wait, and when she arrived at Lady Salisbury's the party was over, and no one could possibly get in. It was then midnight, and she drove home, having passed her whole evening since 10 o'clock alone in her brougham in Piccadilly.

To H. L. K.

KNOWSLEY, December 29, 1885.

We arrived here late yesterday afternoon. It is a long, uninteresting journey

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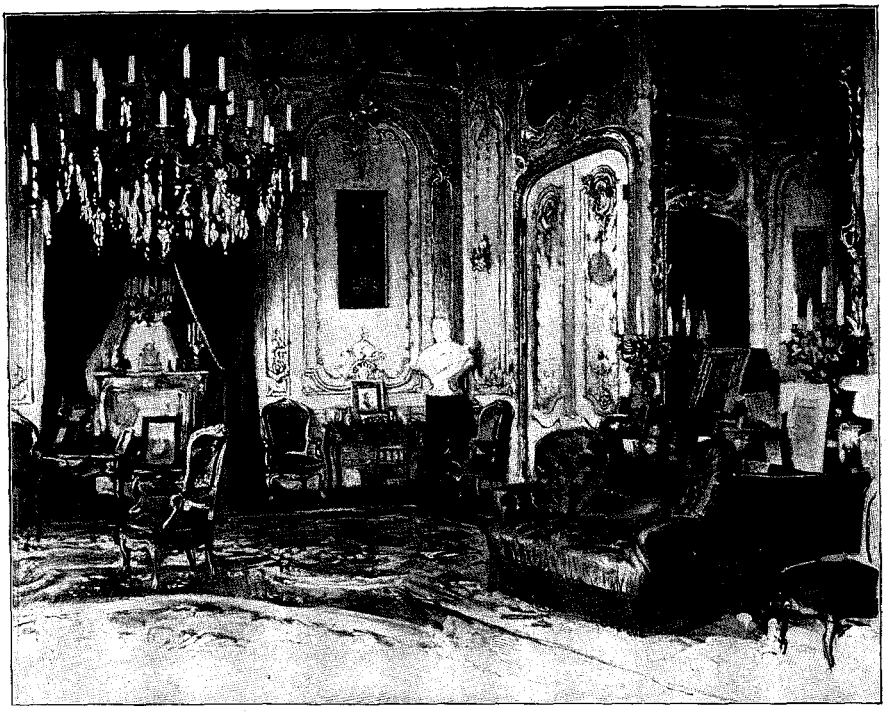

The Salon of the French Embassy in London, 1891.

(almost to Liverpool), was cold and foggy all the way down, and we found snow when we arrived in the Park—also a perfect gale of wind. The enormous bare, black winter trees swaying like poplars. The large house, with all the façade brightly lighted, gave us at once a cheerful welcome. Lady Derby was waiting for us in the long low drawing-room with tea, and we went up almost immediately to dress for dinner. We had sent the servants by an earlier train, which was convenient, as they had time to unpack and have everything ready for us. We have a charming apartment—a very good sized salon, with bedrooms large and comfortable on each side. The salon furnished in a bright chintz, and good pictures, mostly family portraits, on the walls. There were blazing fires everywhere—these enormous rocks of Liverpool coal one sees here. I instantly proceeded to demolish mine in my bedroom. Adelaide had already tried to make the housemaid understand that her lady didn't like warm rooms, but the other one pointed to the snow under the windows, and heaped on her pieces of coal.

Dinner was at 8 *punctually* (which was a contrast to Hatfield, where we had been staying the other day. There dinner was easily half past eight, and after we had been at table some little time various friends and members of the family appeared, and slid quietly into their places at the end of the very long table). There is a large family party here and some other guests, including the two historians MM. Froude and Lecky, both most interesting.

We dined in a fine hall with family portraits of all the Derbys, from the first one at Bosworth down to the present Earl, who is the 16th Earl of Derby. There was beautiful plate on the table—fine racing cups—as the Stanleys were always quite as much racing men as statesmen. These are such curious things in England, the love of sport is so strong. Fancy any of our statesmen, Thiers, Guizot, Dufaure, etc., with racing stables. Lord Derby is very easy and rather inclined to chaff Americans a little, but I didn't mind. The evening was short after we adjourned to the drawing-room. Lady Derby is rather delicate, and is suffering just now from a bad eye. I sat some time in my comfortable room upstairs, but was glad to get to

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bed early after the cold journey. W. went off to the *fumoir*, and had a most interesting talk over Ireland and Irish questions with Mr. Lecky. This morning was awful; snow, sleet, and a cold rain—however, the sportsmen were not to be deterred by any such mild obstacle, and started at 9.30 in a big break with four horses. I watched the departure from my window, and was very glad I was not going to make any such expedition. I had my breakfast upstairs, and had an amusing explanation with the housemaid who appeared at 9.30 with an enormous tray and breakfast enough for a family—tea, beefsteaks, cold partridges, eggs, rolls, toast, potatoes, buns and fruit—you never saw such a meal. She couldn't believe that I only wanted tea and toast and an egg (which was an extra, but as I knew we should only lunch at two, and I am accustomed to have my *déjeuner à la fourchette* at 12, I was sure I should be hungry if I didn't take something), and asked me most respectfully if I was not well, and would like something else—"a little soup perhaps."

I went downstairs about 12 and found the ladies in the drawing-room all complaining of the cold. Lady Derby took me over the house—it has not the beautiful proportions of Hatfield—is long, low, and rambling, but most comfortable. The library is a fine room with deep window recesses, and most comfortable with a bright fire burning. The librarian was there and showed us some of his treasures, among them an old copy of the "Roman de la Rose," and various old manuscripts. We went on to the dining-room, and Lady Derby explained the family portraits to me. The long, unbroken line of Earls of Derby is most interesting, and the change in the portraits for the two or three generations where the French blood shows itself, most curious. The wife of the Earl of Derby who died on the scaffold giving his life for his King, was the famous Charlotte de la Tremouille, who defended her castle —Lathom House—so gallantly against Fairfax and his roundheads. Do you remember one of our school-room books in America, "Heroines of History," where there was a description of the siege of Lathom House, and a picture of the Coun-

The French Embassy, Albert Gate, London.

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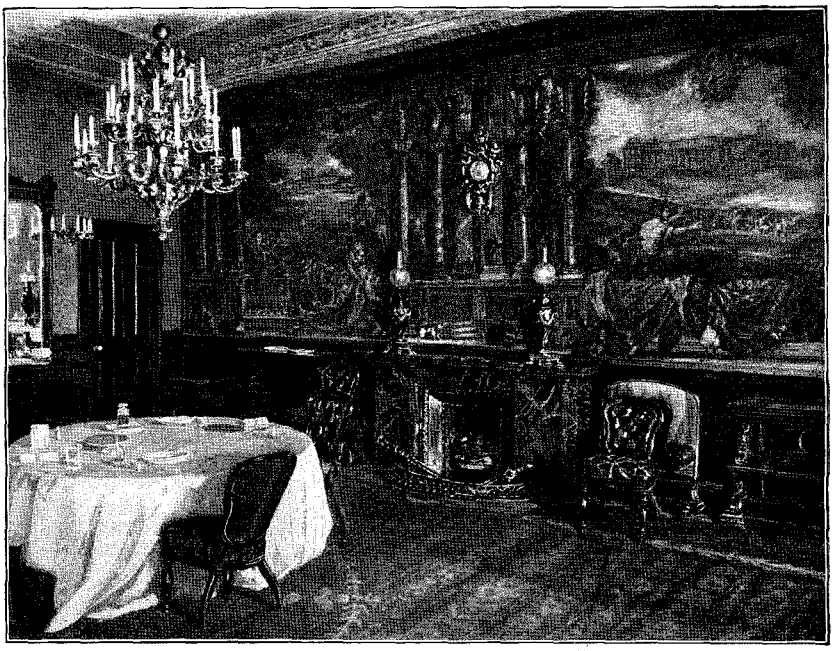

The Dining-room of the French Embassy, London, Showing its Two Famous Gobelin Tapestries.

tess of Derby standing on the ramparts in a riding habit and hat and feathers! and apparently loading a cannon herself and showing a gunner how to point it?

The portraits are most interesting; first the regular Saxon type, then the French streak, pale oval faces, and dark eyes and hair (not unlike the Stuarts, who have always a foreign look); then the true British, more and more accentuated down to the present Earl. They have also in one of the halls the block where the Lord Derby knelt who was beheaded in 1631.

The sportsmen arrived about tea-time, apparently neither cold nor tired, and having had a fine shoot.

To H. L. K.

New Year's Day, 1886.

We are leaving this afternoon for Luton, Mme. de Talbe's place, where there is a ball and cotillon to-night. We were to go and join the shooters yesterday, but it was rainy and cold, and the ladies didn't care to go out. The talk at luncheon was pleasant; Froude is brilliant and easy. His American experiences and stories were amusing, but I told him he mustn't take the very eccentric ladies and gentlemen whom he had encountered as specimens of Americans. I didn't know any such people, that really most of us were quite quiet and ordinary, and like everybody else. Lord Derby rather urged him on, and was amused at our perfectly amicable discussion. We drove over to Croyteth, Lord Sefton's place, after lunch. The park is fine and they have capital shooting. Our evening was quiet, and we broke up early, as they always have a midnight service in the chapel on New Year's eve for the family and servants and any of the guests who like to attend. We left the drawing-room at 10.30, so that the servants might put out the lights, finish their work, etc., and also to have time to get out of our low dresses and jewels. A little before 12 Lady Margaret Cecil (Lady Derby's daughter by her first husband, Lord Salisbury) came for us and we went to the chapel. I had put on a dark cloth dress and jacket, nothing on my head. The chapel was full, all the servants (including my French maid) and household. Lady Margaret, looking like a saint in her plain black dress, and beautiful earnest expression, sat at the little organ, and everybody, gardeners, keepers, coachmen, cooks, housemaids, joined in the singing. It was very solemn and impressive. At the end of the service we all went out first,

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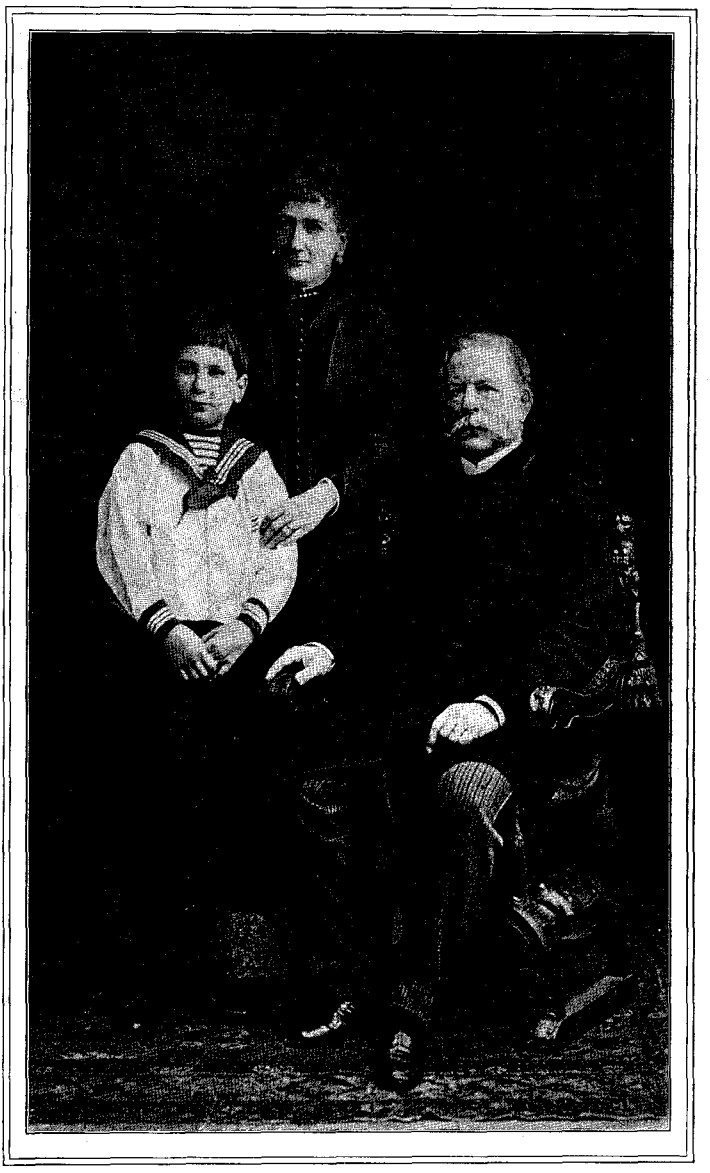

M. and Mme. Waddington and Their Son.
From a photograph by Cesar, Paris.

and then Lady Margaret and her brother Lord Lionel stood at the head of the stairs and shook hands with all the guests, and all the servants, wishing all a "Happy New Year." It was a nice beginning of the New Year. Lord Derby hopes our next one will be also in England and at Knowsley, but everything is so uncertain, and of such short duration in our country (especially Cabinets) that we can hardly look forward a year.

To H. L. K.

LONDON, June 18, 1887.

We have had rather an amusing afternoon. I think I wrote you that we wanted to leave Westminster Abbey the minute the ceremony was over, get through the line of troops, and back to a friend's house in Piccadilly to see the *cortége*—we being Mrs. Phelps and I. Our respective husbands were most discour-

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aging (as men always are), but we dined last night with Knowles to meet the Duke of Cambridge, and I told His Royal Highness what we wanted to do, and asked him if he could help us. After some little discussion he said he would advise us to go directly to Sir Charles Warren (Chief of Police) and see what he could arrange for us. Again our husbands remonstrated, "Warren was overrun with applications of all kinds, worked to death, and it was very unreasonable," but backed by the Duke we determined to try.

I told His Royal Highness I should put on my most becoming Paris bonnet and beard the lion in his den. He said, "Quite right, my Dear, a man is always flattered when a woman tries to please him," so accordingly about 3 Mrs. Phelps and I started for Scotland Yard. George was rather surprised when I gave the order. We drove through one or two courts and were stopped once by a huge policeman, who let us go on when we said it was the French Ambassadress. We were shown at once into Sir Charles's room, and I must say he was charming, most kind and courteous. We had arranged beforehand that I was to be spokeswoman, and I went at once to the point. He was sitting at his table with letters and papers and telegrams, the telegraph ticking all the time, despatches and telegrams being brought in, and as busy a man as I ever saw. He immediately sent for maps of the route, distribution of the troops, etc., and said he thought he could manage it. We must have a light carriage (of course we must go to the Abbey in state in the gala coach) waiting at the "Poet's Corner," as near the door as it can get; he will send us a pass to break through the lines, and will have three or four policemen waiting for us at the corner of Piccadilly and one of the smaller streets to pass us through the crowd. We really didn't derange him very much. The whole conversation lasted about ten minutes, and he was rather amused at this sudden appearance of two "femmes du monde" in his "milieu" of clerks, policemen, telegraph boys, type-writers, and a hurrying, bustling crowd of employés of all kinds. We returned triumphant to our respective houses.

We had a fine reception last night at the Austrian Embassy in honor of Prince Rudolph. We arrived late, having dined out. The Prince is very good-looking, slight, elegant figure, and charming manners and smile. All the world was there—quantities of pretty women, and pretty dresses—the Countess Karolyi always the handsomest.

To H. L. K.

LONDON, June 20, 1887.

London is really a sight to-day, the streets gay with flags, draperies, stands, illuminations, and quantities of people gaping all day long. I went for a drive with Mary Sheridan, daughter of Mr. Motley, late Minister from the United States to the Court of St. James. We didn't attempt going down Piccadilly, as we saw what a dense crowd and block there was as we crossed to Constitution Hill. We went all round Westminster Abbey; I wanted to see the Poet's Corner where we are to go in to-morrow, and the House of Commons stand where she is to be with her sister. We were blocked for a quarter of an hour standing close to the Embankment. Some of the mottoes are very nice, I like the humble ones best, "God bless our Queen." We were a long time getting back to the Embassy, Piccadilly almost impossible. It was amusing, as everyone was arranging their balconies, and we recognized various friends standing at windows, and on balconies directing the arrangement of chairs, plants, flags, etc. After dinner W. took his cigar and we walked about a little in Piccadilly. Some of the illuminations had already begun and the crowd was dense, but no jostling or roughs, everyone good-humored and wildly interested in the decorations. London is transformed for the moment and looks like a great continental city, all lights and flags and an "air de fête." We didn't stay out very late, as we have a long day before us to-morrow. They say the Queen is well, but rather "émue" and a little nervous, which must be expected. I shall wear white, the only objection to that being that jewels won't show out, as they would on a darker color.

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June 22d.

I am still exhausted, Dear, with the visions of a brilliant, motley, moving crowd, when I shut my eyes. * Yesterday was beautiful, a glorious summer day. I was waked up at 6.30 by the dull rumble of carriages, and people already on the move. I thought they must have forgotten to call me, but the house was still wrapped in slumber, and though it was only 6.30 the Park was full of carriages, men in uniform and women in full dress. We started at 9.30 in the gala carriage, W. in uniform, and were followed by a second carriage landau, the men equally in gala. We remained blocked for a long time in Piccadilly, it didn't seem possible to get on; distracted policemen, mounted and on foot, and officers, did what they could, but there we remained, curiously enough all the Ambassadors' carriages together. Finally an order was given to let the Ambassadors' carriages pass, and we got on a little. Various Court carriages passed us—one so pretty with the three little daughters of the Duke of Edinburgh all in white with straw hats, and long white feathers, sitting on the back seat, and smiling and bowing, and looking quite charming with their fair hair streaming down their backs. They had an equerry in uniform with them on the front seat. Once past St. James's Street we went quickly enough thro' long lines of soldiers, and behind them quantities of people waiting patiently to see the great show. We went into the Abbey at the Poet's Corner, where an entrance was reserved for the Corps Diplomatique and Court functionaries. It was a fine sight; tier upon tier of seats covered with red cloth and filled with men in uniform, and women in handsome dresses. The Peers and Peeresses sat just below us and looked very well; as it was Collar Day, all the Garter men wore their white shoulder-knots, which were most effective. It was very difficult to distinguish people, the building is so enormous, but as we were close to the dais we saw all the Royalties perfectly. At last various members of the Royal Family came in, and the first Sovereign to enter was Her Majesty of the Sandwich Islands with her cortége; then came quickly the King of the Belgians, King of Denmark, various other Princes, and they all took their places on a platform facing the Queen's dais. We waited some time and then came a flourish of trumpets which announced the Queen's arrival. It was most interesting to see her come up the aisle—quite alone in front—her three sons, Wales, Edinburgh, and Connaught, just behind her. She was dressed in black with silver embroidery, a white lace bonnet with feathers, and lace caught back by diamond pins. As she reached the dais she stepped on it quite alone, and advancing to the front made a pretty curtsey to the assembled Royalties. Then came a long procession of family Princes, headed by the Prince of Wales and the German Crown Prince, who looked magnificent in his white uniform, and the Princess of Wales and the German Crown Princess. They all passed before the Queen, and it was most striking to see her seated there, a quiet figure dressed in black, very composed and smiling, yet "émue" too, as the long line of children and grandchildren representing all Europe passed to do her homage. It was a gorgeous crowd of uniforms, orders, jewels, and really *glittering* garments of all kinds; but every eye was fixed on the central figure. The service began at once and was impressive. The Prince Consort's "Te Deum" sounded magnificent with organ and full band. I must own to considerable distraction during the service, as I was quite taken up with looking at everything.

In the evening we started at 10 for the Palace, and they thought there would be such a crowd that we had a mounted policeman, but we had no trouble. Every one made way for the carriage, though, of course, the general traffic was stopped, and everybody (including our own secretaries, who weren't invited to the Palace, merely the "chefs de mission") in the middle of the streets, looking at the illuminations. There was great confusion at the Palace—dinners still going on and servants hurrying backward and forward with dishes, and piles of plates on the floor as we passed through the long corridor. We had to pass through the great hall where the numerous "Suites" were dining—and we naturally hesitated a moment as they were still at table—but Colonel Byng came forward and ushered us upstairs, and into one of the large rooms. There were very few people—the "Chefs de Mission," the

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nunzio who had come expressly, Lord and Lady Salisbury, and Lord C., Indian Secretary (as there were many Indian Princes). We waited nearly an hour and were then summoned to the ball-room, where the Queen and Court were assembled. The Queen was standing, dressed just as she always is for a drawing-room with her small diamond crown and veil, and again the background of Princes and uniforms made a striking contrast to the one black-robed figure. The Prince of Wales stood a little behind, on her right, also Lord Lathom (Lord Chamberlain). We all passed before her, two by two, with our husbands, and she said a few words to each one, but no real conversation; it was evidently an effort, and we felt we must not stay a moment longer than necessary. I talked to one or two people while the others were passing. The German Crown Princess came over and talked to us. I asked her if the Queen was very tired. She said not nearly as much as she expected, it was more the anticipation of the day that had made her nervous, that she was very agitated when she started, but that wore off, and she was not very tired this evening, and very happy, as were all her children. I said, "You might add her people, Madam, for I never saw such a splendid outburst of loyalty." The Crown Princess herself is perfectly delightful, so clever and cultivated, and so easy, with such beautiful, clear, smiling eyes. Do you remember how much I admired her in Rome? the first time I met her? She is always so kind to us. M. W. loves to talk to her; they don't always agree, but she quite understands people having their own opinions, rather prefers it, I think, as she must necessarily be so often thrown with people who never venture to disagree with her. The Crown Prince of Sweden also came and recalled himself to me, and the Duke d'Aoste. The Queen remained about an hour; then the Royal party moved off in procession, and we got our carriages as quickly as we could. I have written you a volume (but you must say that doesn't happen often from my lazy pen, but I felt I must write at once, or I should never have the courage). Please send the letter to the family in America. I am dead tired, and my eyes shutting by themselves.

To H. L. K.

LONDON, June 24, 1887.

Yesterday I had rather a quiet day, I was still so dead tired after the children's fête. Jean and I drove about in the afternoon. She wanted to see the "Black Queen"—and we crossed her once or twice driving in the Park. It does look funny to see her sitting up in the Royal carriage with red liveries. We had a beautiful ball last night, given by Lord and Lady Rosebery at Lansdowne House for all the Royalties. The House was beautifully arranged; the ball-room panelled half way up the wall with red roses and green leaves. I danced a quadrille with the King of Greece, who is easy and talks a great deal; he speaks English perfectly well. He asked about the Schuylers, and spoke most warmly of them— said Schuyler was one of the few perfectly intelligent men he had ever met, "knew everything about everything." I must write it to them. The supper was very well arranged, small tables of eight or ten. Almost all the Royalties were there, but not the black lady. I asked our host why he hadn't invited Queen Kapiolani; but he said he really couldn't. The ball was small, and Lady Rosebery left out many of her friends, who naturally were not pleased. W. actually stayed to supper— I was so surprised, as he hates it.

To H. L. K.—Continued.

LONDON, June 24, 1887.

This afternoon all the swells went to Ranelagh to see a polo match, but I thought I would reserve myself for the Palace Ball. The Queen didn't appear, but we had two others, the Queen of the Belgians, and always Kapiolani. It was badly managed at first, the result being that when the Court came we had a crowd of people, officers, pages, etc., about four deep in front of us, so that we could neither see nor be seen, nor hardly move. When the first "quadrille d'honneur" was being danced we saw nothing, so after a consultation we all left the ball-room. Then there were various "pourparlers," and they finally did what they should have done at first, enlarged the circle, so that we were out of the crowd and near

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the Court. There was also a great rush at supper, so that they had to shut one door for a moment. I didn't see many people to talk to, but of course it was very difficult. The Grand Duchess Serge looked beautiful, with splendid emeralds (she is the daughter of Princess Alice), and the Duchesse de Braganza (daughter of the Comte de Paris) was charming, so very high-bred, tall and slight, with a pretty little dark head. I always find the Princess of Wales the most distinguished looking. She stands out everywhere. Our "doyenne," Countess Karolyi, was superb — also with magnificent jewels. The Indian Princes made a great show, of course, with their silk, heavily embroidered tuniques, and the quantities of jewels, but they are not often well cut, nor well set, and they themselves are certainly off color—they look barbarians, and have such false faces—I wouldn't trust one of them.

To G. K. S.

LONDON, July 3, 1887.

It is delicious summer weather now, and yesterday we went to Buckingham Palace to see the Queen review the Volunteers. I wore for the first time my Jubilee Medal. It came Friday with a note from the Duchess of Roxborough saying the Queen hoped I would wear it as a souvenir of her Jubilee. It is a plain little silver medal about the size of a two-shilling piece, with the Queen's head on one side and an inscription on the other, fastened to a bow of blue and white ribbon. We three Ambassadresses are the only women of the Corps Diplomatique that have it. All the Queen's household have it, Duchesses of Bedford, Buccleugh, Roxborough, etc. The Princes, also, of course, but theirs are in gold.

It was most amusing waiting in the courtyard of the Palace seeing everyone arrive. All the Royalties took up their position at the foot of the Queen's Tribune, and waited for her. Our tribune was on one side of hers, and one for the Indian Princes opposite. The Volunteers looked and passed very well; as it was Saturday afternoon and the shops in London are closed early always Saturday, all the various butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers could leave their shops and parade, and extremely well some of them looked; stout, heavy men moving quite lightly and at ease in their stiff uniforms. It was pretty to see the various Princes break away from their places on the Duke of Cambridge's staff and ride ahead of the various regiments of which they are honorary colonels. The Prince of Wales looked well on his handsome chestnut, which is perfectly trained and steps beautifully. The Duke of Connaught is a handsome soldier. We were a long time getting away, but as we had no dinner-party it wasn't of any consequence. It was such a pleasure not to put on a low bodice and diamonds. I always grumble about putting on my diadem—as a rule I never wear anything in my hair, not even feathers (except at Court), and the diadem is heavy. After dinner W. and I went for a drive along the Thames Embankment —our favorite recreation after a long, hot day. There are still people about, and a general air of festivity.

(To be continued.)

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A CLASH OF SENTIMENTALISTS

By Alice Duer Miller

I

DEAR SYDNEY: I shall not expect you to be—after the received formula—delighted to hear of my engagement. Nevertheless, I write first to you. I am going to marry Hubert Frost. "What!" you will say, "Frost's Pure, Perfect, Refreshing Ginger Ale?" You will be quite right. It is, I am proud to say, the same (not his father nor his grandfather, who were both small farmers, not too successful, from up the State). He made his money, and a great deal of it, himself. And yet, though I am tolerably mercenary, this has nothing to do with my acceptance of him. I am marrying him because he is a *man*. And after all the involutions of subtlety and good taste through which I have followed most of my acquaintance, simple, robust masculinity appeals to me. You will, I think, understand when you see him. LYDIA.

P. S.—Come to see us, but not for two weeks. I am going to stay with his mother at Sciossett, N. Y.

II

BUT are we so sure, after all, my dear girl, that I am not glad to hear of your engagement? If you won't be mine, why not be somebody else's? This is a point of view I actually arrive at in strongly reasonable moments. Besides, even when I was urging my own mediocre suit upon you, I was acutely conscious of interfering with your fitting rôle, which is, I take it, that of a prosperous young married woman, unless, possibly, that of an independent widow. (Perish the dangerous fantasy!)

As for Hubert Frost, whom your engaging egotism seems to suggest you have discovered, he is well-known among men as a capital fellow—a good man and a good business man. I congratulate you sincerely. Leave me, however, the mild gratification of believing that there are some aspects of your nature which he will never see; some of your more potent charms that will go whizzing clean over his head; in short, that he will never understand you as *I* have done, and will probably on that very account be a much better companion for you.

And this, I take it, is an extremely creditable letter from a man who is still just as absurdly in love with you as ever.

S. T.

III

DEAR HUBERT: I verily believe that you had so little respect for my judgment as to doubt whether I should know a really great lady when I saw her, just because she had been the daughter and the wife of a farmer. Your mother and I are very happy together in spite of your absence. The only drawback to my enjoyment is my recognition of the fact that it is so much less to your credit to be so nice a man, since you have had so delightful a mother. "My dear," she has just said to me, "I am so glad to see you do everything to make yourself as pretty as nature intends you to be. I don't regret having had to work hard throughout my youth, but I am sorry I never wasted any time on my looks." She told me, what I could easily believe, that she had been thought a great beauty—"Before my marriage," she added. And yet how young she was! Nineteen when you were born! When I think of the women in New York, older than your mother and without her profile, who are on terms of intimate equality with the season debutantes!

To-morrow we drive out to the old farm, to which, I see, your mother's heart still yearns. She showed me a photograph of you at two, lying on top of a haycart, elegantly attired in an enormous straw hat.

As for Sciossett itself, it may be, as you say, an excellent investment as far as real estate is concerned, but I should be sorry to pass my days there. It contains noth-

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ing old enough to be dignified, nor new enough to be smart.

Of its inhabitants I have seen little ; of Mrs. Stiles nothing at all, although I have waited with breathless interest for some mention of her name. That night by the sea, when you first told me about her, will always remain one of the most important in my life, more so, I think, than even the occasion on which you first asked me to marry you. You see I had never, with what someone has called my engaging egotism, thought that, while I was examining myself truly whether I cared for you enough, you had the high standard of your former love with which to compare your feeling for me. I always think the bond between two women who have both loved the same man a singularly close one. She and I out of all the world have had this thing in common, and yet we have not as much as seen each other. I look to her to present to me all that you were, and she, to me to show all that you have become. I cannot help envying her a little for having been your first romance, "Youth's vision thus made perfect," nor despising her a good deal for having at the last preferred a, I am sure, wholly inferior Stiles. I hate her for having hurt you, and love her for having, as you say, helped you in the right direction. Except for a certain worldly wisdom, I'm afraid I have no qualities that will help you in any way, so it is fortunate that I am quite content with you exactly as you are. LYDIA.

IV

MY DEAREST LYDIA: How can I thank you for a letter that has made me very happy. I never doubted that you would appreciate my mother, but the thing that has been a special pleasure to me was your expression about Winnefred Stiles. Although I shall never see her again if I can avoid such a meeting, I can think of nothing in this world which I could more earnestly desire than a friendship between you and her. However grateful I might feel, therefore, I should deeply deplore too great resentment on your part of the pain she has caused me in the past. How much I have suffered you only perhaps understand, because you only have consoled me. Nevertheless, remember that I brought it on myself by insisting that she should enter into an engagement with me, when I should have known that I was too much her inferior in every way to make its consummation possible. I have, too, to thank her courage and clearsightedness for sparing as much pain as could be spared. That you should have to envy anyone hurts me. I would to God I could bring you the first love of my youth, for surely you deserve all a man's best. Still, you realize that if my heart has suffered one total shipwreck, it is now entirely your own.

H. F.

V

EVER since you went away this morning, dear Hubert, I have been thinking over our conversation of Sunday. Don't ever fancy I do not know how painful it is to you to go over all the story again, nor that I am not abjectly grateful to you for withholding nothing. Ah, dear, if only it had been I ! If I had only met you first, I could have made you really happy !

I have been tormented all day by the knowledge that I have not treated you with a like generosity. You have been so open about the past that it is inexcusable in me to have been silent about the present. Yet even with the best intentions in the world, I find some difficulty in finding the exact words, the precise shade of meaning to express the situation. There is a man who is, shall I say, *important* to me. At first I felt that, as I had refused to marry him before I ever met you, I was justified in not mentioning the incident, although I still see and like to see him. Now, of course, I understand that no such incident is ever wholly past, and that it is always momentously important. With this man, dear Hubert, I am not in love, yet there is a side of me, a little bit of my nature, that will always pine for his society—just that little bit precisely that you haven't had time to take in as yet. I am not in love with him, yet the moment when I see him in love with someone else will be disagreeable. And rest assured he is a man I might be proud to care for—a gentleman, a man of the world. He has been and always will be an element in my life. That's all. Not very much, you will see,

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but I could not rest while I felt I had been second to you in honesty.

I wish you and Saturday were here once more. LYDIA.

VI

O, HUBERT, how can I write to you! How have you deceived me, or must I say allowed me to deceive myself! I have seen your Winnefred, O, how appropriately Mrs. Stiles! Is this the woman for whom your past passion so shook me that evening on the rocks? Is this the woman to whom five years ago you were engaged, and for whom to-day I am barely able to console you, the woman whom I am fancying as so noble, or at least so dazzling a creature, that I might be proud to be her successor—this crystallization of everything in you which I have most tried to ignore!

I need not tell you I should not write like this if I felt that anything further between us were possible, but it is not. You know I have been waiting patiently all this time for you to get round to appreciating my better qualities. I see now that if ever you should be so unfortunate as to discover them they would hopelessly alienate you. We may as well face the truth; you do not want the best. For this is what your Winnefred has shown me. Either you are one of those who love women for their pettiness and failings (which you sum up in the one offensive word "femininity", and this is the attitude that puts women in the harem), or else you ask only that a woman should present no characteristics, good or bad, so that you may wrap her about in your own idealization, and this is the attitude that renders love after marriage impossible. To one of these alternatives, it seems to me, the thoroughly commonplace, trivial, selfish little woman whom I have just seen and whom you have so worshipped, must commit you. Either one would make me unhappy as your wife, and let me say, as a dispassionate outsider, neither is a point of view which commands my respect.

This you will say is not a kind letter. I do not feel kind—the situation scarcely admits of kindness. I have put myself in a painful and ridiculous position by deliberately blinding myself to the obvious fact that you and I are as far apart as the poles.

You may wonder that under the circumstances I do not at once leave your mother's house. She has asked some people to meet me at luncheon on Friday, and I could not go before then without entering into a full explanation, which I do not wish to do until I have seen you. I assume you will wish to see me, although it would be easier for both of us if you didn't. I return to town on Friday afternoon, and shall expect you about six-thirty. LYDIA.

VII

MY DEAR LOVE: I don't believe you have any idea what a dreadful night your letter has given me, or you would not have been so cruel. This morning, however, I think I see things in a little juster proportion. Of course I am sorry and disappointed that you and Winnefred did not hit it off a little better, but it isn't possible, is it, dear, that a woman who at the present moment does not enter in the smallest way into my life should be able to make any real difference between us? Last night your position seemed inexplicable, but this morning I think I am right in believing that my Dear Lady Disdain has paid me the compliment of being a little bit jealous of me. Dear, is not this a little ungenerous, considering how uncomplainingly I have borne your revelation of another influence than my own? Second thoughts have probably already shown you that you have no occasion to be jealous of Winnefred, although, indeed, I love you all the better for wanting to be reassured. I cannot, even for you, belittle my past love for her. While it lasted it was the deepest, most acute experience of my life, but it is absolutely over. This I am sure you do not seriously doubt.

In short, dearest, you have my full permission to be as jealous as you please every day in the week when we are together, but never, I pray you, again write me such a letter, when I must wait two days before I can see you and straighten things out. Another time I might not understand so well.

Yours,
HUBERT.

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VIII

UNDERSTAND! My dear Hubert, you understand just about as well as you do cuneiform inscriptions! If my disposition were a better one I should weep. As it is I can only smile hatefully. And "*jealous!*" If I only could be! It is, I had almost said, what I had hoped. One is jealous of one's peers, but now— If I deplored a taste on your part for caraway-seeds, you would not call me jealous. (To avoid misconceptions, let me say that I do not accuse you of this weakness.) Don't you see I could have followed gladly in the wake of an Empress, but to be the successor of a Mrs. Stiles, to bind up the wounds made by the mother of a Frankie! (He was brought to see me and is, I take it, the most disagreeable child of his age extant.) Heavens, shall I ever forget my feelings as I first saw her, settled heavily in the corner of the sofa, staring about her with those fierce, round, unintelligent eyes of hers? Her clothes, which it would be spiteful to describe and impossible to forget! These things you will quite justly say are trivial; but what is not trivial is that her mind never wandered from herself and her own importance, with which she at once attempted to impress me, gradually revealing the greatness of her position— yes, even of her income, and the selectness of Frankie's kindergarten. She hated me for living in New York and, as her inordinate vanity suggested, looking down on her on that account. When, recognizing this alarm, I spoke of the pleasure of my visit, she intimated with more relish than delicacy that I was scarcely in a position to speak of the inner circles of Sciossett society, and rejoiced inwardly to have been able to say as much to a bloated metropolitan. I don't know why I write like this, why I attempt to break the ideal figure from whose contemplation I am about to withdraw. You will only lament again that we did not "hit it off" (though, believe me, she enjoyed herself hugely). Criticism is so useless, with a person like yourself. For you are among those who, when accident has caused your affection to adhere, when chance has picked out a subject for idealization, care so little for truth as to call all criticism abuse.

You speak of not belittling your past feeling, "even for me." Don't you see, my dear Hubert, that is the last thing in the world that I should want you to do— that indeed the quantity of your feeling for her is the only thing that now remains to my liking: the quality, since I have seen her, I but too readily recognize. It is not of a sort that I value in the original, and the second brew, which you offer me, I will have none of.

I am writing this on the train, so that you may get it at your Club, and be spared the pain of coming under a misconception of the exact position of affairs.

LYDIA.

IX

DEAR SYDNEY: If you should hear any misinformed persons wondering whether I am really engaged to Hubert Frost, you have my authority to say that the rumor is without foundation. Nobody knows why my engagement is broken but myself, not even Hubert, though I have spent two hours and not a little letter paper trying to explain. My family have arrived at, and are now trying to conceal their opinion that I couldn't stand his relations. Than this nothing could be more untrue. I should be proud to be his mother's daughter-in-law. You, perhaps only, out of all my acquaintance, would thoroughly understand my motives; and you, I shall never tell. Nevertheless, you might come to see me this afternoon, that we may together deplore the over-subtlety that we have contrived to cultivate in each other.

LYDIA.

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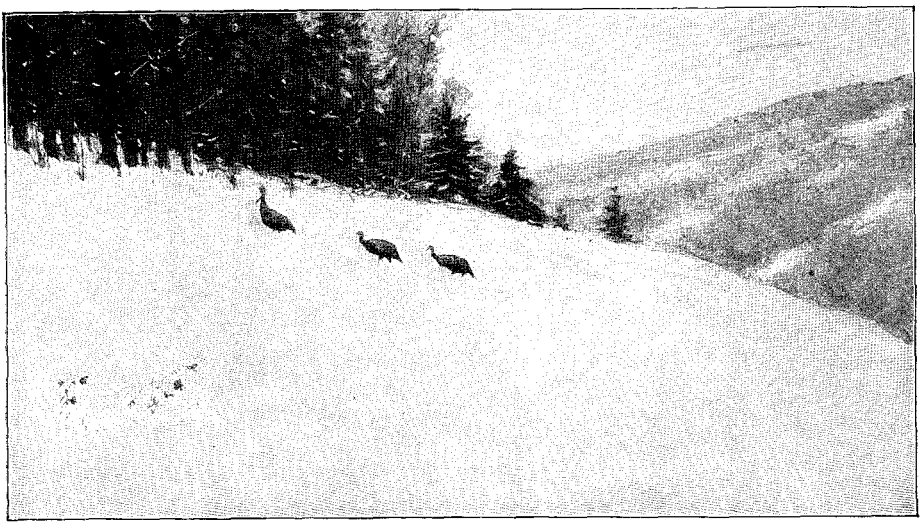

"Wild turkeys."—Page 69.

THE BEST GUN IN THE VALLEY

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

"THEN I ups with the gun," said Harvey Homer. Suiting the action to the word, he lifted the butt of the ancient piece to his shoulder, aiming right at Amos Inklin's head. The drover dodged hastily, seeking the protection of the big egg-stove.

"Hold on there!" he shouted. "Mebbe it's loadened."

Harvey dropped the butt to the floor with great deliberation. "As I was sayin' when you interrupted me, I ups with the gun an' —"

"Now, see here, Harvey," cried Amos, angrily, "if you are goin' to ups with it agin, I want to know if it's loadened. This store ain't Laurel Ridge, an' my head ain't a coon."

"Is—it—loadened, Harvey?" said old Martin Holmes, laying a hand on Homer's knee and wiggling his leg at every word. "My pap's first cousin was kilt be an absent-minded man illustratined how he shot a wild-cat. Is—it—loadened?"

"I forget," replied the hunter testily. "Do you fellers think I can mind every time I shoot it?" He paused a moment, and laid his forefinger thoughtfully between his eyes. "I allow it is loadened, but jest to make sure—" He drew the hickory ramrod from its home and sent it rattling down the barrel. It came to a stop with a thud, and he shut one eye and critically inspected the protruding end of the stick. "It—is—loadened," he cried, triumphantly.

From behind the counter, Ned Smith, the store-keeper, broke in with a gentle protest. "We don't mind you uns tellin' us about shootin', but mebbe before you go pintin' around that 'ay it 'ud be sensible to unloaden it."

"There's two fingers o' powder, two buck an' a ball in there," cried the hunter angrily, shaking the rifle. "That's what you'd have me go waste. You uns talk like a gun hadn't no sense. Besides, there ain't no cap, an' ——"

"Now Harvey, now Harvey," said Martin Holmes, gently. "Don't git all he't up. I never seen a gun yit as was overgifted with brains. A rifle is fickler than a woman; you otter know that,

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Harvey. You otter know that the less waddin' you has pertectin' you, the harder she kicks. An' if the average well-balanced musket gits it inter its head it's goin' to go off, off it'll go, whether it has a cap on or not; you otter know that, Harvey."

Harvey did not know it. He did not care. He did not need any information about guns. But if the store was full of fellows who had no trust in a rifle that had gone fifty years without harming no one, then he allowed that he supposed it would be best to unloaden it. He hurled this forth as he shuffled to the door. The store followed him, old Holmes bringing up in the rear with a finger carefully tucked in each ear.

Standing on the porch, Homer gave one contemptuous glance at the little knot of men behind him, and, taking careless aim at a gray cloud that was hovering away off in the distance, fired.

There was a loud squawking of chickens and a flutter of wings; a series of wild squeals by the mill where a few hogs had been huddled in the sun; a chorus of ba-a-s as a flock of sheep rushed down the road and made the bridge by the blacksmith-shop ring with their hoofs. This was to be expected, for it always followed any startling sound in Six Stars. The unexpected was a human cry of dismay, and then a groan that arose from a light blue heap in the road, just beneath the smoking muzzle. The store turned pale. The light blue heap took form, and the men on the porch breathed easier, for now, erect before them, his old army-overcoat gray with dust, his outstretched hands holding a bicycle which he was critically inspecting, stood Aaron Kallaberger. He sent the wheels spinning around, and, having satisfied himself that the machine was not damaged, he smiled.

"I tho't it was Sumpter," he said.

Though Aaron Kallaberger did not take part in the defence of that famous fortress, as might be implied from this remark, his nine months' service in the Civil War, all in the hospital, had cast a heroic glamour over his whole life, and, with a pension added and an army overcoat, he was well entitled to use martial terms. But Harvey did not like it.

"Did you allus tumble over like that when they was any shootin'?" he cried, angrily. "A screechin', an' a groanin', an' a scarin' the enemy most to death, thinkin' they'd killed ye."

"I never rode under a cannon before," replied Aaron, pleasantly.

"A cannon!" The very suggestion was so extravagant to Harvey that he laughed. "Why, this here is the best gun in Pennsylwany. Look at it, Aaron! Handle it—mind the copper patch on the stock—see how easy the trigger pulls—an' that there ramrod—toughest hickory in the walley, an' whittled out by my old grandpap." He thrust the barrel into the hands of the veteran, who had propped himself against the bicycle and received the piece rather gingerly. "A cannon! Why, if my pap heard you say that he'd turn in his grave. Grandpap got it first, an' they allus sayd he carried it in the Revolution—look there—you can see where it was a flint-lock. Pap changed it fer caps. There's a placet in the stock to keep bullets an' patches—all the modern conweniences, you see, with the experience of age. Jest take a sight with her, Aaron, an' mind how light she is."

The veteran lifted the heavy gun and aimed it. In the delight of sighting down the long barrel at a new white shingle on the roof of the mill, he straightened up, and the bicycle toppled over. Harvey scrambled to pick it up. That was a fatal move to him, for a wheel spun around with a musical Purr, scattering silvery shafts of light.

"Mighty, but it goes easy," he cried. "Where did you git it, Aaron?"

"I wonder if I could hit that chicken if this here was loadened?" replied Kallaberger, swinging the rifle around and bringing it to bear on a hen resting on a near-by fence.

"How fur will this here travel?" inquired Harvey, a little louder.

"Sights, but it feels good!" the veteran answered, aiming at a cloud. "I ain't had a musket of me own since the war—got out o' the habit. What you bet I couldn't take the weather wane offen Inklin's house yander?"

"How much did you give for this here?" cried Harvey, laying a restraining hand on the other's arm.

"For what—oh, that," said Aaron

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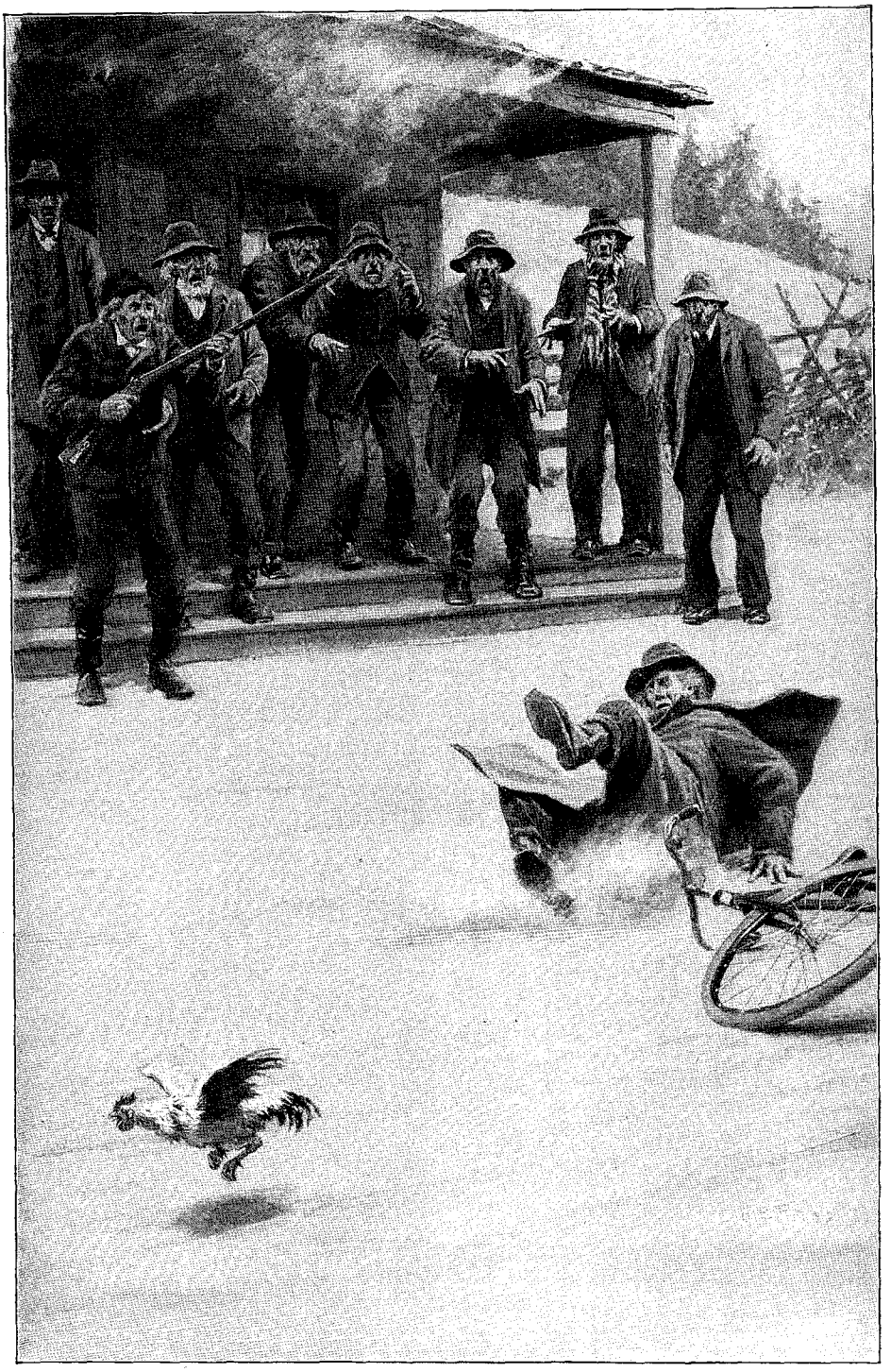

Drawn by A. B. Frost.

The store turned pale.—Page 66.

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with a contemptuous glance at the machine. "I almost give me life fer it a couple of times. As it was, I traded with young Harry Whoople fer ten dollars, a churn an' two augurs."

Harvey's eyes opened wide in amazement. "They is expensive, ain't they," he said, meekly.

He was disappointed. The bicycle was in his hands, and he wanted it. He had read about these machines in the paper; a few times he had seen strangely garbed men from the county-town flying along the turnpike on them; but to him they had seemed as difficult to attain as wings. Now he held one in his hands; he knew a man who could ride one; he had heard the musical purr of the wheels and gazed into the hypnotic light of the spokes. It did not seem so unattainable, yet the price was beyond him. The churn and two augurs he could give, but ten dollars——

"What'll you take fer this here rifle, Harvey?" Aaron asked, aiming at the head of a sheep that was standing on the bridge, blinking at the sun.

"I'll trade even," Harvey replied. He pointed to the bicycle, but he was so amazed at his audacity that his voice broke and he had to cough.

Kallaberger laughed.

"Even!" he shouted. "Mighty man, talk sense—ten dollars an' the gun—how's that?"

"Yon is the best gun in the walley," Homer answered, with spirit. "My own grandpap whittled that ramrod."

But Kallaberger was without sentiment. He insisted on fixing the value of the rifle on the basis of its present usefulness, entirely eliminating family tradition. And Aaron was a clever man, for he stood by in contemptuous silence while Harvey spun the wheels again for a very long time. Then he made a new proposition.

"I've heard tell a heap about your spring-bed, Harvey," he said. "Now, what 'ud you uns say to bicycle fer gun an' spring-bed. You haven't no use fer a spring-bed."

"It's most a'mighty comf'table sleepin'," returned Harvey, feebly.

"But when you're asleep, you don't know whether you're comf'table or not," the veteran argued with much spirit. "If you are sleepin', you are unkawnscious. Fer an unkawnscious man a straw-tick is as good as two springs."

"There is somethin' in that," the other assented. He tried for a moment to recall a time when the spring-mattress had added to his comfort. He could not, for he had slept just as soundly before he got it. Sleep always came to him when his head touched a pillow, and the only real pleasure he had derived from his recent investment was in telling the others at the store what a luxurious thing it was.

Again he spun the wheels, and they won the argument. Family tradition was forgotten. Grandpap whittling the hickory ramrod was forgotten. Pap's pride in the best gun in the valley was forgotten.

"It's a bargain, Aaron," the young man said.

Harvey Homer slept that night on his old corn-shuck mattress. He had pulled it down from the loft of his little log-house after Kallaberger had driven away with the springs lashed to his buckboard, and Harvey did not regret his bargain, for he sat up late, spinning the wheels, and pointing out to his hound Colonel the interesting parts of the mechanism. He had even tried mounting and dismounting in the narrow limits of his kitchen, so that it was a weary head that touched the pillow, and he was soon unconscious to the discomfort of the corn-shucks. As if in proof of his theory, he slept unusually late the next morning, and it was broad daylight when he arose.

First he awakened the fire in the ten-plate stove, and when it was roaring lustily, he turned to take the measure of the day. The valley was white with the first snow of the year. It had crept up in the night and covered the shrivelled fields, transforming the gaunt trees into giant finger-corals, pitching rank on rank of tall, white tents at the head of the slope, where yesterday had been an expanse of stunted pines. The man at the window, peering through the frosted glass, had seen too many winters come to waste a glance on the fences, once so broken, so brown and decrepit, now a delicate network, stretching to and fro over the valley, and glittering in the sun that was just rising above the eastward ridges. He was looking away to the woods, and what held

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The trail of a fox.

his gaze was not the tall white tents there, but three small, black objects moving across the clearing. Long and earnestly he watched them as they went, single file, over the field and were again lost in the cover.

"Turkeys, Colonel!" Harvey cried. "Wild turkeys."

This announcement made the hound wriggle all over, and he raised himself against the window, and, with his warm nose, tried to rub away the frost, that he, too, might see what was doing.

"Breakfast first, Colonel," said Harvey, gayly, patting the dog's head. "Breakfast, an' then——"

He paused abruptly. His gaze was fixed in the corner, where the gun had leaned so long.

"An' then—an' then—" He rubbed his eyes to make sure of them. "Why, Colonel, I never tho't o' you when I done it. You can't ride a bicycle, can you?"

The hound ran to the door, and began to sniff at the knob and whine. Then he turned to the corner where the rifle should have been, and, sitting on his haunches, threw back his head and gave a long howl.

"It's the redicklestest thing I ever done," said Harvey, mournfully. "I don't blame you a bit, Colonel. Why, had I stopped an' tho't o' you, I wouldn't 'a' swapped for ten bicycles."

Still more was the full meaning of his bargain impressed on him, for, as he stepped outside after breakfast, bound for the barn to care for his horses and his cow, he sank to his boot-tops in a snow-drift. The hound floundered after him, and not ten steps from the door they crossed the trail of a fox, where the wind, broken by the house, had failed to cover

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Drawn by A. B. Frost.

"The Old Gray Horse has Died in the Wilderness."—Page 71.

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the tracks. Then a rabbit darted from a brush pile and scampered away over the fields. The hound went pitching after it, but, pausing at the crest of the hill, he looked back to see his master standing helplessly at the barn-yard gate, so he turned and went disconsolately home.

"It's no use, Colonel," Harvey said, hardly daring to meet the inquiring gaze of his dumb companion. "We might jest as well set down, patient-like, an' wait till the winter goes. Mebbe we can make up fer it be goin' bicyclin'; but jest now, I s'pose, we'll be over-run with game—me an' you—smothered under patridges an' foxes an' sech. Why, when you was gone, I was looking fer some bears, or mebbe a tagger or an ellyphant or so to come a-moseyin' round here any minute. I allow we'd better keep in doors, me an' you, an' read the almenick."

The hours moved very slowly that morning. The bicycle-wheels had lost their fascination for Harvey, and he found small comfort in getting out his fishing tackle for an overhauling. It seemed so foolish to work over hooks and lines that could not be used for months. To make it more humiliating, Irving Kallaberger opened the door without the formality of a knock, and surprised him at this humble occupation. Harvey apologized, and started to explain, but Irving cut him short, and, in that polished way that has made his family famous in the valley, assured him that it was most sensible to prepare in early December for fishing in late April. With this the visitor removed his overcoat and muffler, and took a chair by the stove. He had his fiddle with him, and was bound for the Hockewouts' place. The Hockewouts were giving a dance that night, and he was going to play. It is a good five miles there from Six Stars, and though Harvey's was but one-fifth of the way, he had decided to drop in, and rest up and warm.

Harvey suggested a tune, and, going to the door, called Colonel in to hear it. Irving graciously acceded to the request, and, taking his violin from the paper flour-bag, began to play. Under the spell of the music, Harvey Homer forgot the lost rifle and the mocking game, and leaned back on two legs of his chair, beat time with his feet, and half hummed and half sang to the tune of "The Old Gray Horse has Died in the Wilderness." By his side, the hound sat on his haunches, his tail free to pound the floor rhythmically, his head thrown back, and his eyes fixed in ecstacy on the ceiling. Once he gave vent to a long-drawn howl, but a sharp stroke of his master's hand suppressed him, so that thereafter he contented himself with a series of gurgling wails. For a half hour Irving played, twice repeating his repertory, from "The Old Gray Horse" to "The Devil's Dream," and he was about to start on a third round, when Harvey interrupted him by shuffling his feet.

"They is a heap o' consolation in a fiddle, ain't they?" he said.

"I jest wish I had nothin' else to do," replied Irving, with enthusiasm. "A man with a fiddle is never lonely. It allus agrees with you. If you feels low down an' mournful, out comes the fiddle—out comes 'The Old Gray Horse that Died in the Wilderness.' You feels ca'am-like, an' peaceful—out comes the fiddle—out comes 'Mother an' Me' or 'Jordan's Strand.' Mebbe you are special happy an' joyous — out comes 'The Devil's Dream' or 'Slatter-up-the-Ding-dang.' Why, Harvey, it's a wonder to me you never took up music."

"I don't know how," replied Harvey. "I can't."

"Can't!" exclaimed Irving. "Can't? Of course, you can. Fiddlin' is natural. You never had a fiddle, did you? So you can't play. S'posin you never had a fork an' knife—you couldn't eat, could you? Music is the food of the human soul, as Pete Ciders sais. Give a baby a fiddle when you give him a knife an' fork, an' he'll play as natural as he'll eat. Now, ain't that true, Harvey?"

Harvey thought that possibly it was. If he had any doubts on the question, Irving did not give them time to form into vigorous opposition, for he placed the fiddle in Homer's hands.

"Now try it oncet, an' see if it ain't like learnin' to swim—a stroke at a time."

The bow was drawn over the strings, and the fiddle gave a long wail. Colonel followed with a howl.

"It's wonderful," said Harvey. "I'd no idee it was so easy."

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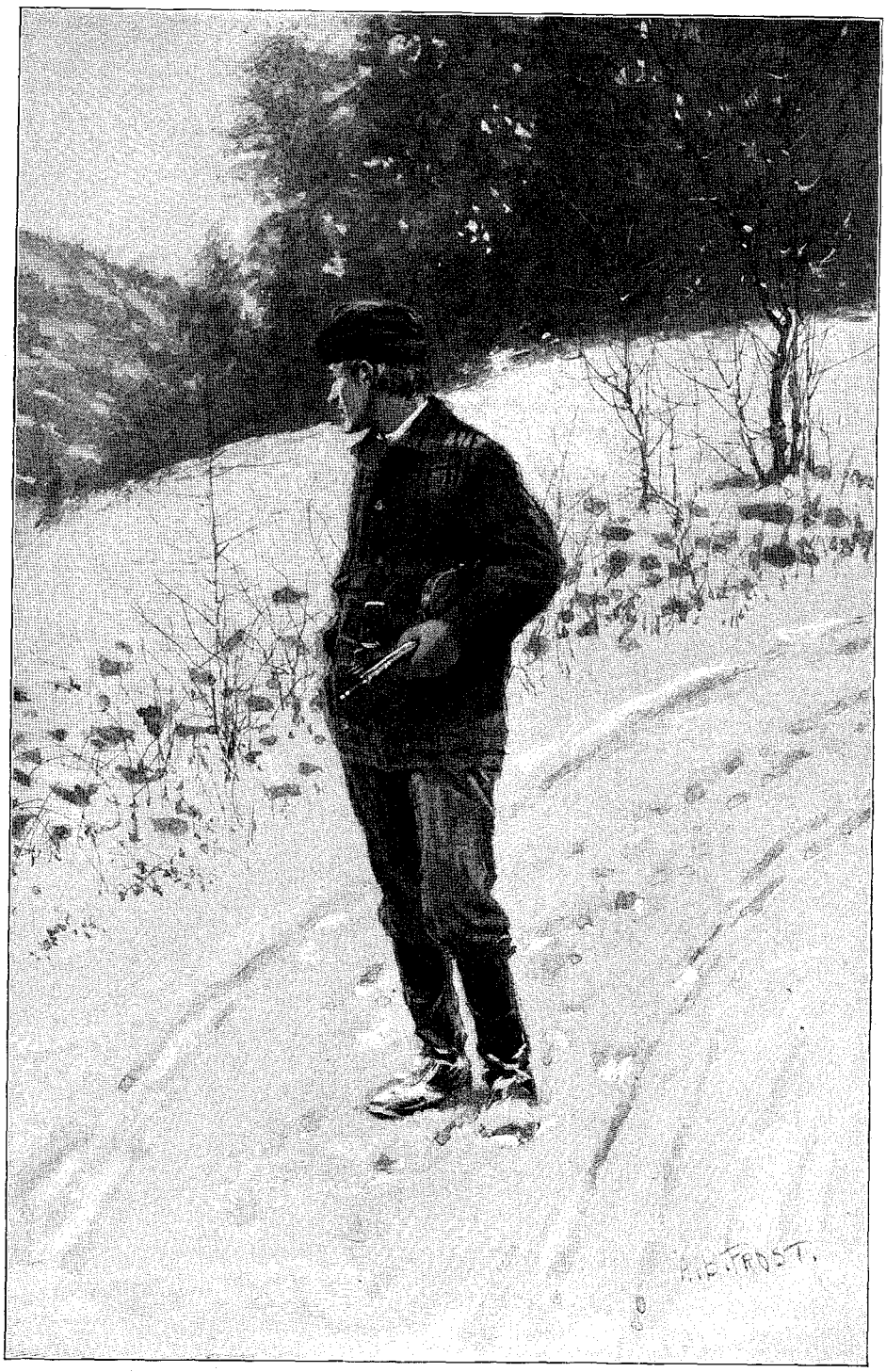

Drawn by A. B. Frost.

"Old Captain," he said, half aloud.—Page 74.

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Up went the bow—forth came a fire of short, sharp screeches. The dog fell in with a succession of yelps.

"Why, it's just tuned to me an' Colonel, ain't it, Irving?" Harvey cried. "Now I must git me one of these."

"Didn't I tell you?" was Irving's triumphant rejoinder. "Of course, it's easy. Oncet you can play the notes separate, all you have to learn is fittin' 'em together."

Another, long soft wail!—the cry that a lonely man suppresses. What a comfort it is to sit this way and pour forth your joys and your woes? A sweep of the bow, and you hurl forth defiance at the world. A swing of the arm, slowly, softly, and you whisper some tenderer emotion. The world does not understand. It thinks you fiddle. Colonel knows! Colonel feels it! To the depths of his dog-soul the cry of the fiddle strikes.

"You like it, eh, old boy?" said Harvey, scratching the hound's head with the end of the bow. "Well, mebbe I'll git one of these, jest to play for you."

"You might have that one," put in Irving, most opportunely, "if you really want it, an' will promise to learn, an' won't spile it. I think a heap o' that wiolin, an' you are the only man in the walley I'd trust it with."

Harvey was greatly flattered at this faith in his own artistic future, and promised to take the best of care of it. But what was he to give in return. Somehow, Irving's eyes wandered to the bicycle, and rested there. Harvey asked what he would give with the fiddle for the wheel. At this, young Kallaberger laughed outrageously. The real question was, what would he get to boot. The bicycle would be of no service until the snow was gone, and that meant months, but the fiddle could be used day and night, winter and summer, year in and year out.

"The value of any article, Harvey," said he, didactically, "is dependent on what you gits outen it. They is nothin' to be got outen that wheel fer months. But look at the fiddle. It's worth depends on the quantity of music it'll give. That is limited only be your muscle an' your time. There's the beauty of a fiddle—you can't empty it."

"Now I never tho't o' that before, Irving," said Harvey, apologetically. "Mebbe I otter give you somethin' extry with the wheel."

Irving really felt that he should. Were he dealing with any other man in the valley, he would insist on it, but it was a great deal to know that the loved instrument was in good hands—hands that would care for it and get from it the best that it could give forth. On the other side, Harvey entertained no such feelings toward the bicycle. He regarded the machine with resentment, for by the flash of its spokes and the purr of its wheels he had been lured from the paths trodden by his father and his father's father. He had forgotten them. The old hickory ramrod alone, whittled and seasoned with an infinity of care, was worth a dozen of these factory baubles. So when he saw the last of the bicycle, as Irving Kallaberger was pushing it down the road, through the snow-drifts, he laughed and turned to his new treasure.

The sun had swung around far enough to be looking in the westerly window, when Harvey laid down the fiddle and began to rub his elbows and his wrists, which were crooked and stiff from the hours of earnest sawing. The hound had long since retired behind the stove, refusing to be further moved by his master's music, except at intervals to lift his head and give an angry growl of protest.

To one of these growls, Harvey now deigned to reply, as he was trying to shake some blood into his left arm.

"You mustn't git discouraged, Colonel. Give me time. They is a heap sight more in gittin' the notes together right than I allowed fer. Why, this here arm feels like it had been sleepin' all summer. But I'll learn it if I has to work all winter. Don't git mad about it, Colonel. Let me have time—Irving 'll help—he'll explain some pints that we ain't clear on, an' then I bet I can bring tears to your eyes agin."

It was with the intention of getting Irving to explain, and the added purpose of inquiring for mail, that Harvey pulled on his mackinaw jacket and started for the village. Every afternoon of his life he made this little excursion. It was seldom that the mail brought him anything, and what did come were stray pat-

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ent-medicine circulars, addressed to the wife, whom a half hundred of these nostrums had failed to save. She was gone five years now, and still came these belated answers to her dying appeals. Harvey always took them home and read them and treasured them, for they came to him as messages from the dead, and they used to say in Six Stars that but for the persistency of the quacks he would have married again long since. Such was the news he was going to get as he trudged along the snow-clogged road with his fiddle under his arm. At the head of the hill, where the road turns and winds down to the village, he stopped abruptly and raised a hand to his ear. Away up the valley he heard it, very faint at first; now clearer and nearer; now full and strong, ringing along the ridge-top—a hound, giving tongue. Harvey knew that voice.

"Old Captain," he said, half aloud, as he stood, drinking in the music. "Tom Lasher's old Captain — there's a dead rabbit."

The bark of a rifle! Harvey Homer swings on his heels, and goes plunging on through the snow. He knows that voice. The best gun in the valley is singing along the ridges. Its song is reverberating from hill to hill, and now it is dying away in the woods up there toward home. Perhaps Colonel hears it as he mopes about the barnyard, teasing chickens! Harvey Homer hears it as he goes to take a fiddle-lesson!

As he strode down the hill, fleeing from the sight and sound of those forbidden pleasures, Harvey was hailed by a small boy. He would have hurried by had not the report of a revolver halted him.

Piney Kallaberger was peppering at a tin can on a fence-post.

"Mighty souls!" cried the man. "Can you hit anything with that there?"

"Can I?" replied the boy, disdainfully. And the can rang as a bullet crashed through it.

"Shootin' mark ain't much fun, tho'," said Piney, falling in beside Harvey, and stepping along with him. "It's awful quiet around town now, an' when Irving goes away with the fiddle, there's nothin' fer me to do. Fiddlin' is my speciality, when I can git a fiddle."

He cast a wistful glance at the one tucked under his companion's arm.

"Do you s'posin' I could hit a rabbit with that there revoliver, Piney?" asked Harvey.

"Does I s'posin'!" cried the boy. "I don't s'posin' at all. I know it."

And he proceeded to demonstrate, in words, why the revolver was infinitely more accurate in its fire, easier to handle, safer to carry, and more amusing to clean than the old-fashioned rifle. Harvey Homer was not so simple as to be carried away by the boy's praise of his weapon, but the nearer he came to the village, the more humble he felt at being seen with a fiddle. It was positively effeminate. Before he reached the bridge by the blacksmith-shop, he was hiding his shame beneath his mackinaw jacket. By the time the mill was passed, he had transferred it to the willing hands of Piney Kallaberger, and when he stepped into the store, it was with head high and shoulders back, for, at least, he carried something that would shoot.

When the store-door opened again, it was to admit Aaron Kallaberger. The veteran seated himself in silence, laid the best gun in the valley across his knees, and, from some mysterious recess in the lining of his coat, drew a dead rabbit. This he dropped carelessly on the floor at his feet. Then he sighed and rubbed his right shoulder cautiously.

"Have you any first-class linnyment, Ned?" he asked, addressing the storekeeper, whose head appeared above the row of men on the bench by the counter.

There was a loud chuckle behind the stove.

"Now, did she kick you, Aaron?" cried Harvey Homer, leaning into view. "Ain't that a knowin' gun? She never did like strangers."

Aaron winked at Ned Smith. He used the eye that was hidden from Harvey by his eagle's beak nose.

"It was this here 'ay," he said, not heeding the jibe. "I had snuck up along behint Laurel ridge when old Captain—I'd borrowed the hound from Lasher—old Captain he brung the rabbit a-jumpin' along around be Jimpson's pond-field, an' I ups with the gun an'——"

"See here, Aaron," cried Harvey, plain-

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tively, breaking rudely into this vivid story of the hunt. "You'll spend all the money you has on linnyment if you keeps that there rifle. I know her temper. She'll kick you every chance she gits. Now, her an' me gits along as sweet as two lambs. S'posin' we swap."

"Oh, I ain't petickler," replied the veteran, "so long as I gits a good bargain. What'll you give?"

Harvey held up the revolver.

"That," shouted Aaron, laughing derisively. "Why, this here is the best gun in the walley."

"You sayd yesterday it was too old," retorted Harvey.

"Too old," cried the veteran. "Mighty! It's historical. Your grandpap carried it in the Revolution. That there ramrod alone what he whittled is a relict. Don't be childish, Harvey."

"It wouldn't be jest an even trade, I know," said Harvey, timidly, "but I allow if I th'owed in a dollar——"

"An' a bottle of linnyment, it 'ud be fair," added Aaron.

Harvey Homer sat late that night, reading by candle-light. Suddenly, he raised his eyes from the book and laughed.

"He got a bottle of linnyment, Colonel," he said. The dog had been napping by the stove, but now he lifted his head from between his fore-paws and gazed at his master. "He'll need that an' the spring-bed, too." Harvey arose, and, stepping to the corner, laid one hand on the muzzle of the best gun in the valley. "We've got her back, Colonel, an' to-morrow we'll go huntin' agin, but, somehow, my brain don't seem jest right. Somehow, we ain't got as much as we had yesterday—me an' you—an' I can't account fer it. Figgers allus did mix me. The Good Book straightens out a heap of things in this world, Colonel, an' I've been readin' that. But it ain't no help. It warns a feller agin most everything. I tho't it might mention the Kallabergers. But it don't. I guess that was because it was wrote so long ago. But, I allow, if it was to be wrote over agin it 'ud mention 'em."

THE SAILOR'S SONG

By Josephine Dodge Daskam

Oh the wind's to the West and the sails are filling free!
Take your head from my breast: you must say good-by to me.
You'd my heart in both your hands, but you did not hold it fast,
And the mill cannot grind with the water that is past.

O it's I must away, and it's you must bide at home!
I am sped like the spray, I am fickle as the foam:
It was sweet, my dear, 'twas sweet, but 'twas all too sweet to last,
For the mill cannot grind with the water that is past.

We have clasped, we have kissed, but you would not give me more:
I must win what we missed on some other, farther shore.
You can never hold the gray gull that swings about the mast,
And the mill cannot grind with the water that is past.

You will mourn, you will mate, but 'twill never be with me:
I am off to my fate, and it lies across the sea.
For it's God alone that knows where my anchor will be cast,
And the mill cannot grind with the water that is past.

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THE STORY OF A GREAT GRANDFATHER

By George Hibbard

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD PYLE

I HAD no reason to expect that anything unusual would happen on that day. In fact, if I had thought at all I should have concluded that there was less chance of any important change taking place in my life upon that bright, tranquil morning than upon almost any other. Primarily, Sunday was not a time when one could naturally look for exciting events. Moreover, in our little, out-of-the-way village there never was any break in our placid existence. No, when I left the doorstep — my family had moved the year before, in 1775, into the large house across from the tavern where the stage drew up every morning and evening — and started for church with the great hymn-book under my arm, I little suspected all that was to take place before I returned in the evening.

'Twas the middle of January, but the day was very like one in the late spring. The air was soft and balmy, and the low crests of the Blue Ridge Mountains showed faintly through a thin haze. In Woodstock reigned the customary Sunday calm. All was very still—so still that in the sweet, motionless air I could see the slight smoke from the chimneys of some houses in the valley rise in a thin straight line, and I could catch the dull, drowsy droning of the stream as it slowly fell over the dam by the bridge. From time to time the church-bell sounded with a mellow note that floated over the country, where the people were coming without haste along the roads in answer to its summons.

All was very quiet and peaceful, but that is not saying that I was not very miserable. I had barely come twenty, and already for a year I had been deep in love. That I only dared look and sigh made it, if anything, harder to bear. If I had been one of those carrying themselves with more assurance and ready to speak a word in return, I should not have minded so much. But Barbara Schatz had only to look at me, and instantly I was rendered speechless. I had always been very bashful, and she seemed to take a particular delight in tormenting me. Nor was occasion lacking, for, if the truth must be told, I was sadly wanting in the spirit of the other young men. Indeed, I had no great reputation for bravery. That I did not more willingly engage in the rough sports of the rest was always accounted a sign of cowardice in me; and that I liked better a book and my flute made them all set me down as something of a mollycoddle. Without reproaching me, Barbara would make me feel her scorn for the repute in which I was held. Yet she was not always utterly disdainful. At times she would show me a little graciousness that went far to turn my head. Still, the next time I met her she would be all mockery and I would be again cast into despair. I had not for long dared to tell her of my love, though I saw that she knew it well enough. But at last, I spoke, and, though she laughed, she had not refused to listen to me. She appeared loth to forego the pleasure of torturing me, and I for my part was too weak to break away from her tyranny. But on the previous evening she had been more provoking than ever, and I felt that I had no hope, particularly as I had with a girl like Barbara many rivals, notably a certain sturdy, red-cheeked Jacob Sorg, who would laugh and jest with her as I had never dared to do.

We were almost all Germans in Woodstock, and one heard as much German as English spoken, for, as I have said, it was a remote, unfrequented spot. Since I was more fond of learning than the others and fell upon every bit of printed matter that came under my eyes, I had something more of instruction than the most and also spoke better. In addition I managed to keep myself better informed of what was going on in the world, for the inhabitants

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of Woodstock cared but little for anything that happened outside of the village. They knew, to be sure, of the great stir that was taking place in the country. The growing difficulties between the King and the colonies had been discussed from the first, and the meeting of the first Continental Congress had made much talk. When on an April day of the year before, the stage had rolled up the road with the news of the affair at Lexington, there had been great awakening of attention; and when toward the end of June two months later we learned of the Battle of Bunker Hill from a solitary traveller, there was some excitement. But all quickly settled down into the usual apathy. What was happening was too far off, and we had too little intercourse with the world to have even such great affairs affect us very much. The quarrel over Martin Zell's cow and the question as to the amount of money left by old Hermann Kraus were things of much more importance.

In love as I was and absorbed in my own condition, I had not given great heed to the momentous events of the day. I was much too miserable to think of taxes and representation, of battles and sieges. As I walked along in the warm, soft morning light, my mind was far enough away from the great struggle that was then going on. I was only thinking of Barbara and her treatment of me; wondering why she should tease me as she did, when yet at times she seemed to like me well enough, and devising by what means I could please her and win her favor.

I was in such a state of perturbation that I was almost of a mind not to go to church when I came near our Pastor's house. Then I thought of the way his sharp eyes would mark my absence, and the manner in which he would frown down on me the next time that I saw him. Truly there never was such a clergyman as ours — the Rev. Peter Muhlenberg. Then, of course, we had no idea of the great man he was to become—a Major-General, and a Member of Congress, and a Senator. He sadly perplexed us, for we could not quite think of him as a minister. And yet we loved him and feared him, and public observance and private manners had never been so excellent as they had been since he came to the place. We had heard in a way of his former doings—of his being sent by old "Father Muhlenberg," as everyone called him, to college in Germany, where, at Halle, he had beaten his tutor and then enlisted for a dragoon. This seemed hardly a preparation for spiritual things, but he had been ordained and had come to take charge of our church. Nor had he been long in Woodstock before he gave the people reason to cackle. One day two great vagabonds fighting by the pump were taken by him and their two heads pounded together until they desisted at once. This exploit procured for him great renown, so that all the more unruly element gave him instant obedience. Indeed, though he kept them in such awe, there was no man more liked. He himself told with a hearty laugh how, coming on some rascals about to break into Gustav Engel's barn, he made after them, whereupon one called in affright to the other as he fled:

"*Hier kommt Teufel Piet!*"

Oh, there never was quite such a minister, but I am sure that he did more good than would have been possible for many a more churchly man. What we could not understand in our phlegmatic German souls was his interest in the war. In the very beginning, when there was only talk of trouble, he organized a Committee of Safety, though it never did anything. He was the head and front of all opposition in the whole district, and would wait with the most eager anxiety for news from the front. After Lexington he was in a fever of excitement, but since Bunker Hill he had been very quiet and staid. We met him passing up or down the road in deep thought, and once or twice when someone spoke to him he had failed to make any response.

I did not care to face his displeasure, so I kept on my way. Yet the country was very tempting; and in the restlessness of my anxiety I should have preferred to wander on under the clear blue sky rather than to shut myself up in the dark little church.

The bell was still ringing when I arrived at the church-door, and the people were flocking in. I noticed that the attendance was remarkably large—nearly everyone in the village seemed to be there, and many whispered as they walked along.

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"What brings so many to-day?" I asked old Mother Schwinn, who was near me.

"There is something," she muttered, "I know not—something," she said, indistinctly, for she was so old as to be in her dotage, and I had no chance to speak to any other.

I made my way to our pew, and, when I was seated, looked about. The church was crowded. I had never seen it so full. Every place on the floor was taken, and the gallery was overflowing. Truly, there must be something, I thought, that in my preoccupation about Barbara I had missed. But I did not think much about it, for in fact I rather despised the small village gossip, and then, as always, I was thinking about Barbara. She was already in her father's pew, and I could catch the curve of her soft cheek and the tip of her saucy nose beyond the edge of her bonnet. But she would not turn in my way and let me see more of her face. That she knew that I was there I felt sure, and that she was doing this on purpose I was convinced. At once I was cast into further depths of misery. Whenever did a lover fail to turn every sign to his disadvantage and to make himself as miserable as he possibly could? As he loves so much, he fears so much, and in his fears he will always put the worst interpretation upon a matter. That is what I did then; and a wretched younker I was as I sat there staring over the heads of the people, at the great gaunt pulpit.

Everyone peered forward as our Pastor entered. He always walked with vigor, but I thought that I detected a particular determination in his step that day. He seemed even more than usually tall as he came forward, with his black gown held close about him and falling in long folds to his feet;—and very stern he appeared to me as he took a swift glance over the church. A light in his eyes held me so that I was never so attentive as I was from the first moment that morning. And when at last he spoke, his tone stirred me strangely.

As soon as he had entered he went and knelt down and began to pray. Then it was that I felt the force of his voice which added such strength to the words, that were in themselves bold and powerful. Kneeling there he said, strongly and clearly:

"Awake, O Lord, for our help, and come and save us. Awake, O Lord, as in ancient times. Do with them, if it be Thy will, as Thou didst unto the Midianites and their confederates and to Sisera and to Jabin when they unjustly and without provocation invaded Thy people, and make their lords and nobles and great commanders like Oreb and Zeeb and like Zebah and Zalmunna. We humbly pray that Thou wilt hedge up their way and not suffer them to proceed and prosper."

By this time we all knew our Pastor's meaning, and still he kept on. He denounced the enemies of the Lord in the past and in the present, and he besought God to put them to flight and make them fly before His wrath as the chaff is driven before the fierce whirlwind. He begged the Lord as the fire consumes the wood and sometimes lays waste whole forests on the mountains so to lay waste and consume them if they obstinately persisted in their bloody designs against us. He besought the Lord to make His wishes known to them, and to humble them, and to drive them back to their own land, so that they should have neither credit nor courage to come out any more against us, and so that no nation might any more call itself supreme, but know and acknowledge that only God is the Supreme Governor among men, doing whatsoever pleaseth Him.

He did not speak the words in the voice of a suppliant, but rather in the tone of a man assured of his cause and asking for merited justice. Indeed, it was more a denunciation than a prayer, and when he was finished I felt a great indignation in my heart at the many wrongs done us. I thought of the army there before Boston, and the hopes and fears of all the land.

I could see that the people as they straightened up bore themselves more erectly and that there was a flush on many a weather-beaten cheek. Then, before the feeling had time to cool, our Pastor led off with a hymn. The one he chose for the day was one of those with the greatest fire and vigor in it; and, indeed, among those old hymns, written by men who were very much in earnest, there are many that have little suggestion of meekness and peace.

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There are a number that might serve well enough for battle-songs, by which a regiment might come to the charge, as, indeed, has often happened. He chose one of the most militant in the hymn-book, and the people sang it as I had never heard them sing before. Indeed, all the hymns that he gave out that morning were those most fitted to rouse the spirit and set the heart beating, until he came to Luther's own hymn:

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.

We sang it that day in German, and as the tune swelled out the people seemed to put their whole souls into it. There was something unmistakably in the air —a strange, exhilarating, exciting something that made my stolid fellow-villagers very different, and carried me away completely, though I did not understand yet the strong beating of my own heart.

Then came the sermon. Not a sound was to be heard as the minister slowly mounted the steps of the pulpit. The unusual nature of the morning services had attuned the mind, and the sudden creak even of a loose board, as I moved in the pew, made me jump excitedly. When our Pastor reached his place he stood looking in silence for a moment slowly over the people below him. Then he bent his head, opened the Bible, and read the text from Jeremiah xlviii. 10:

"Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully, and cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood."

They were strong words, and as he spoke them they rang through the church. Again he was silent for a moment, but when he continued it was in a quieter tone.

"Tyranny and arbitrary power are utterly inconsistent with and subversive of the very design of civil government and all political law, consequently the authority of a tyrant is null and void."

He declared that God never gave any man the right to enslave his fellow-beings. Then he spoke of the question of taxes and representation. No discourse could be more clear or more reasonable. Still there was that light in his eyes, a subdued ring in his voice, a new vigor in his gestures. He went on step by step to show that the colonies had acted, not only in strict accord with Divine purpose, but with the principles of justice and common-sense. Having reached this point he spoke more clearly, bending a little forward:

"Any people, when cruelly oppressed, have the right to throw off the yoke and be free."

He showed this from the history of the Israelites—repeating to us the commands of God to break the bonds of the oppressor. He showed us that no people ever had a clearer right to rebel than ourselves. I never felt the injustice that had been done us as much as I did at that moment, and I was convinced, as I never had been before, that resistance to the last was every man's duty. All had seemed so far off and vague, but what our Pastor said appeared to bring it directly to our own door and make it our own affair.

Then he went on:

"It is an undisputed duty that we owe to God and to our country to rouse and bestir ourselves, and, being animated by a noble zeal for the sacred cause of liberty, to defend our lives and fortunes to the last drop of our blood. We must turn our plough-shares into swords, and our pruning-hooks into spears. To save our country from the hands of our oppressor ought to be dearer to us than our lives, and, next to the eternal salvation of our souls, the matter of the greatest moment."

I glanced about at the congregation. Men were bending forward in their absorption, and the women were every bit as excited. I could hear old Gottlieb Pfeil breathing heavily, and I noticed his blue old hands clasped tightly over his Bible.

The preacher continued:

"When the Israelites," he thundered, "were struggling to defend themselves from the tyranny of Jabin, the King of Canaan, we find a most bitter curse denounced against those who refused to grant their assistance in the common cause. See Judges v. 23, "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

The effect of the words was very great; I saw the people suddenly draw

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back in dismay; I felt a strange fear myself. No one can understand the full force of the address who did not hear it. The quiet opening of the discourse, the careful arguments, gave us no warning of the storm that was coming. By slow steps, but ever-gathering vigor, he moved forward and turned in furious wrath on the enemies of our country—crying for the vengeance of God against all who in the hour of trial and gloom stood apart from the cause. His powerful voice rolled like angry thunder through the silent church—over the breathless congregation. His call stirred our hearts like a trumpet, and never before had I felt so carried out of myself. But having moved us to such a state of passion, he spoke again more gently:

"I must say a word for myself. I am a clergyman. I am a clergyman, it is true, but I am a member of society as well as the poorest layman, and my liberty is as dear to me as to any man. Shall I then sit still and enjoy myself at home when the best blood of the continent is spilling? Heaven forbid it! I shall not ask any man if what I do is right. The cause is just and noble. I will obey without hesitation the dictates of my own conscience; and so far am I from thinking I am wrong, I am convinced that it is my duty so to do—a duty that I owe to my God and to my country."

He spoke these words with some calmness, but then he paused, and I read his excitement from the way in which his hand nervously clasped his gown. Then suddenly he raised his head and looking full at the congregation he spoke with all his strength:

"The Bible tells us 'there is a time for all things,' and there is a time to preach and a time to pray, but the time for me to preach has passed away;"—and now he raised his voice till it echoed along the roof—"and there is a time to fight, and that time has now come."

As he spoke these words, with a swift gesture he tore his gown apart, and taking a step forward he stood before us in the pulpit in the full uniform of the colonel of a regiment. For an instant the people could not believe their eyes, and gazed as if fascinated at the tall figure in the military accoutrements. The light glittered brilliantly on the glossy leather and the polished metal. The buff and blue showed gayly in the sombre place. Then all rose as one man and, forgetting time and place, burst into such a cheer as could be heard far away. The tumult had hardly died away when suddenly a new sound broke upon our ears. From outside came the loud, rapid roll of drums. As the congregation turned to look toward the door, in all the bravery of his warlike dress our Pastor descended slowly from the pulpit and started down the aisle. The congregation, already arisen, followed him and soon we were all gathered outside. Our Pastor took his place beside the drums and faced the crowd.

"Who will join me," he cried, "for the cause and for the country?"

The drums kept on beating. Those who had not been in church came running from all directions to find out the reason of this strange commotion. Still our Pastor stood alone. I, gazing at him, scarce knew myself. Hardly conscious of what I did I stepped forward. As I advanced he took me by the hand. I heard a cheer and a number sprang forward after me. The drums still beat on, and as each man offered himself as a recruit there arose a new burst of enthusiasm. Ah, life seemed worth living, and I felt as if I had increased in stature. For a moment I had forgotten everything—parents—home—even Barbara. And at that moment I saw her in the crowd beckoning to me. I pushed through the gathering throng and in a minute was by her side. Silently she led me to the door of the deserted church. No sooner were we inside and out of sight of everyone than she turned.

"Friedrich," she cried, joyfully, "Heaven forgive me, but I thought you a coward. I know better now. Oh," she murmured, as she threw her arms about my neck and I held her close, "I love you dearly."

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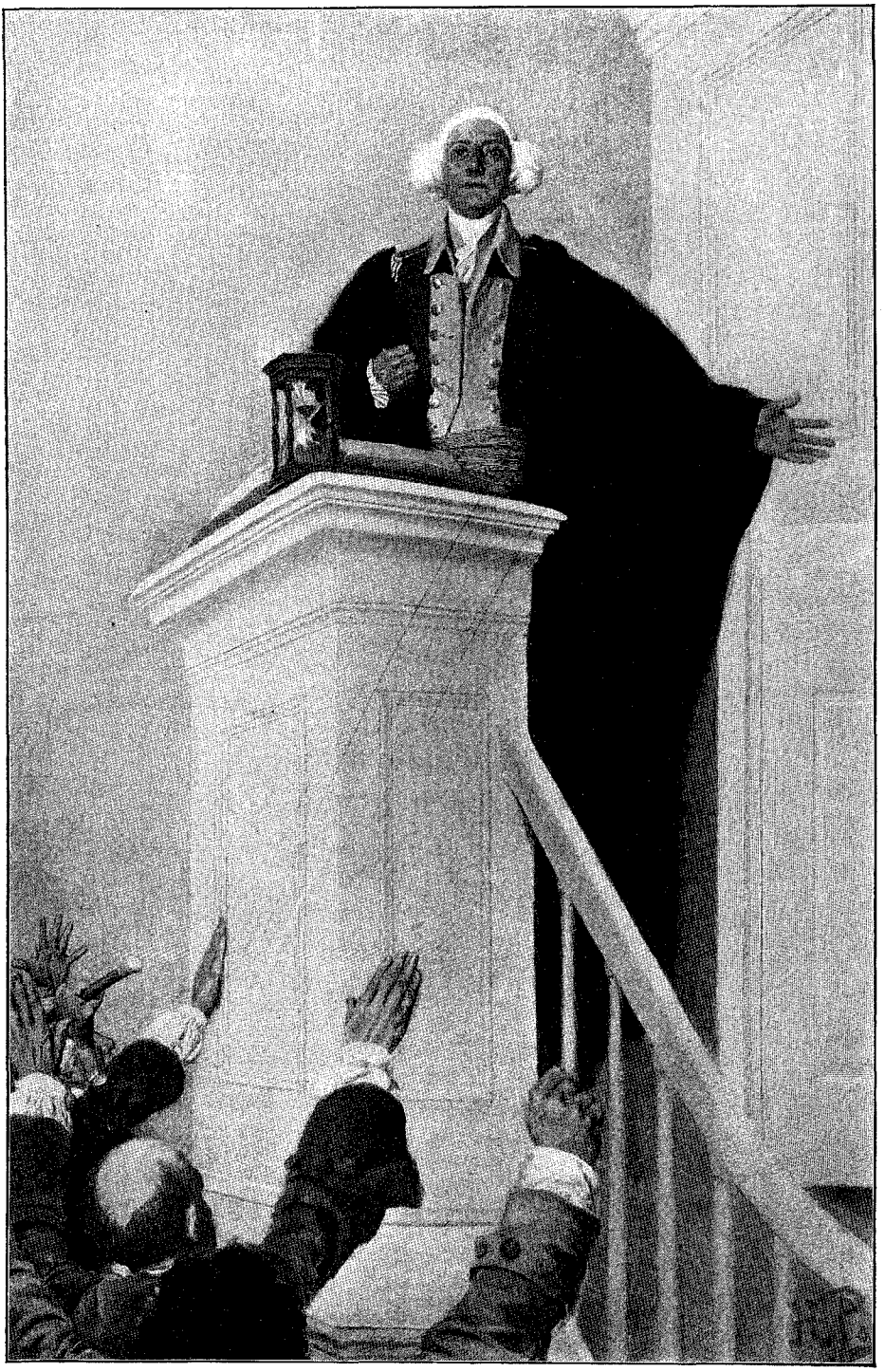

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

"There is a time to fight, and that time has now come."—Page 80.

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Drawn by Henry Hutt.

Christmas

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Shopping.

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WESTERN BLOOD

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

My tower faces south and north,
And east it opens wide,
But not a window-pane looks forth
Upon the western side.

I gaze out north on city roofs,
And south on city smoke,
And to the east are throbbing hoofs,
The rush of city folk.

But not a ray of western light
May fall across my work,
No crevice opens to the night
Where western eyes may lurk:

My crowded days are spent in quest
Of eager city things,
And when the little birds fly west,
I would not hear their wings.

But they who once have climbed the Town
When daylight lingered late,
And watched the western sun go down
Athwart the burnished Gate,

And felt the rolling fogs descend,
And seen the lupin blown
(And known what things a western friend
May offer to his own),

Ah, they can never still, for long,—
He knew what would be best
Who built my tower high and strong,
And closed it to the west!

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THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. YOHN

I

THE days of that April had been days of mist and rain. Sometimes, for hours, there would come a miracle of blue sky, white cloud, and yellow light, but always between dark and dark the rain would fall and the mist creep up the mountains and steam from the tops—only to roll together from either range, drip back into the valleys, and lift, straightway, as mist again. So that, all the while Nature was trying to give lustier life to every living thing in the lowland Bluegrass, all the while a gaunt skeleton was stalking down the Cumberland—tapping with fleshless knuckles, now at some unlovely cottage of faded white and green, and now at a log cabin, stark and gray. Passing the mouth of Lonesome, he flashed his scythe into its unlifting shadows and went stalking on. High up, at the source of the dismal little stream, the point of the shining blade darted thrice into the open door of a cabin set deep into a shaggy flank of Black Mountain, and three spirits, within, were quickly loosed from aching flesh for the long flight into the unknown.

It was the spirit of the plague that passed, taking with it the breath of the unlucky and the unfit: and in the hut on Lonesome three were dead—a gaunt mountaineer, a gaunt daughter, and a gaunt son. Later, the mother, too, "jes kind o' tired," as little Chad said, and soon to her worn hands and feet came the well-earned rest. Nobody was left then but Chad and Jack, and Jack was a dog with a belly to feed and went for less than nothing with everybody but his little master and the chance mountaineer who had sheep to guard. So, for the fourth time, Chad, with Jack at his heels, trudged up to the point of a wooded spur above the cabin, where, at the foot of a giant poplar and under a wilderness of shaking June leaves, were three piles of rough boards, covering three hillocks of rain-beaten earth; and, near them, an open grave. There was no service sung or spoken over the dead, for the circuit-rider was then months away; so, unnoticed, Chad stood behind the big poplar, watching the neighbors gently let down into the shallow trench a home-made coffin, rudely hollowed from the half of a begum log, and, unnoticed, slipped away at the first muffled stroke of the dirt—doubling his fists into his eyes and stumbling against the gnarled bodies of laurel and rhododendron until, out in a clear sunny space, he dropped on a thick, velvet mat of moss and sobbed himself to sleep. When he awoke, Jack was licking his face and he sat up, dazed and yawning. The sun was dropping fast, the ravines were filling with blue shadows, luminous and misty, and a far drowsy tinkling from the valley told him that cows were starting homeward. From habit, he sprang quickly to his feet but, sharply conscious on a sudden, dropped slowly back to the moss again, while Jack, who had started down the spur, circled back to see what the matter was and stood with uplifted foot, much puzzled.

There had been a consultation about Chad early that morning among the neighbors, and old Nathan Cherry, who lived over on Stone Creek, in the next cove but one, said that he would take charge of the boy. Nathan did not wait for the burial, but went back home for his wagon, leaving word that Chad was to stay all night with a neighbor and meet him at the death-stricken cabin an hour by sun. The old man meant to have Chad

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bound to him for seven years by law—the boy had been told that—and Nathan hated dogs as much as Chad hated Nathan. So the lad did not lie long. He did not mean to be bound out, nor to have Jack mistreated, and he rose quickly and Jack sprang before him down the rocky path and toward the hut that had been a home to both. Under the poplar, Jack sniffed curiously at the new-made grave and Chad called him away so sharply that Jack's tail drooped and he crept toward his master, as though to ask pardon for a fault of which he was not conscious. For one moment, Chad stood looking. Again the stroke of the falling earth smote his ears and his eyes filled; a curious pain caught him by the throat and he passed on, whistling—down into the shadows below to the open door of the cabin.

It was deathly still. The homespun bedclothes and hand-made quilts of brilliant colors had been thrown in a heap on one of the two beds of hickory withes; the kitchen utensils—a crane and a few pots and pans—had been piled on the hearth, along with strings of herbs and beans and red pepper-pods—all ready for old Nathan when he should come over for them, next morning, with his wagon. Not a living thing was to be heard or seen that suggested human life, and Chad sat down in the deepening loneliness, watching the shadows rise up the green walls that bound him in, and wondering what he should do, and where he should go, if he was not to go to old Nathan; while Jack, who seemed to know that some crisis was come, settled on his haunches a little way off, to wait, with perfect faith and patience, for the boy to make up his mind.

It was the first time, perhaps, that Chad had ever thought very seriously about himself, or wondered who he was, or whence he had come. Digging back into his memory as far as he could, it seemed to him that what had just happened now had happened to him once before, and that he had simply wandered away. He could not recollect where he had started from first, but he could recall many of the places where he had lived, and why he had left them—usually because somebody, like old Nathan, had wanted to have him bound out, or had misused Jack, or would not let the two stray off into the woods together, when there was nothing else to be done. He had stayed longest where he was now, because the old man and his son and his girl had all taken a great fancy to Jack, and had let the two guard cattle in the mountains and drive sheep and, if they stayed out in the woods over night, struck neither a stroke of hand nor tongue. The old mother had been his mother and, once more, Chad leaned his head against the worn lintel and wept silently. So far, nobody had seemed to care particularly who he was, or was not—nor had Chad. Most people were very kind to him, looking upon him as one of the wandering waifs that one finds throughout the Cumberland, upon whom the good folks of the mountains do not visit the father's sin. He knew what he was thought to be, and it mattered so little, since it made no discrimination against him, that he had accepted it without question. It did not matter now, except as it bore on the question as to where he should start his feet. It was a long time for him to have stayed in one place, and the roving memories, stirred within him now, took root, doubtless, in the restless spirit that had led his unknown ancestor into those mountain wilds after the Revolution.

All this while he had been sitting on the low threshold, with his elbows in the hollows of his thighs and his left hand across his mouth. Once more, he meant to be bound to no man's service and, at the final thought of losing Jack, the liberty-loving little tramp spat over his hand with sharp decision and rose.

Just above him and across the buck antlers over the door, lay a long flint-lock rifle; a bullet-pouch, a powder-horn, and a small raccoon-skin haversack hung from one of the prongs: and on them the boy's eyes rested longingly. Old Nathan, he knew, claimed that the dead man had owed him money; and he further knew that old Nathan meant to take all he could lay his hands on in payment: but he climbed resolutely upon a chair and took the things down, arguing the question, meanwhile:

"Uncle Jim said once he aimed to give this rifle gun to me. Mebbe he was fool-

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in', but I don't believe he owed ole Nathan so much, an', anyways," he muttered grimly, "I reckon Uncle Jim 'ud kind o' like fer me to git the better of that ole devil —jes' a *leetle*, anyways."

The rifle, he knew, was always loaded; there was not much powder in the horn and there were not more than a dozen bullets in the pouch, but they would last him until he could get far away. No more would he take, however, than what he thought he could get along with—one blanket from the bed and, from the fireplace, a little bacon and a pone of cornbread.

"An' I *know* Aunt Jane wouldn't 'a' keered about these leetle fixin's, fer I have to have 'em, an' I know I've earned 'em anyways."

Then he closed the door softly and caught the short, deer-skin latch-string to the wooden pin outside. With his Barlow knife, he swiftly stripped a bark string from a pawpaw bush near by, folded and tied his blanket, and was swinging the little pack to his shoulder, when the tinkle of a cow-bell came through the bushes, close at hand. Old Nance, lean and pied, was coming home; he had forgotten her, it was getting late, and he was anxious to leave for fear some neighbor might come; but there was no one to milk and, when she drew near with a low moo, he saw that her udders were full and dripping. It would hurt her to go unmilked and Chad put his things down and took up a cedar piggin from a shelf outside the cabin and did the task thoroughly—putting the strippings in a cup and, so strong was the habit in him, hurrying with both to the rude spring-house and setting them in cool running water. A moment more and he had his pack and his rifle on one shoulder and was climbing the fence at the wood-pile. There he stopped once more with a sudden thought, and wrenching loose a short axe from the face of a hickory log, staggered under the weight of his weapons up the mountain. The sun was yet an hour high and, on the spur, he leaned his rifle against the big poplar and set to work with his axe on a sapling close by—talking frankly now to the God who made him:

"I reckon You know it, but I'm a-goin' to run away now. I hain't got no daddy an' no mammy, an' I hain't nuver had none as I knows—but Aunt Jane hyeh—she's been jes like a mother to me an' I'm a-doin' fer her jes whut I wish You'd have somebody do fer my mother, ef You know whar she's a-layin'." Eight round sticks he cut swiftly—four long and four short—and with these he built a low pen, as is the custom of the mountaineers, close about the fresh mound, and, borrowing a board or two from each of the other mounds, covered the grave from the rain. Then he sunk the axe into the trunk of the great poplar as high up as he could reach—so that it could easily be seen—and, brushing the sweat from his face, he knelt down:

"God!" he said, simply, "I hain't nothin' but a boy, but I got to ack like a man now. I'm a-goin' now. I don't believe You keer much and seems like I bring ever'body bad luck: an' I'm a-goin' to live up hyeh on the mountain jus' as long as I can. I don't want you to think I'm a-complainin'—fer I ain't. Only hit does seem sort o' curious that You'd let me be down hyeh—with me a-keerin' fer nobody now, an' nobody a-keerin' fer me. But Thy ways is inscrutable—leastwise, that's whut the 'rider' says—an' I ain't got a word more to say—Amen."

Chad rose then and Jack, who had sat perfectly still, with his head cocked to one side, and his ears straight forward in wonder over this strange proceeding, sprang into the air, when Chad picked up his gun, and, with a joyful bark, circled a clump of bushes and sped back, leaping as high as the little fellow's head and trying to lick his face—for Jack was a rover, too.

The sun was low when the two waifs turned their backs upon it and started along the mountain, and the blue shadows in valley and ravine were darkening fast. Passing the head of the next cove where the two were to leave the spur and climb the mountain, Chad heard the last faint sound of a cow-bell and he stopped short, with a lump in his throat that hurt. Soon darkness fell, and, on the very top, the boy made a fire with his flint and steel, cooked a little bacon, warmed his corn-pone, munched them and, wrapping his blanket around him and letting Jack curl into the hollow of his legs and stomach, turned his face to the kindly stars and went to sleep.

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II

TWICE, during the night, Jack roused him by trying to push himself farther under the blanket and Chad rose to rebuild the fire. The third time he was awakened by the subtle prescience of dawn and his eyes opened on a flaming radiance in the east. Again from habit he started to spring hurriedly to his feet and, again sharply conscious, he lay down again. There was no wood to cut, no fire to rekindle, no water to carry from the spring, no cow to milk, no corn to hoe ; there was nothing to do—nothing. Morning after morning, with a day's hard toil at a man's task before him, what would he not have given, when old Jim called him, to have stretched his aching little legs down the folds of the thick feather-bed and slipped back into the delicious rest of sleep and dreams. Now he was his own master and, with a happy sense of freedom, he brushed the dew from his face and, shifting the chunk under his head, pulled his old cap down a little more on one side and closed his eyes. But sleep would not come and Chad had his first wonder over the perverse result of the full choice to do, or not to do. At once, the first keen savor of freedom grew less sweet to his nostrils and, straightway, he began to feel the first pressure of the chain of duties that was to be forged for him out of his perfect liberty, link by link, and he lay vaguely wondering.

Meanwhile, the lake of dull red behind the jagged lines of rose and crimson that streaked the east began to glow and look angry. A sheen of fiery vapor shot upward and spread swiftly over the miracle of mist that had been wrought in the night. An ocean of it and, white and thick as snow-dust, it filled valley, chasm, and ravine with mystery and silence up to the dark jutting points and dark waving lines of range after range that looked like breakers, surged up by some strange new law from an under-sea of foam ; motionless, it swept down the valleys, poured swift torrents through high gaps in the hills and one long noiseless cataract over a lesser range—all silent, all motionless, like a great white sea stilled in the fury of a storm. Morning after morning, the boy had looked upon just such glory, calmly watching the mist part, like the waters, for the land, and the day break, with one phrase, " Let there be light," ever in his mind—for Chad knew his Bible. And, most often, in soft splendor, trailing cloud-mist, and yellow light leaping from crest to crest, and in the singing of birds and the shining of leaves and dew—there was light.

But that morning there was a hush in the woods that Chad understood. On a sudden, a light wind scurried through the trees and showered the mist-drops down. The smoke from his fire shot through the low undergrowth, without rising, and the starting mists seemed to clutch with long, white fingers at the tree-tops, as though loath to leave the safe, warm earth for the upper air. A little later, he felt some great shadow behind him, and he turned his face to see black clouds marshalling on either flank of the heavens and fitting their black wings together, as though the retreating forces of the night were gathering for a last sweep against the east. A sword flashed blindingly from the dome high above them and, after it, came one shaking peal that might have been the command to charge, for Chad saw the black hosts start fiercely. Afar off, the wind was coming ; the trees began to sway above him, and the level sea of mist below began to swell, and the wooded breakers seemed to pitch angrily.

Challenging tongues ran quivering up the east, and the lake of red coals under them began to heave fiercely in answer. On either side the lightning leaped upward and forward, striking straight and low, sometimes, as though it were ripping up the horizon to let into the conflict the host of dropping stars. Then the artillery of the thunder crashed in earnest through the shaking heavens, and the mists below pitched like smoke belched from gigantic unseen cannon. The coming sun answered with upleaping swords of fire and, as the black thunder hosts swept overhead, Chad saw, for one moment, the whole east in a writhing storm of fire. A thick darkness rose from the first crash of battle and, with the rush of wind and rain, the mighty conflict went on unseen.

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Chad had seen other storms at sunrise, but something happened now and he could never recall the others nor ever forget this. All it meant to him, young as he was then, was unrolled slowly as the years came on —more than the first great rebellion of the powers of darkness when, in the beginning, the Master gave the first command that the seven days' work of His hand should float through space, smitten with the welcoming rays of a million suns; more than the beginning thus of light—of life; more even than the first birth of a spirit in a living thing: for, long afterward, he knew that it meant the dawn of a new consciousness to him—the birth of a new spirit within him, and the foreshadowed pain of its slow mastery over his passion-racked body and heart. Never was there a crisis, bodily or spiritual, on the battle-field or alone under the stars, that this storm did not come back to him. And, always, through all doubt, and, indeed, in the end, when it came to him for the last time on his bed of death, the slow and sullen dispersion of wind and rain on the mountain that morning far, far back in his memory, and the quick coming of the Sun-king's victorious light over the glad hills and trees held out to him the promise of a final victory to the sun-king's King over the darkness of all death and the final coming to his own brave spirit of peace and rest.

So Chad, with Jack drawn close to him, lay back, awe-stricken and with his face wet from mysterious tears. The comfort of the childish self-pity that came with every thought of himself, wandering, a lost spirit along the mountain-tops, was gone like a dream and ready in his heart was the strong new purpose to strike into the world for himself. He even took it as a good omen, when he rose, to find his fire quenched, the stopper of his powder-horn out, and the precious black grains scattered hopelessly on the wet earth. There were barely more than three charges left, and something had to be done at once. First, he must get farther away from old Nathan: the neighbors might search for him and find him and take him back.

So he started out, brisk and shivering, along the ridge path with Jack bouncing before him. An hour later, he came upon a hollow tree, filled with doty wood which he could tear out with his hands and he built a fire and broiled a little more bacon. Jack got only a bit this time and barked reproachfully for more; but Chad shook his head and the dog started out, with both eyes open, to look for his own food. The sun was high enough now to make the drenched world flash like an emerald and its warmth felt good, as Chad tramped the topmost edge of the Big Black, where the brush was not thick and where, indeed, he often found a path running a short way and turning into some ravine—the trail of cattle and sheep and the pathway between one little valley settlement and another. He must have made ten miles and more by noon—for he was a sturdy walker and as tireless almost as Jack—and ten miles is a long way in the mountains, even now. So, already, Chad was far enough away to have no fear of pursuit, even if old Nathan wanted him back, which was doubtful. On the top of the next point, Jack treed a squirrel and Chad took a rest and brought him down, shot through the head and, then and there, skinned and cooked him and divided with Jack squarely.

"Jack" he said, as he reloaded his gun, "we can't keep this up much longer. I hain't got more'n two more loads o' powder here."

And, thereupon, Jack leaped suddenly in the air and, turning quite around, lighted with his nose pointed where it had before he sprang. Chad cocked the old gun and stepped forward. A low hissing whir rose a few feet to one side of the path and, very carefully, the boy climbed a fallen trunk and edged his way, very carefully, toward the sound: and there, by a dead limb and with his ugly head reared three inches above his coil of springs, was a rattlesnake. The sudden hate in the boy's face was curious—it was instinctive, primitive, deadly. He must shoot off-hand now and he looked down the long barrel, shaded with tin, until the sight caught on one of the beady, unblinking eyes and pulled the trigger. Jack leaped with the sound, in spite of Chad's yell of warning, which was useless, for the ball had gone true and the poison was set loose in the black, crushed head.

"Jack," said Chad, "we just *got* to go down now."

So they went on swiftly through the heat of the early afternoon. It was very silent

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up there. Now and then, a brilliant blue-jay would lilt from a stunted oak with the flute-like love-notes of spring; or a lonely little brown fellow would hop with a low chirp from one bush to another as though he had been lost up there for years and had grown quite hopeless about seeing his kind again. When there was a gap in the mountains, he could hear the querulous, senseless love-quarrel of flickers going on below him; passing a deep ravine, the note of the wood-thrush—that shy lyrist of the hills—might rise to him from a dense covert of maple and beech: or, with a startling call, a red-crested cock of the woods would beat his white-striped wings from spur to spur, as though he were keeping close to the long swells of an unseen sea. Several times, a pert flicker squatting like a knot to a dead limb or the crimson plume of a cock of the woods, as plain as a splash of blood on a wall of vivid green, tempted him to let loose his last load, but he withstood them. A little later, he saw a fresh bear-track near a spring below the head of a ravine; and, later still, he heard the far-away barking of a hound and a deer leaped lightly into an open sunny spot and stood with uplifted hoof and pointed ears. This was too much and the boy's gun followed his heart to his throat, but the buck sprang lightly into the bush and vanished noiselessly.

The sun had dropped midway between the zenith and the blue bulk of Pine Mountain now and, at the next gap, a broader path ran through it and down the mountain. This, Chad knew, led to a settlement and, with a last look of choking farewell to his own world, he turned down. At once, the sense of possible human companionship was curiously potent: at once, the boy's half-wild manner changed and, though alert and still watchful, he whistled cheerfully to Jack, threw his gun over his shoulder, and walked erect and confident. His pace slackened. Carelessly now his feet tramped beds of soft, exquisite moss and lone little settlements, of forget-me-nots, and his long rifle-barrel brushed laurel blossoms down in a shower behind him. Once even, he picked up one of the pretty bells and looked idly at it, turning it bottom upward. The waxen cup might have blossomed from a tiny waxen star. There was a little green star for a calyx; above this, a little white star with its prongs outstretched—tiny arms to hold up the pink-flecked chalice for the rain and dew. There came a time when he thought of it as a star-blossom; but now his greedy tongue swept the honey from it and he dropped it without another thought to the ground. At the first spur down which the road turned he could see smoke in the valley. The laurel blooms and rhododendron bells hung in thicker clusters and of a deeper pink. Here and there was a blossoming wild cucumber and an umbrella-tree with huger flowers and leaves; and, sometimes, a giant magnolia with a thick creamy flower that the boy could not have spanned with both hands and big, thin oval leaves, a man's stride from tip to stem. Soon he was below the sunlight and in the cool shadows where the water ran noisily and the air hummed with the wings of bees. On the last spur, he came upon a cow browsing on sassafras-bushes right in the path and the last shadow of his loneliness straightway left him. She was old, mild, and unfearing, and she started down the road in front of him as though she thought he had come to drive her home, or as though she knew he was homeless and was leading him to shelter. A little farther on, the river flashed up a welcome to him through the trees and at the edge of the water, her mellow bell led him down stream and he followed. In the next hollow, he stooped to drink from a branch that ran across the road and, when he rose to start again, his bare feet stopped as though riven suddenly to the ground; for, half way up the next low slope, was another figure as motionless as his—with a bare head, bare feet, a startled face and wide eyes—but motionless only until the eyes met his: then there was a flash of bright hair and scarlet homespun, and the little feet, that had trod down the centuries to meet his, left the earth as though they had wings and Chad saw them, in swift flight, pass silently over the hill. The next moment, Jack came too near the old brindle and, with a sweep of her horns at him and a toss of tail and heels in the air, she, too, swept over the slope and on, until the sound of her bell passed out of hearing. Even to-day, in lonely parts of the Cumberland, the sudden coming of a stranger may put women

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and children to flight—something like this had happened before to Chad—but the sudden desertion and the sudden silence drew him in a flash back to the lonely cabin he had left and the lonely graves under the big poplar and, with a quivering lip, he sat down. Jack, too, dropped to his haunches and sat hopeless, but not for long. The chill of night was coming on and Jack was getting hungry. So he rose presently and trotted ahead and squatted again, looking back and waiting. But still Chad sat irresolute and, in a moment, Jack heard something that disturbed him, for he threw his ears toward the top of the hill and, with a growl, trotted back to Chad and sat close to him, looking up the slope. Chad rose then with his thumb on the lock of his gun and over the hill came a tall figure and a short one, about Chad's size; and a dog, with white feet and white face, that was bigger than Jack: and behind them, three more figures, one of which was the tallest of the group. All stopped when they saw Chad, who dropped the butt of his gun at once to the ground. At once the strange dog, with a low snarl started down toward the two little strangers with his yellow ears pointed, the hair bristling along his back, and his teeth in sight. Jack answered the challenge with an eager whimper, but dropped his tail, at Chad's sharp command—for Chad did not care to meet the world as an enemy, when he was looking for a friend. The group stood dumb with astonishment for a moment and the small boy's mouth was wide-open with surprise, but the strange dog came on with his tail rigid and lifting his feet high.

"Begone!" said Chad, sharply, but the dog would not begone; he still came on as though bent on a fight.

"Call yo' dog off," Chad called aloud. "My dog'll kill him. You better call him off," he called again, in some concern, but the tall boy in front laughed scornfully.

"Let's see him," he said, and the small one laughed, too.

Chad's eyes flashed—no boy can stand an insult to his dog—and the curves of his open lips snapped together in a straight red line. "All right," he said, placidly, and, being tired, he dropped back on a stone by the wayside to await results. The very tone of his voice struck all shackles of restraint from Jack, who, with a springy trot, went forward slowly, as though he were making up a definite plan of action; for Jack had a fighting way of his own, which Chad knew.

"Sick him, Whizzer!" shouted the tall boy, and the group of five hurried eagerly down the hill and halted in a half circle about Jack and Chad: so that it looked an uneven conflict, indeed, for the two waifs from over Black Mountain.

The strange dog was game and wasted no time. With a bound he caught Jack by the throat, tossed him several feet away, and sprang for him again. Jack seemed helpless against such strength and fury, but Chad's face was as placid as though it had been Jack who was playing the winning game. Jack himself seemed little disturbed; he took his punishment without an outcry of rage or pain. You would have thought he had quietly come to the conclusion that all he could hope to do was to stand the strain until his opponent had worn himself out. But that was not Jack's game, and Chad knew it. The tall boy was chuckling, and his brother of Chad's age was bent almost double with delight.

"Kill my dawg, will he?" he cried, shrilly.

"Oh, Lawdy!" groaned the tall one.

Jack was much bitten and chewed by this time, and, while his pluck and purpose seemed unchanged, Chad had risen to his feet and was beginning to look anxious. The three silent spectators behind pressed forward and, for the first time, one of these—the tallest of the group—spoke:

"Take yo' dawg off, Daws," he said, with quiet authority; but Daws shook his head, and the little brother looked indignant.

"He said he'd kill him," said Daws, tauntingly.

"Yo' dawg's bigger and hit ain't fair," said the other again and, seeing Chad's worried look, he pressed suddenly forward; but Chad had begun to smile, and was sitting down on his stone again. Jack had leaped this time, with his first growl during the fight, and Whizzer gave a sharp cry of surprise and pain. Jack had caught him by the throat, close behind the jaws, and the big dog shook and growled and shook again. Sometimes Jack was lifted

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quite from the ground, but he seemed clamped to his enemy to stay. Indeed he shut his eyes, finally, and seemed to go quite to sleep. The big dog threshed madly and swung and twisted, howling with increasing pain and terror and increasing weakness, while Jack's face was as peaceful as though he were a puppy once more and hanging to his mother's neck instead of her breast, asleep. By and by, Whizzer ceased to shake and began to pant; and, thereupon, Jack took his turn at shaking, gently at first, but with maddening regularity and without at all loosening his hold. The big dog was too weak to resist soon and, when Jack began to jerk savagely, Whizzer began to gasp.

"You take *yo'* dawg off," called Daws, sharply.

Chad never moved.

"Will you say 'nough for him?" he asked, quietly; and the tall one of the silent three laughed.

"Call him off, I tell ye," repeated Daws, savagely; but again Chad never moved, and Daws started for a club. Chad's new friend came forward.

"Hol' on, now, hol' on," he said, easily. "None o' that, I reckon."

Daws stopped with an oath. "Whut you got to do with this, Tom Turner?"

"You started this fight," said Tom.

"I don't keer ef I did—take him off," Daws answered, savagely.

"Will you say 'nough fer him?" said Chad again, and again tall Tom chuckled. The little brother clenched his fists and turned white with fear for Whizzer and fury for Chad, while Daws looked at the tall Turner, shook his head from side to side, like a balking steer, and dropped his eyes:

"Y-e-s," he said, sullenly.

"Say it, then," said Chad, and this time tall Tom roared aloud, and even his two silent brothers laughed. Again Daws, with a furious oath, started for the dogs with his club, but Chad's ally stepped between.

"You say 'nough, Daws Dillon," he said, and Daws looked into the quiet half-smiling face and at the stalwart two grinning behind.

"Takin' up agin yo' neighbors fer a wood-colt, air ye?"

"I'm a-takin' up fer what's right and fair. How do you know he's a wood-colt—an' suppose he is? You say 'nough now, or——"

Again Daws looked at the dogs. Jack had taken a fresh grip and was shaking savagely and steadily. Whizzer's tongue was out—once his throat rattled.

"'Nough!" growled Daws, angrily, and the word was hardly jerked from his lips before Chad was on his feet and prying Jack's jaws apart. "He ain't much hurt," he said, looking at the hold which Jack had had—which was bloody—"but he'd a-killed him though, he al'ays does. Thar ain't no chance fer *no* dog, when Jack gits *that* holt."

Then he raised his eyes and looked into the quivering face of the owner of the dog—the little fellow—who, with the bellow of a yearling bull, sprang at him. Again Chad's lips took the straight line and being on his knees was an advantage, for, as he sprang up, he got both underholds and there was a mighty tussle, the spectators yelling with frantic delight.

"Trip him, Tad," shouted Daws, fiercely.

"Stick to him, little un," shouted Tom, and his brothers, stoical Dolph and Rube, danced about madly. Even with underholds, Chad, being much the shorter of the two, had no advantage that he did not need, and, with a sharp thud, the two fierce little bodies struck the road side by side, spurting up a cloud of dust.

"Dawg—fall!" cried Rube, and Dolph rushed forward to pull the combatants apart.

"He don't fight fair," said Chad, panting, and rubbing his right eye which his enemy had tried to "gouge;" "but lemme at him—I can fight thataway, too." Tom held them apart.

"You're too little, and he don't fight fair. I reckon you better go on home—you two—an' yo' mean dawg," he said to Daws; and the two Dillons—the one sullen and the other crying with rage—moved away with Whizzer slinking close to the ground after them. But at the top of the hill both turned with bantering yells, derisive wriggling of their fingers at their noses, and with other rude gestures. And thereupon Dolph and Rube wanted to go after them, but the tall brother stopped them with a word.

"That's about all they're fit fer," he

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said, contemptuously, and he turned to Chad.

"Whar you from, little man, an' whar you goin', an' what yo' name be?"

Chad told his name, and where he was from, and stopped.

"Whar you goin'?" said Tom again, without a word or look of comment.

Chad knew the disgrace and the suspicion that his answer was likely to generate, but he looked his questioner in the face fearlessly.

"I don't know whar I'm goin'."

The big fellow looked at him keenly, but kindly.

"You ain't lyin' an' I reckon you better come with us." He turned for the first time to his brothers and the two nodded.

"You an' yo' dawg, though Mammy don't like dawgs much; but you air a stranger an' you ain't afeerd an' you can fight—you an' yo' dawg—an' I know Dad'll take ye both in."

So Chad and Jack followed the long strides of the three over the hill and to the bend of the river, where were three long cane fishing-poles with their butts stuck in the mud—the three had been fishing, when the flying figure of the little girl told them of the coming of a stranger into those lonely wilds. Taking these up, they strode on—Chad after them and Jack trotting, in cheerful confidence, behind. It is probable that Jack noticed, as soon as Chad, the swirl of smoke rising from a broad ravine that spread into broad fields, skirted by the great sweep of the river, for he sniffed the air sharply, and trotted suddenly ahead. It was a cheering sight for Chad. Two negro slaves were coming from work in a corn-field close by, and Jack's hair rose when he saw them, and, with a growl, he slunk behind his master. Dazed, Chad looked at them.

"Whut've them fellers got on their faces?" he asked. Tom laughed.

"Hain't you nuver seed a nigger afore?" he asked.

Chad shook his head.

"Lots o' folks from yo' side o' the mountains nuver have seed a nigger," said Tom. "Sometimes hit skeers 'em."

"Hit don't skeer me," said Chad.

At the gate of the barn-yard, in which was a log stable with a deeply sloping roof, stood the old brindle cow, who turned to look at Jack, and as Chad followed the three brothers through the yard gate, he saw a slim scarlet figure vanish swiftly from the porch into the house.

In a few minutes, Chad was inside the big log-cabin and before a big log fire, with Jack between his knees and turning his soft human eyes keenly from one to another of the group about his little master, telling how the mountain cholera had carried off the man and the woman who had been father and mother to him, and their children; at which the old mother nodded her head in growing sympathy, for there were two fresh mounds in her own graveyard on the point of a low hill not far away; how old Nathan Cherry, whom he hated, had wanted to bind him out, and how, rather than have Jack mistreated and himself be ill-used, he had run away along the mountain-top; how he had slept one night under a log with Jack to keep him warm; how he had eaten sassafras and birch bark and had gotten drink from the green water-bulbs of the wild honey-suckle; and how, on the second day, being hungry, and without powder for his gun, he had started, when the sun sank, for the shadows of the valley at the mouth of Kingdom Come. Before he was done the old mother knocked the ashes from her clay pipe and quietly went into the kitchen, and Jack, for all his good-manners, could not restrain a whine of eagerness when he heard the crackle of bacon in a frying-pan and the delicious smell of it struck his quivering nostrils. After dark old Joel, the father of the house, came in—a giant in size and a mighty hunter—and he slapped his big thighs and roared until the rafters seemed to shake when tall Tom told him about the dog-fight and the boy-fight with the family in the next cove: for already the clanship was forming that was to add the last horror to the coming great war and prolong that horror for nearly half a century after its close.

By and by, the scarlet figure of little Melissa came shyly out of the dark shadows behind and drew shyly closer and closer, until she was crouched in the chimney corner with her face shaded from the fire by one hand and a tangle of yellow hair, listening and watching him with her big, solemn eyes, quite fearlessly. Already

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the house was full of children and dependents, but no word passed between old Joel and the old mother, for no word was necessary. Two waifs who had so suffered and who could so fight could have a home under that roof if they pleased, forever. And Chad's sturdy little body lay deep in a feather bed, and the friendly shadows from a big fire-place flickered hardly thrice over him before he was asleep. And Jack, for that night at least, was allowed to curl up by the covered coals, or stretch out his tired feet, if he pleased, to a warmth that in all the nights of his life, perhaps, he had never known before.

III

CHAD was wakened by the touch of a cold nose at his ear, the rasp of a warm tongue across his face, and the tug of two paws at his cover. "Git down, Jack!" he said, and Jack, with a whimper of satisfaction, went back to the fire that was roaring up the chimney, and a deep voice laughed and called:

"I reckon you'd better git *up*, little man!"

Old Joel was seated at the fire with his huge legs crossed and a pipe in his mouth. It was before dawn, but the household was busily astir. There was the sound of tramping in the frosty air outside and the noise of getting breakfast ready in the kitchen. As Chad sprang up, he saw Melissa's yellow hair drop out of sight behind the foot of the bed in the next corner, and he turned his face quickly, and, slipping behind the foot of his own bed and into his coat and trousers, was at the fire himself, with old Joel looking him over with shrewd kindness.

"Yo' dawg's got a heap o' sense," said the old hunter, and Chad told him how old Jack was, and how a cattle-buyer from the "settlements" of the Bluegrass had given him to Chad when Jack was badly hurt and his owner thought he was going to die. And how Chad had nursed him and how the two had always been together ever since. Through the door of the kitchen Chad could see the old mother with her crane and pots and cooking-pans; outside he could hear the moo of the old brindle, the bleat of her calf, the nicker of a horse, one lusty sheep-call, and the hungry bellow of young cattle at the barn, where tall Tom was feeding the stock. Presently Rube stamped in with a back log and Dolph came through with a milk-pail.

"I can milk," said Chad eagerly, and Dolph laughed.

"All right, I'll give ye a chance," he said, and old Joel looked pleased, for it was plain that the little stranger was not going to be a drone in the household, and taking his pipe from his mouth but without turning his head he called out:

"Git up thar, Melissy."

Getting no answer, he looked around to find Melissa standing at the foot of the bed.

"Come here to the fire, little gal, nobody's goin' to eat ye."

Melissa came forward, twisting her hands in front of her, and stood, rubbing one bare foot over the other on the hearthstones. She turned her face with a blush when Chad suddenly looked at her, and thereafter the little man gazed steadily into the fire in order to embarrass her no more.

With the breaking of light over the mountain, breakfast was over and the work of the day began. Tom was off to help a neighbor "snake" logs down the mountain and into Kingdom Come, where they would be "rafted" and floated on down the river to the capital—if a summer tide should come—to be turned into fine houses for the people of the Bluegrass. Dolph and Rube disappeared at old Joel's order to "go meet them sheep." Melissa helped her mother clear away the table and wash the dishes; and Chad, out of the tail of his eye, saw her surreptitiously feeding greedy Jack, while old Joel still sat by the fire smoking silently. Chad stepped outside. The air was chill, but the mists were rising and a long band of rich, warm light lay over a sloping spur up the river, and where this met the blue morning shadows the dew was beginning to drip and to sparkle. Chad could not stand inaction long, and his eye lighted up when he heard a great bleating at the foot of the spur and the shouts of men

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and boys. Just then the old mother called from the rear of the cabin :

"Joel, them sheep air comin' ! "

The big form of the old hunter filled the doorway and Jack bounded out between his legs, while little Melissa appeared with two books, ready for school. Down the road came the flock of lean mountain sheep, with Dolph and Rube behind them and Daws Dillon and Whizzer and little Tad, and Daws's father, old Tad, long, lean, stooping, crafty.

"Joel Turner," he said, sourly, "here's yo' sheep ! "

Joel had bought the Dillons' sheep and meant to drive them down to the county-seat ten miles down the river. There had been a disagreement between the two when the trade was made, for Joel pulled out a gray pouch of coonskin, took from it a roll of bills, and without counting them held them out.

"Tad Dillon," he said, shortly, "here's yo' money ! "

The Dillon father gave possession with a gesture and the Dillon faction, including Whizzer, drew aside together—the father morose ; Daws watching Dolph and Rube with a look of much meanness; little Tad behind him, watching Chad, his face screwed up with hate ; and Whizzer, pretending not to see Jack, but darting a surreptitious glance at him now and then, for then and there was starting a feud that was to run fiercely on, long after the war was done.

"Git my hoss, Rube," said old Joel, and Rube turned to the stable, while Dolph kept an eye on the sheep, which were lying on the road or straggling down the river. As Rube opened the stable door a dirty white object bounded out, and Rube, with a loud curse, tumbled over backward into the mud while a fierce old ram dashed with a triumphant bleat for the open gate. Beelzebub, as the mother had christened the mischievous brute, had been placed in the wrong stall and was making for freedom. He gave another triumphant baa as he swept between Dolph's legs and through the gate, and, with an answering chorus, the silly sheep sprang to their feet and followed. A sheep hates water, but not more than he loves a leader, and Beelzebub feared nothing. Straight for the water of the low ford the old conqueror made and, in the wake of his masterful summons the flock swept, like a Mormon household, after him. Then was there a commotion indeed. Old Joel shouted and swore ; Dolph shouted and swore ; and Rube shouted and swore. Old Dillon smiled grimly, Daws shouted with laughter, and so did little Tad. The mother came to the door, broom in hand, and, with a frowning face, watched the sheep splash through the water and into the woods across the river. Little Melissa looked frightened. Whizzer, losing his head, had run down after the sheep, barking and hastening their flight, until called back with a mighty curse from old Joel, while Jack sat on his haunches looking at Chad and waiting for orders.

"Goddlemighty ! " said Joel, "how air we goin' to git them sheep back? " Up and up rose the bleating and baaing, for Beelzebub, like the prince of devils that he was, seemed bent on making all the mischief that he could.

"How *air* we goin' to git 'em back? "

Chad nodded then, and Jack with an eager yelp made for the river—Whizzer at his heels. Again old Joel yelled furiously, as did Dolph and Rube, and Whizzer stopped and turned back with a drooping tail, but Jack plunged in. He knew but one voice behind him and Chad's was not in the chorus.

"Call yo' dawg back, boy," said Joel, sternly, and Chad opened his lips with anything but a call for Jack to come back—it was instead a fine high yell of encouragement and old Joel was speechless.

"That dawg'll kill them sheep," said Daws Dillon aloud.

Joel's face was red and his eyes rolled.

"Call that damned feist back, I tell ye," he shouted at last. "Hyeh, Rube git my gun, git my gun ! "

Rube started for the house, but Chad laughed. Jack had reached the other bank now, and was flashing like a ball of gray light through the weeds and up into the woods ; and Chad slipped down the bank and into the river, hieing him on excitedly.

Joel was beside himself and he, too, lumbered down to the river, followed by Dolph, while the Dillons laughed loudly from the road.

"Boy ! " he roared. "Eh, boy, eh !

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what's his name, Dolph? Call him back, Dolph, call the little devil back. If I don't wear him out with a hickory; holler fer 'em, damn 'em! Heh-o-oo-ee!" The old hunter's bellow rang through the woods like a dinner-horn. Dolph was shouting, too, but Jack and Chad seemed to have gone stone-deaf; and Rube, who had run down with his gun, started with an oath into the river himself, but Joel halted him.

"Hol' on, hol' on!" he said, listening. "He's a-roundin' 'em up!" The sheep were evidently much scattered, to judge from the bleating; but here, there, and everywhere, they could hear Jack's bark, while Chad seemed to have stopped in the woods and, from one place, was shouting orders to his dog. Plainly, Jack was no sheep-killer and by and by Dolph and Rube left off shouting, and old Joel's face became placid; and all of them from swearing helplessly fell to waiting quietly. Soon the bleating became less and less, and began to concentrate on the mountain-side. Not far below, they could hear Chad:

"Coo-oo-sheep! Coo-oo-sh'p-cooshy-cooshy-coo-oo-sheep!"

The sheep were answering. They were coming down a ravine, and Chad's voice rang out above:

"Somebody come across, an' stand on each side o' the holler."

Dolph and Rube waded across then, and soon the sheep came crowding down the narrow ravine with Jack barking behind them and Chad shooing them down. But for Dolph and Rube, Beelzebub would have led them up or down the river, and it was hard work to get him into the water until Jack, who seemed to know what the matter was, sharply nipped several sheep near him. These sprang violently forward, the whole flock in front pushed forward, too, and Beelzebub was thrust from the bank. Nothing else being possible, the old ram settled himself with a snort into the water and made for the other shore. Chad and Jack followed and, when they reached the road, Beelzebub was again a prisoner; the sheep, swollen like sponges, were straggling down the river, and Dillons and Turners were standing around in silence. Jack shook himself and dropped panting in the dust at his master's feet, without so much as an upward glance or a lift of his head for a pat of praise. As old Joel raised one foot heavily to his stirrup, he grunted, quietly:

"Well, I be damned." And when he was comfortably in his saddle he said again, with unction:

"I *do* be damned. I'll just take that dawg to help drive them sheep down to town. Come on, boy."

Chad started joyfully, but the old mother called from the door: "Who's a-goin' to take this gal to school, I'd like to know?"

Old Joel pulled in his horse, straightened one leg, and looked all around—first at the Dillons, who had started away, then at Dolph and Rube, who were moving determinedly after the sheep (it was Court Day in town and they could not miss Court Day), and then at Chad, who halted.

"Boy," he said, "don't you want to go to school—you ought to go to school?"

"Yes," said Chad, obediently, though the trip to town—and Chad had never been to a town—was a sore temptation.

"Go on, then, an' tell the teacher I sent ye. Here, Mammy—eh, what's yo' name, boy? Oh, Mammy—Chad, here, 'll take her. Take good keer o' that gal, boy, an' learn yo' a-b-abs like a man now."

Melissa came shyly forward from the door and Joel whistled to Jack and called him, but Jack, though he liked nothing better than to drive sheep, lay still, looking at Chad.

"Go 'long, Jack," said Chad, and Jack sprang up and was off, though he stopped again and looked back, and Chad had to tell him again to go on. In a moment dog, men, and sheep were moving in a cloud of dust around a bend in the road and little Melissa was at the gate.

"Take good keer of 'Lissy," said the mother from the porch, kindly; and Chad, curiously touched all at once by the trust shown him, took the little girl's basket and, like a little savage, stalked ahead, while Melissa followed silently behind. Not once did Chad look around or speak on the way up the river and past the blacksmith's shop and the mill just beyond the mouth of Kingdom Come; but when they arrived at the log schoolhouse it was his turn to be shy and he hung back to let her go in first. Within there was no floor but the bare earth, no

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window but the cracks between the logs, and no desks but the flat sides of slabs held up by wobbling pegs. On one side were girls in linsey and homespun—some thin undersized, underfed, and with weak, dispirited eyes and yellow towzled hair; others, round-faced, round-eyed, dark, and sturdy; most of them large-waisted and round-shouldered — especially the older ones—from work in the fields; but, now and then, one, the daughter of a valley-farmer, erect, agile, spirited, intelligent. On the other side were the boys, in physical characteristics the same and suggesting the same social divisions: at the top the farmer—now and then a slave-holder and perhaps of gentle blood—who had dropped by the way on the westward march of civilization and had cleared some rich river bottom and a neighboring summit of the Big Black, where he sent his sheep and cattle to graze; where a creek opened into this valley some free-settler, whose grandfather had fought at King's Mountain—usually of Scotch-Irish descent, often English, but sometimes German or sometimes even Huguenot—would have his rude home of logs; under these, and in wretched cabins at the head of the creek or on the washed spur of the mountain above, or in some "deadenin'" still higher up and swept by mists and low-trailing clouds, the poor white trash—worthless descendants of the servile and sometimes criminal class who traced their origin back to the slums of London, hand-to-mouth tenants of the valley-aristocrat, hewers of wood for him in the lowlands and upland guardians of his cattle and sheep. And finally, walking up and down the earth floor—stern and smooth of face and of a preternatural dignity hardly to be found elsewhere—the mountain schoolmaster.

It was a "blab school," as the mountaineers characterize a school in which the pupils study aloud, and the droning chorus—as shrill as locust cries—ceased suddenly when Chad came in, and every eye was turned on him with a sexless gaze of curiosity that made his face redden and his heart throb. But he forgot them when the schoolmaster pierced him with eyes that seemed to shoot from under his heavy brows like a strong light from deep darkness. Chad met them, nor did his chin droop, and Caleb Hazel saw that the boy's face was frank and honest, and that his eye was fearless and kind, and, without question, he motioned to a seat—with one wave of his hand setting Chad on the corner of a slab and the studious drone to vibrating again. When the boy ventured to glance around, he saw Daws Dillon in one corner, making a face at him, and little Tad scowling from behind a book, and on the other side and among the girls he saw another hostile face — next little Melissa — which had the pointed chin and the narrow eyes of the "Dillon breed," as old Joel called the family, whose farm was at the mouth of Kingdom Come and whose boundary touched his. When the first morning recess came—"little recess," as it was called—the master kept Chad in and asked him his name; if he had ever been to school, and whether he knew his A B C's; and he showed no surprise when Chad, without shame, told him no. So the master got Melissa's spelling-book and pointed out the first seven letters of the alphabet, and made him repeat them three times—watching Chad's earnest, wrinkling brow closely and with growing interest. When school "took up" again Chad was told to say them aloud in concert with the others—which he did, until he could repeat them without looking at his book, and the master saw him thus saying them while his eyes roved around the room, and he nodded to himself with satisfaction—for he was accustomed to visible communion with himself, in school and out. At noon—"big recess"—Melissa gave Chad some cornbread and bacon, and the boys gathered around him, while the girls looked at him curiously, merely because he was a stranger, and some of them—especially the Dillon girl—whispered, and Chad blushed and was uncomfortable, for once the Dillon girl laughed unkindly. The boys had no games, but they jumped and threw "rocks" with great accuracy at a little birch-tree, and Daws and Tad always spat on their stones and pointed with the forefinger of the left hand first at what they were to throw at, while Chad sat to one side and took no part, though he longed to show them what he could do. By and by they fell to wrestling, and finally Tad bantered him for a trial. Chad hesitated, and his late enemy misunderstood.

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"I'll give ye both underholts again," he said, loftily, "you're afeerd!"

This was too much, and Chad sprang to his feet and grappled, disdaining the proffered advantage, and got hurled to the ground, his head striking the earth violently, and making him so dizzy that the brave smile with which he took his fall looked rather sickly and pathetic.

"Yes, an' Whizzer can whoop yo' dawg, too," said Tad, and Chad saw that he was going to have trouble with those Dillons, for Daws winked at the other boys, and the Dillon girl laughed again scornfully—at which Chad saw Melissa's eyes flash and her hands clench as, quite unconsciously, she moved toward him to take his part; and all at once he was glad that he had nobody else to champion him.

"You wouldn' dare tech him if one of my brothers was here," she said, indignantly, "an' don't you dare tech him again, Tad Dillon. An' you—" she said, witheringly, "you—" she repeated and stopped helpless for the want of words, but her eyes spoke with the fierce authority of the Turner clan, and its dominant power for half a century, and Nancy Dillon shrank, though she turned and made a spiteful face, when Melissa walked toward the schoolhouse alone.

That afternoon was the longest of Chad's life—it seemed as though it would never come to an end; for Chad had never sat so still or so long. His throat got dry repeating the dreary round of letters over and over and his head ached and he fidgeted in his chair while the slow hours passed and the sun went down behind the mountain and left the schoolhouse in rapidly cooling shadows. His heart leaped when the last class was heard and the signal was given that meant freedom for the little prisoners; but Melissa sat pouting in her seat—she had missed her lesson and must be kept in for a while. So Chad, too, kept his seat and the master heard him say his letters, without the book, and nodded his head as though to say to himself that such quickness was exactly what he had looked for. By the time Chad had learned down to the letter O Melissa was ready, for she was quick too and it was her anger that made her miss; and the two started home, Chad stalking ahead once more. To save him, he could not say a word of thanks, but how he wished that a bear or a wild-cat would spring into the road! He would fight it with teeth and naked hands to show her how he felt and to save her from harm. The sunlight still lay warm and yellow far under the crest of Pine Mountain, and they had not gone far when Caleb Hazel overtook them and with long strides forged ahead. The schoolmaster "boarded around" and it was his week with the Turners, and Chad was glad, for he already loved the tall, gaunt, awkward man who asked him question after question so kindly—loved him as much as he revered and feared him—and the boy's artless, sturdy answers in turn pleased Caleb Hazel. And when Chad told him who had given him Jack the master began to talk about the far-away, curious country of which the cattle-dealer had told Chad so much, where the land was level and there were no mountains at all; where on one farm might be more sheep, cattle, and slaves than Chad had seen in all his life; where the people lived in big houses of stone and brick—what brick was Chad could not imagine—and rode along hard roads in shiny covered wagons, with two "niggers" on a high seat in front and one little "nigger" behind to open gates, and were proud and very high-heeled indeed; where there were towns that had more people than a whole county in the mountains, with rock roads running through them in every direction and narrow rock paths along these roads—like rows of hearthstones—for the people to walk on—the land of the bluegrass—the "settlemints of old Kaintuck." And there were churches everywhere as tall as trees and schoolhouses a-plenty; and big schools, called colleges, to which the boys went when they were through with the little schools. The master had gone to one of these colleges for a year, and he was trying to make enough money to go again. And Chad must go some day, too; there was no reason why he shouldn't, since any boy could do anything he pleased if he only made up his mind and worked hard and never gave up. The master was an orphan, too, he said with a slow smile; he had been an orphan for a long while, and indeed the lonely struggle of his own boyhood was what was helping to draw him to Chad. This college, he said, was a

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huge brown house as big as a cliff that the master pointed out, that, gray and solemn, towered high above the river; and with a rock porch bigger than another great bowlder that hung just under the cliff, with twenty long, long stone steps to climb before one came to the big double front door.

"How do you git thar?" asked Chad, breathlessly, while Melissa suddenly felt a foreboding discomfort at the possible loss of her play-fellow some day. The master had walked, and it took him a week. A good horse could make the trip in four days, and the river men floated logs down the river to the capital in eight or ten days, according to the "tide." "When did they go? In the spring, when the 'tides' came. The Turners went down, didn't they, Melissa?" And Melissa said that her brother Tom made one trip, and that Dolph and Rube were "might' nigh crazy" to go that coming spring, and, thereupon, a mighty resolution filled Chad's heart to the brim and steadied his eyes, but he did not open his lips then.

Dusk was settling when the Turner cabin came in sight. None of the men-folks had come home yet, and the mother was worried; there was wood to cut and the cows to milk, and Chad's friend, old Betsey the brindle, had strayed off again; but she was glad to see Caleb Hazel, who, without a word, went out to the wood-pile, took off his coat, and swung the axe with mighty arms, while Chad carried in the wood and piled it in the kitchen, and the two went after the old brindle together.

When they got back there was a great tumult at the cabin. Tom had brought some friends from over the mountain, and had told the neighbors as he came along that there was going to be a party at his house that night.

So there was a great bustle about the barn where Rube was getting the stock fed and the milking done; and around the kitchen, where Dolph was cutting more wood and piling it up at the door. Inside, the mother was hurrying up supper with Sintha, an older daughter, who had just come home from a visit, and Melissa helping her, while old Joel sat by the fire in the sleeping-room and smoked, with Jack lying on the hearth, or anywhere he pleased, for Jack, with his gentle ways, was winning the household one by one. He sprang up when he heard Chad's voice, and flew at him, jumping up and pawing him affectionately and licking his face while Chad hugged him and talked to him as though he were human and a brother; never before had the two been separated for a day. So, while the master helped Rube at the barn and Chad helped Dolph at the woodpile, Jack hung about his master—tired and hungry as he was and much as he wanted to be by the fire or waiting in the kitchen for a sly bit from Melissa, whom he knew at once as the best of his new friends. After supper, Dolph got out his banjo and played "Shady Grove," and "Blind Coon Dog," and "Sugar Hill" and "Gamblin' Man," while Chad's eyes glistened and his feet shuffled under his chair. And when Dolph put the rude thing down on the bed and went into the kitchen, Chad edged toward it and, while old Joel was bragging about Jack to the schoolmaster, he took hold of it with trembling fingers and touched the strings timidly. Then he looked around cautiously: nobody was paying any attention to him and he took it up into his lap and began to pick, ever so softly. Nobody saw him but Melissa, who slipped quietly to the back of the room and drew near him. Softly and swiftly Chad's fingers worked and Melissa could scarcely hear the sound of the banjo under her father's loud voice, but she could make out that he was playing a tune that still vibrates unceasingly from the Pennsylvania border to the pine-covered hills of Georgia—"Sourwood Mountain." Melissa held her breath while she listened—Dolph could not play like that—and by and by she slipped quietly to her father and pulled his sleeve and pointed to Chad. Old Joel stopped talking, but Chad never noticed: his head was bent over the neck of the banjo, his body was swaying rhythmically, his chubby fingers were going like lightning, and his eyes were closed—the boy was fairly lost to the world. The tune came out in the sudden silence, clean-cut and swinging:

Heh-o-dee-um-dee-eedle-dahdee-dee!

rang the strings and old Joel's eyes danced.

"Sing it, boy!" he roared, "sing it!" And Chad sprang from the bed, on fire

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with confusion and twisting his fingers helplessly. He looked almost frightened when Dolph ran back into the room and cried:

"Who was that a-pickin' that banjer?"

It was not often that Dolph showed such excitement, but he had good cause, and, when he saw Chad standing, shame-faced and bashful, in the middle of the floor, and Melissa joyously pointing her finger at him, he caught up the banjo from the bed and put it into the boy's hands. "Here, you just play that tune agin!"

Chad shrank back, half distressed and half happy, and only a hail outside from the first of the coming guests saved him from utter confusion. Once started, they came swiftly, and in half an hour all were there. Each got a hearty welcome from old Joel, who, with a wink and a laugh and a nod to the old mother, gave a hearty squeeze to some buxom girl, while the fire roared a heartier welcome still. Then was there a dance indeed—no soft swish of lace and muslin, but the active swing of linsey and simple homespun; no French fiddler's bows and scrapings, no intricate lancers, no languid waltz; but neat shuffling forward and back, with every note of the music-beat; floor-thumping, "cuttings of the pigeon's wing," and jolly jigs, two by two, and a great "swinging of corners," and "caging the bird," and "fust lady to the right *cheat* an' swing;" no flirting from behind fans and under stairways and in little nooks, but honest, open courtship—strong arms about healthy waists, and a kiss taken now and then, with everybody to see and nobody to care who saw. If a chair was lacking a pair of brawny knees made one chair serve for two, but never, if you please, for two men. Rude, rough, semi-barbarous, if you will, but simple, natural, honest, sane, earthy—and of the earth whence springs the oak and in time, maybe, the flower of civilization. At the first pause in the dance old Joel called loudly for Chad. The boy tried to slip out of the door, but Dolph seized him and pulled him to a chair in the corner and put the banjo in his hands. Everybody looked on with curiosity at first, and for a little while Chad suffered; but when the dance turned attention from him, he forgot himself again and made the old thing hum with all the rousing tunes that had ever swept its string. When he stopped at last, to wipe the perspiration from his face, he noticed for the first time the schoolmaster, who was yet divided between the church and the law, standing at the door—silent, grave, disapproving. And he was not alone in his condemnation; in many a cabin up and down the river stern talk was going on against the ungodly "carryings on" under the Turner roof and, far from accepting them as proofs of a better birth and broader social ideas, these Calvinists of the hills set the merry-makers down as the special prey of the devil, and the dance and the banjo as sly plots of the same to draw their souls to hell.

Chad felt the master's look and he did not begin playing again, but put the banjo down by his chair and the dance came to an end. Once more Chad saw the master look, this time at Sintha, who was leaning against the wall with a sturdy youth in a fringed hunting shirt bending over her—his elbow against a log directly over her shoulder. Sintha saw the look too, and she answered with a little toss of her head, but when the master turned to go out the door Chad saw that the girl's eyes followed him. A little later, Chad went out too, and found the master at the corner of the fence and looking at a low red star whose rich, peaceful light came through a gap in the hills. Chad shyly drew near him, hoping in some way to get a kindly word, but the master was so absorbed that he did not see or hear the boy and Chad, awed by the stern, solemn face, withdrew and, without a word to anybody, climbed into the loft and went to bed. He could hear every stroke on the floor below, every call of the prompter, and the rude laughter and banter, but he gave little heed to it all. For he lay thinking of Caleb Hazel and listening again to the stories he and the cattle-dealer had told him about the wonderful settlements. "God's country," the dealer always called it, and such it must be, if what he and the master said was true. By and by the steady beat of feet under him, the swift notes of the banjo, the calls of the prompter and the laughter fused, became inarticulate, distant—ceased. And Chad, as he was wont to do, journeyed on to "God's Country" in his dreams.

(To be continued.)

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The Pavilion for the Blind in the Library of Congress.
Showing shelves devoted to books published in the New York Point and Braille systems.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS AND THE BLIND

By Margarita Spalding Gerry

ILLUSTRATIONS BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY

IT is pleasant for Americans that in Mr. Blashfield's allegory of the Nations encircling the dome of the Congressional Library, England is represented by the gracious face and form of a well loved woman. It must be pleasant, too, for Ellen Terry to reflect that in one quiet nook of the big building she is even more effectually enthroned, although it is only in the grateful recollection of a little group of men and women set apart from the rest of the world by a great affliction. This is the way the charming story runs, a story which has over the princess-tales of our youth this one sordid and grown-up advantage, that it really happened.

On her last visit to Washington Miss Terry was much interested in the work of what is known as the Pavilion for the Blind in the Congressional Library. Touched by the wistfulness of the sightless faces gathered moth-like about her while she spoke of her art, she invited a great number of them to hear her as *Ellaline* in "The Amber Heart." Had they seen her twenty times, and with actual sight instead of the mind's eye, their realization of her charm could not have been more keen. They hung upon every subtle intonation, they cried out excitedly many times, "She's looking at us!" A little note which came from her the next day completed the spell.

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"My Dears:—I am so much gratified that you liked 'The Amber Heart.' Next time you must see Sir Henry." Then after sending messages to good friends of theirs she laboriously signed her name in point, the modern text for the blind, the effort underscored twice, with a "There!" for emphasis. They did not need the

Reading by the New York Point and Braille Systems.

bas-relief portrait she sent to them from England, she lives in their thoughts as "their beautiful *Ellaline*." Just the other day when some of them had learned to net flexible silky girdles, their first thought was of her; they knew *Ellaline* should wear one with the graceful drapery she affected. And so across the gulf of more than space the eternal womanly joins hands.

It is not only *Ellaline* that has given of her own brightness to these darkened lives. In the afternoon one can hardly stroll into the Pavilion without finding someone, who out of his busy life, or out of his leisure, is giving an hour to them. If one is early enough he will see an epitome of a day in the Pavilion. It is very quiet. A blind man with seamed face and grizzled hair is laboriously spelling out a book at a table in the corner; near a window a puzzled woman is being instructed in the use of the New York point system by the guardian of the place; in a little retiring-room a group of friendly souls are gathered chatting over their lunch—they have come to spend the day, it is a holiday time with them. The repose and tranquillity of the spot possess you, you sit in one of the quaint pulpit chairs and wonder why the blind faces are not more sad.

Two o'clock approaches. There is a stir in the air, in rustling groups of two and three the sight-seer drifts in, dropping into the nearest chair with a sigh of relief; here are some bright-faced school-girls from the high-school on the hill; there a homely soul who loves to be read to; a supercilious woman in a too evidently silk-lined gown swishes with emphasis to a seat in the front row only to be told it is reserved for the blind, and rustles indignantly out; those to whom the place belongs take their seats—surely not even the departed lady would grudge them that distinction. A sweet-faced girl begins to read. She may be the daughter of a clerk or a Cabinet officer, here, no one cares to know. She reads well, sympathetically; it is poetry she has chosen, she is evidently young and impressionable, and the eager, sightless faces in front of her make too strong an appeal, something rises in her throat and she nearly chokes; but she goes bravely on. It is curious to see how the pitifully set faces break into emotion over an especially vivid picture. They love anything that makes them "see."

The next afternoon may be an "occasion." Thomas Nelson Page is to read. It has been announced in the paper and the Washington world is out. Society is out in an unimpeachable atmosphere of tailor-made gowns, violets, and broad A's. Would-be Society is out—a little more pronounced in everything, especially the size of its corsage bouquets. Culture is out, dignifiedly willing to be recognized. The sight-seer is out and disturbs the best moment of the reading by his departure. And the unseeing are out, being led to their places most gently by the guardian of the place. At last the audience is seated and absorbed for an hour with "Meh Lady."

It is another afternoon, the barytone

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for the moment is to give a recital. He has chosen his programme carefully, and it is well he has, for the special musical cohort of the Pavilion are no mean critics. This is a man of gentle tact and he has chosen "seeing things," vividly descriptive themes; the room is crowded, he gets a glimpse of his own young wife perched on a table, but he sings to the faces before him. They speak to him, the blank face which never has felt; the jolly, comfortable face which cannot be permanently shadowed even by this affliction; the young face which under the influence of the music shows its rebellion only too plainly; the old face which has outworn pain and found peace. He speaks to them in the language the blind love best, and for the moment a passing gleam, like the transfiguring radiance of

Learning to Use the Typewriter.

another Grail, seals them as one great Order.

It is just here, perhaps, that one begins to wonder how all this has come about. There is nothing in the magnificence of the library to prepare one for this quiet nook; the Government is not wonted to be benevolent in this intimate fashion. We need earthquake or pestilence to force one great spasm of benevolence. And when did the vast machine of administration concern itself with the education of the unfortunate in dialect stories and German love-songs?

Operating the Braille Writing Machine.

And yet it was the gentle rain of a Congressional appropriation, which falls alike on the just and on the unjust, which nourishes this sturdy growth. To be sure, the mere establishment of a special reading-room for the blind, with an attendant to make its resources available, does not explain the activity of the Pavilion. The *raison d'être* may be found in part in the store of energy dormant in the official class, hitherto unutilized, just as is the store of science, music, and literature collected here, upon which the Carnegie University proposes to draw. It lies, too, in the ministrations of those kind souls, luckily found everywhere, who have taken the sorrows of humanity to be their charge, and it is given a peculiar efficacy in this case by the healthful friction of types found in Washington as nowhere else. It might be suggested, too, that the brains and tact of the young woman who was placed in charge at the inception of the plan have been no slight factor.

Admitting these external influences, the Government is still the Pavilion's chief benefactor. Indirectly, too, by the perpetual fund of $250,000 with which it endowed the publishing-house in Louisville, Ky., which does most of the printing for the blind in this country, has it helped the reading-room it established. The necessarily great cost of books has been one of the chief obstacles to the education of the blind. In these beginnings Congress has given earnest of its future activity in behalf of this hitherto unconsidered class.

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It remains to be told how this matter was brought to the attention of a government which, it is said, does not make a habit of seeking objects for its benevolence. Some years ago an unusual deputation waited upon John Russell Young, who was then the head of the recently finished Congressional Library. A number of blind women who had tried to use the general reading-room, but had been driven away by the vulgar curiosity of Americans of a certain class, begged that there might be a room set apart for their use, where the few books written in the blind type, then on the shelves, could be collected. The librarian assented immediately. An attractive room on the ground floor was devoted to the purpose, and a clerk detailed from another department to act in charge. Since that time the reading-room has been provided for by law, and will probably soon be made a distinct department of the library. It is really a charming room, the vaulted ceiling is a restful blue, the walls a warm salmon, and the sunshine which floods the place has almost as genial an influence on the frequenters as though they could see it. The quaint high-backed chairs of polished walnut, dating from the days when the library was in the Capitol building, were rescued from the store-room, to delight with their carving the sensitive fingers of the unseeing. When the Pavilion was first established it contained only sixty volumes. Since that time, by rather meagre appropriations and by private gifts, the number has swelled to 500. This does not mean 500 publications, for the text makes the books bulky as well as expensive. "Robinson Crusoe," for instance, demands three volumes. There is, in addition, a musical library of seventy-five compositions, printed in the generally accepted system. On the walls are raised maps, and embossed geometrical designs; the room is complete with reading-tables and conveniences for writing, from the tablet to be used in printing New York point to typewriters with ordinary script, or with the New York or Braille system of type; it is provided with many periodicals published especially for the blind, card-decks, checker-boards, and a Knabe grand piano donated by a local music firm. It has become, in fact, a cosey club-room for the benefit of the blind of the city.

The Pavilion was at first, however, rather limited in usefulness, for it was, in common with the other departments of the library, purely for reference reading, and therefore inaccessible to many of those for whom it was intended, who are of course peculiarly helpless. Friends of Louisa Alcott will like to know that it was through a kindly Philadelphia woman's gift of two copies of "Little Women"—one, she stipulated, for home circulation—that the librarian had his attention called to its need. He made it a circulating library, and moreover arranged to have the books delivered by the library, represented now by an impetuous official automobile. One could readily imagine what this means to lives that would otherwise be quite desolate. Many an intelligent blind man or woman comes home from the school where his mind has been constantly stimulated, to suffer intellectual starvation for the rest of his life. Mr. Young widely extended the usefulness of his institution by this action.

Quite as far-reaching in its results is a custom which, suggested by the chief of the reading-room, has become a feature, not only in the life of the Pavilion, but of Washington as well—the afternoon readings with their natural outgrowth, weekly musicales. The development of the idea into this system of entertainments has been, to a great extent, the work of Miss Giffen. Now there is hardly a man or woman prominent in the literary, musical, or official world who does not have his regular appointment for at least one afternoon in the year. Thomas Nelson Page, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Grace Greenwood, the charming daughters of Secretary Hay, E. C. Messer, Miss Hitchcock, Reginald de Koven, are regular contributors, while F. Hopkinson Smith, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Ernest Thompson Seton, Sousa, Frank Stockton, have, when in town, shared their achievement with these who are so heavily handicapped for the race.

As a rule the readings are well chosen. As most of the classics have been put into blind script the *habitués* of the place naturally prefer readings from current literature, concerning which, by reason of the careful selection made for them, they have

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General View of the Pavilion for the Blind in the Library of Congress.

become nicely critical. Occasionally some kindly soul, under much the same impulse as that which induces us to shout to deaf people, attempts to find something to read to them written in words of one syllable. Not very long ago an unusually large number of the blind assembled one afternoon eager with anticipation for Stevenson or Hewlett, to be regaled with "Maud Muller" and other survivals of our literary innocence. The reader on that occasion commented on the singularly blank faces that confronted her. More often one finds a delightfully responsive audience which has an unconventional fashion of expressing its approval audibly; the reading is punctuated by bursts of approval, murmurs of comment, and the end is the signal for an animated discussion. They have their own little whimsies too. Several of the most faithful are ardent spiritualists. Last winter a young woman chose scenes from "When Knighthood Was in Flower" to read to them, giving, in passing, an outline of the plot. She was disheartened by a manifest chilliness in the atmosphere, which only increased as the reading progressed. After the hour was over, decidedly to her relief, it was disclosed to her that among the spiritualists present were the spirit brides of Cœur de Lion and other heroes of antiquity, and—unfortunately—the somewhat daring consort of Henry VIII., a personage whom they all believed to be cruelly misrepresented by history. Mr. Major himself could hardly expect his book to be appreciated under such untoward circumstances. Molly Elliot Seawell, too, labored under a slight disadvantage. She delighted her audience with "Papa Bouchard," but there was one serious being who refused to be diverted by Gallic antics. While the rest were crowding around Miss Seawell, eager to touch her hand, he asked the guardian of the place—you see he was really anxious to find something he could approve—whether "the lady had ever written anything serious."

The Wednesday afternoon concerts are musical events. The best artists in the city give their best work. Many of these sightless people are full of music. One of them is the author of several very creditable musical sketches, one of which has been played by the Marine Band. On the rare occasions when the musician thoughtfully remembers to send his excuses after the audience is assembled, the specially gifted ones furnish the programme, and very acceptable it is. On one such occasion the numbers included

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Chopin, who is best loved; Wagner, Mendelssohn, Schumann, interpreted with intelligence and feeling.

While the Congressional Library is by no means alone in establishing a reading-room and circulating library for the blind—there are thirteen other such departments; while it was not even the first in the field,

Game of Checkers with Especially made Checker-board and Men.

for Boston, New York, and Philadelphia preceded it—Boston as early as 1882—it alone makes a feature of this more personal work, which has certainly been of great value. In many other ways has the Pavilion become a centre of widening activity.

It has made itself an educational factor. Even with the educated blind some instruction in the modern script is necessary. The first books for the blind were printed in raised letters. Even in the simplified "Moon" system the method was cumbersome and awkward. Most of the modern books are printed in Braille, in which words are represented by combinations of raised dots arranged vertically on the page, or in the New York point, which uses the same characters but arranges them horizontally, and is the system now generally approved. There is instruction, too, to be given in the use of the various mechanical devices for writing.

But much more important work than this elementary training has been accomplished. A comparison of the character of the favorite books of to-day and five years ago will show how strong has been this indirect influence on literary taste. The exceptional opportunities enjoyed by the frequenters of the Pavilion for hearing the best modern literature have had much to do with this. It may not be generally known how high is the average of intelligence among the blind. The great concentration required in reading and the careful selection of books necessary where so few can be read, have been influential in creating a keenness of mind which is well worth cultivating.

The Pavilion keeps closely in touch with educational movements all over the country and is quick to utilize every invention which would lighten the disability of its clients. The attendant is this summer to avail herself of the Congress of Educators of the Blind in Brussels. It is an evidence of the general interest in her work that two public-spirited Philadelphia women furnished checks of so substantial a nature as to make this expedition possible.

The influence of the reading-room is not bounded by its walls. It sends out little parties to the studios of the local sculptors—one has offered to teach them to model—to art stores which have special collections of statuary. There is, in fact, an increasing interest in such outside things as will offer them peculiar advantages. It will not be long before the Pavilion becomes the national centre of this work.

In the general human sympathy aroused among all the varied elements of Washington society, the Pavilion can, however, be even more truly seen to have a national influence. The multiform methods of helpfulness originated by most attractive girls in official life is a case in point. Some of them have learned the New York point system and are laboriously copying current magazine articles and stories for the use of the reading-room. One young woman has undertaken "Cyrano de Bergerac." There are even rumors of luncheons where the stylus in pretty fingers replaces the needle, and a collection of stories in point take the place at the end of the morning of the proverbial flannel petticoat for unconvinced savages with which men taunt the less humorous sex. In other cases, the new books are do-

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nated instead of the work. One thoughtful woman takes up an annual collection for car-fare which many of the most eager are not able to afford. There is a special committee, too, whose work it is to escort those helpless ones who would otherwise have no one on whom to depend.

Of course there is a reverse side of the medal. It is often necessary to lead away some philanthropist who is following up a pitifully embarrassed reader, some woman determined to find out "how that person became blind," who thinks it a piece of sentimentality that the word "blind" is never used within the walls of the Pavilion. Sometimes the great, even wives of Cabinet officers, when they bestow the sanction of their presence upon deserving charities, though their social duties would not allow the customary hour, are lacking in the intuition which is born of sympathy and make difficult the position of a determined young woman who yet may not offend. Once upon a time a dame of this description with an attendant train permeated every corner of the quiet room, routing the affrighted tranquillity from remote corners and hopelessly confusing the timid readers over whose shoulders they hung with too audible comments. They were rudely startled from their humanitarian researches by a firm voice which requested them to observe the library's regulation of quiet. The lady fixed the worm with a practised stare.

"Do you know I am Mrs. X.?" she demanded with the air of one who had precipitated consequences by her speech. It is a commentary on the hopeless lack of reverence among us that the worm continued to obstruct the way and in a moment the room was quiet again.

It may be an evidence of weakness that one's mind prefers to dwell upon one who has given her generous sympathy to those unfortunates — the daughter of another Cabinet officer. With a grasp of the situation which accentuates the distance between the best type of modern woman and the Jellibys of the past, she has concentrated her efforts upon that which will prove of permanent advantage. In the first place, she is making an effort to establish some regular form of industrial effort which will furnish the mental occupation needed by every human being, and at the same time help to make the blind self-supporting. They are being taught to replace the beadwork trinkets and the like with which the charitable from time immemorial have been wont to cumber themselves, with simple and useful pieces of linen work, for which there really is a need. Moreover, they are being instructed in what promises to be a new industry, woven silk work, in the form of shopping bags, watch-fobs, or beautiful silken girdles.

The Audience at One of the Readings.

There is another task to which the young woman in charge has set herself, for which her position offers peculiar advantages. It is an open question just how great is the influence of the American woman in official life upon legislation. We certainly cannot boast of a Primrose League. Possibly our untamed law-givers might prove a bit restive under that dainty rein and balk at the touch of the

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whip. Whatever might be the unreason of human nature on this point no one could cavil at her efforts to further the passage of two bills which will materially improve the condition of the blind in this country. The Pavilion has become the centre of a national movement in behalf of those who sorely need every advantage that modern progress can furnish. The characteristic insight of the early nineteenth century alternately classed the blind with inspired seers or paupers. It would surely not be unfitting that the opening of what promises to be the greatest century the world has seen in humanitarian and sociological development, should discover some advantages for them, commensurate with the wealth of opportunity offered our unafflicted public-school children and that the United States should lead. The two bills now pending provide for the higher education of the blind in the District of Columbia and Territories, and for universal free circulation of reading-matter for them up to eight pounds. The educational importance of this measure in consideration of the enormous bulk of reading matter and the fact that as a class they must of necessity be less able to bear expense than the normal human being, cannot be overestimated.

Perhaps the most gracious influence which has radiated from the Pavilion is the spirit which refuses to see any barrier to social intercourse in the privation which usually makes of the afflicted a class apart. Who knows whether the frank recognition of a common feminine weakness does not have a more tonic influence than a great philanthropy? It is no unusual thing to see an eager group of blind women passing their hands over the new gown of one of their friends while the intricacies of its construction are being made clear to them. A real "party," with all the pretty excitement of best dresses and company formality and delicious refreshments given to them by a kindly woman who has made an international reputation with her sculpture; a tea, given for them by an accomplished Washington hostess, to which her friends were bidden with express commands to wear their prettiest gowns; one hardly knows whether the happiness these things have brought is beautiful or tragic. There is no doubt, however, in the minds of the Pavilion's devotees.

One day last spring must stand out in their memories with an appeal even more insistent than these. It is a type, a symbol, of the work which we believe is yet only in its beginning. They had been invited to a "May Day," an "Apple Blossom Day" at the country home of a Washington artist. The scent of the blossoms was abroad in the air; the sun lay brilliant and vital over all. They sat out on the lawn, each with a blossoming spray in his hand. The silver reach of the river and the city beyond, its fairness accentuated by the uplift of the Monument, lay below them. The artist had been talking to them of his art, making them understand color and perspective, which they could never know, by relating them to gradations of sound, which they do know as the seeing never can. Then he looked beyond them to the evanescent glories of the sunset and the unreal vision of the home they thought they knew. He is one of the few that can tell of the things they see. So he opened to them the land that stretched before his gaze, and as they turned their sightless eyes away from the fragrance and freshness around them to the mirage beyond them, out of his own vast sympathy he had made them see.

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A DEATH IN THE DESERT

By Willa Sibert Cather

WINDERMERE HILGARDE was conscious that the man in the seat across the aisle was looking at him intently. He was a large, florid man, wore a conspicuous diamond solitaire upon his third finger, and Windermere judged him to be a travelling salesman of some sort. He had the air of an adaptable fellow who had been about the world and who could keep cool and clean under almost any circumstances.

The "High Line Flyer," as this train was derisively called among railroad men, was jerking along through the hot afternoon over the monotonous country between Holdredge and Cheyenne. Besides the blond man and himself the only other occupants of the car were two dusty, bedraggled-looking girls who had been to the Exposition at Chicago and who were earnestly discussing the cost of their first trip out of Colorado. The four uncomfortable passengers were covered with a sediment of fine, yellow dust which clung to their hair and eyebrows like gold powder. It blew up in clouds from the bleak, lifeless country through which they passed, until they were one color with the sage-brush and sand-hills. The gray and yellow desert was varied only by occasional ruins of deserted towns, and the little red boxes of station-houses, where the spindling trees and sickly vines in the blue-grass yards were kept alive only by continual hypodermic injections of water from the tank where the engines were watered, little green reserves fenced off in that confusing wilderness of sand.

As the slanting rays of the sun beat in stronger and stronger through the car-windows, the blond gentleman asked the ladies' permission to remove his coat, and sat in his lavender striped shirt-sleeves, with a black silk handkerchief tucked carefully about his collar. He had seemed interested in Windermere since they had boarded the train at Holdredge, and kept glancing at him curiously and then looking reflectively out of the window, as though he were trying to recall something. But wherever Windermere went someone was almost sure to look at him with that curious interest, and it had ceased to embarrass or annoy him. Presently the stranger, seeming satisfied with his observation, leaned back in his seat, half closed his eyes, and began softly to whistle the Spring Song from "Proserpine," the cantata that a dozen years before had made its young composer famous in a night. Windermere had heard that air on guitars in Old Mexico, on mandolins at college glees, on cottage organs in New England hamlets, and only two weeks ago he had heard it played on sleighbells at a variety theatre in Denver. There was literally no way of escaping his brother's precocity. Adriance could live on the other side of the Atlantic, where his youthful indiscretions were forgotten in his mature achievements, but his brother had never been able to outrun "Proserpine," and here he found it in the Colorado sand-hills. Not that Windermere was exactly ashamed of "Proserpine"; only a man of genius could have written it, but it was the sort of thing that a man of genius outgrows as soon as he can, and its popularity was the gravest charge conservative critics could make against it.

Windermere unbent a trifle, and smiled at his neighbor across the aisle. Immediately the large man rose and coming over dropped into the seat facing Hilgarde, extending his card.

"Dusty ride, isn't it? I don't mind it myself; I'm used to it. Born and bred in de briar patch, like Br'er Rabbit. I've been trying to place you for a long time; I think I must have met you before."

"Thank you," said Windermere, taking the card; "my name is Hilgarde. You've probably met my brother, Adriance; people often mistake me for him."

The travelling-man brought his hand down on his knee with such vehemence that the solitaire blazed.

"So I was right after all, and if you're

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not Adriance Hilgarde you're his double. I thought I couldn't be mistaken. Seen him? Well, I guess! I never missed one of his recitals at the Auditorium, and he played the piano score of 'Proserpine' through to us once at the Chicago Press Club. I used to be on the *Commercial* there before I began to travel for the publishing department of the concern. So you're Hilgarde's brother, and here I've run into you at the jumping-off place. Sounds like a newspaper yarn, doesn't it?"

The travelling-man laughed and offered Windermere a cigar and plied him with questions on the only subject that people ever seemed to care to talk to Windermere about. At length the salesman and the two girls alighted at a Colorado way station, and Windermere went on to Cheyenne alone.

The train pulled into Cheyenne at nine o'clock, late by a matter of four hours or so; but no one seemed particularly concerned at its tardiness except the station agent, who grumbled at being kept in the office over time on a summer night. When Windermere alighted from the train he walked down the platform and stopped at the track crossing, uncertain as to what direction he should take to reach a hotel. A phaëton stood near the crossing and a woman held the reins. She was dressed in white and her figure was clearly silhouetted against the cushions, though it was too dark to see her face. Windermere had scarcely noticed her, when the switch-engine came puffing up from the opposite direction, and the head-light threw a strong glare of light on his face. Suddenly the woman in the phaëton uttered a low cry and dropped the reins. Windermere started forward and caught the horse's head, but the animal only lifted its ears and whisked its tail in impatient surprise. The woman sat perfectly still, her head sunk between her shoulders and her handkerchief pressed to her face. Another woman came out of the depot and hurried toward the phaëton, crying, "Katharine, dear, what is the matter?"

Windermere hesitated a moment in painful embarrassment, then lifted his hat and passed on. He was accustomed to sudden recognitions in the most impossible places, especially by women, but this cry out of the night had shaken him.

While Windermere was breakfasting the next morning, the head waiter leaned over his chair to murmur that there was a gentleman waiting to see him in the parlor. Windermere finished his coffee, and went in the direction indicated, where he found his visitor restlessly pacing the floor. His whole manner betrayed a high degree of nervous agitation, though his physique was not that of a man whose nerves lie near the surface. He was something below medium height, square-shouldered and solidly built. His thick, closely cut hair was beginning to show gray about the ears, and his bronzed face was heavily lined. His square brown hands were locked behind him, and he held his shoulders like a man conscious of responsibilities, yet, as he turned to greet Windermere, there was an incongruous diffidence in his address.

"Good-morning, Mr. Hilgarde," he said, extending his hand; "I found your name on the hotel register. My name is Gaylord; I'm afraid my sister startled you at the station last night, Mr. Hilgarde, and I've come around to apologize."

"Ah! the young lady in the phaëton? I'm sure I didn't know whether I had anything to do with her alarm or not. If I did, it is I who owe the apology, and I make it to you most sincerely."

The man colored a little under the dark brown on his face.

"Oh, it's nothing you could help, sir, I fully understand that. You see, my sister used to be a pupil of your brother's, and it seems you favor him, and when the switch engine threw a light on your face it startled her."

Windermere wheeled about in his chair. "Oh! *Katharine* Gaylord! Is it possible! Now it's you who have given me a turn. Why, I used to know her when I was a boy. What on earth——"

"Is she doing here?" said Gaylord, grimly filling out the pause. "You've got at the heart of the matter. You knew my sister had been in bad health for a long time?"

"No, I had never heard a word of that. The last I knew of her she was singing in London. My brother and I correspond infrequently, and seldom get beyond family matters. I am deeply sorry to hear this. There are many reasons why I

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should be more concerned than I can tell you."

The lines in Charley Gaylord's brow relaxed a little.

"What I'm trying to say, Mr. Hilgarde, is that she wants to see you. I hate to ask you, but she's so set on it. We live several miles out of town, but my rig's below, and I can take you out any time you can go."

"I can go now, and it will give me real pleasure to do so," said Windermere, quickly. "I'll get my hat and be with you in a moment."

When he came downstairs Windermere found a cart at the door, and Charley Gaylord drew a long sigh of relief as he gathered up the reins and settled back into his own element.

"You see, I think I'd better tell you something about my sister before you see her, and I don't know just where to begin. She travelled in Europe with your brother and his wife, and sang at a lot of his concerts; but I don't know just how much you know about her."

"Very little, except that my brother always thought her the most gifted of his pupils, and that when I knew her she was very young and very beautiful and turned my head sadly for awhile."

Windermere saw that Gaylord's mind was quite engrossed by his grief. He was wrought up to the point where his reserve and sense of proportion had quite left him, and his trouble was the one vital thing in the world. "That's the whole thing," he went on, flecking his horses with the whip.

"She was a great woman, as you say, and she didn't come of a great family. She had to fight her own way from the first. She got to Chicago, and then to New York, and then to Europe, where she went up like lightning, and got a taste for it all, and now she's dying here like a rat in a hole, out of her own world, and she can't fall back into ours. We've grown apart, someway—miles and miles apart—and I'm afraid she's fearfully unhappy."

"It's a very tragic story that you are telling me, Gaylord," said Windermere. They were well out into the country now, spinning along over the dusty plains of red grass, with the ragged blue outline of the mountains before them.

"Tragic!" cried Gaylord, starting up in his seat, "my God, man, nobody will ever know how tragic. It's a tragedy I live with and eat with and sleep with, until I've lost my grip on everything. You see she had made a good bit of money, but she spent it all going to health resorts. It's her lungs, you know. I've got money enough to send her anywhere, but the doctors all say it's no use. She hasn't the ghost of a chance. It's just getting through the days until the end now. I had no notion she was half so bad before she came to me. She just wrote that she was all run down. Now that she's here, I think she'd be happier anywhere under the sun, but she won't leave. She says it's easier to let go of life here, and that to go East would be dying twice. There was a time when I was a brakeman with a run out of Bird City, Iowa, and she was a little thing I could carry on my shoulder, when I could get her everything on earth she wanted, and she hadn't a wish my $80 a month didn't cover; and now, when I've got a little property together, I can't buy her a night's sleep!" He stopped with a gulp and half closed his eyes.

Windermere saw that, whatever Charley Gaylord's present status in the world might be, he had brought the brakeman's heart up the ladder with him, and the brakeman's frank avowal of sentiment. Presently Gaylord went on:

"You can understand how she has outgrown her family. We're all a pretty common sort, railroaders from away back. My father was a conductor. He died when we were kids. Maggie, my other sister, who lives with me, was a telegraph operator here while I was getting my grip on things. We had no education. I have to hire a stenographer because I can't spell straight—the Almighty couldn't teach me to spell. The things that make up life to Kate are all Greek to me, and there's scarcely a point where we touch any more, except in our recollections of the old times when we were all young and happy together, and Kate sang in a church choir in Bird City. But I believe, Mr. Hilgarde, that if she can see just one person like you, who knows about the things and people she cares for, it will give her about the only comfort she can have now."

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The reins slackened in Charley Gaylord's hand as they drew up before a showily painted house with many gables and a round tower. "Here we are," he said, turning to Windermere, "and I guess we understand each other."

They were met at the door by a thin, colorless woman, whom Gaylord introduced as "My sister, Maggie." She asked her brother to show Mr. Hilgarde into the music-room, where Katharine wished to see him alone.

When Windermere entered the music-room he gave a little start of surprise, feeling that he had stepped from the glaring Wyoming sunlight into some New York studio that he had always known. He wondered which it was of those countless studios, high up under the roofs, over banks and shops and wholesale houses, that this room resembled, and he looked incredulously out of the window at the gray plain that ended in the great upheaval of the Rockies. There are little skeleton-closets of the arts scattered here and there all over the West, where some Might-Have-Been hides his memories and the trophies of his student days on the Continent and the rusty tools of the craft that he once believed had called him; but this room savored of the present, and about it there was an air of immediate touch with the art of the present.

On the walls were autograph sketches by several of the younger American painters, and young Scotchmen whose names were scarcely known on this side of the water. Above one of the book-cases was a large photograph of Rodin's Balzac; on the music-rack were the scores of Massenet's latest opera and Chaminade's latest song. It seemed scarcely possible that the glad tidings of these things should have reached Wyoming already. The haunting air of familiarity about the place perplexed Windermere. Was the room a copy of some particular studio he knew, or was it merely the studio atmosphere that seemed so individual and poignantly reminiscent here in Wyoming? He sat down in a reading-chair and looked keenly about him. Suddenly his eye fell upon a large photograph of his brother, framed in dark wood, above the piano. Then it all became clear to him: this was veritably his brother's room. If it were not an exact copy of one of the many studios that Adriance had fitted up in various parts of the world, wearying of them and leaving almost before the renovator's varnish had dried, it was at least in the same tone. In every detail Adriance's taste was so manifest that the room seemed to exhale his personality. The black-oak ceiling and floor, the dull red walls, the huge brick fire-place with a Wagnerian inscription on the tiles, the old Venetian lamp that hung under the copy of the Mona Lisa, the cast of the Parthenon frieze that ran about the room, the tall brass candlesticks with their sacerdotal candles, were all exactly as Adriance would have had them.

Among the photographs on the wall there was one of Katharine Gaylord, taken in the days when Windermere had known her and when the flash of her eye or the flutter of her skirt was enough to set his boyish heart in a tumult. Even now, he stood before the portrait with a certain degree of embarrassment. It was the face of a woman already old in her first youth, thoroughly sophisticated and a trifle hard, and it told of what her brother had called her fight. The *camaraderie* of her frank, confident eyes was qualified by the deep lines about her mouth and the curve of the lips, which was both sad and cynical. Certainly she had more good-will than confidence toward the world, and the bravado of her smile could not conceal the shadow of an unrest that was almost discontent. Perhaps that, too, was only the scar of the struggle of which her brother had spoken; perhaps the long warfare against adverse conditions had brought about an almost antagonistic and distrustful attitude of mind. The chief charm of the woman, as Windermere had known her, lay in her superb figure and in her eyes, which possessed a warm, life-giving quality like the sunlight; generous, fearless eyes, which glowed with sympathy and good-cheer for all living things, a sort of perpetual *salutat* to the world. Her head Windermere remembered as peculiarly well shaped and proudly poised. There had been always a little of the imperatrix about her, and her pose in the photograph revived all his old impressions of

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her unattachedness, of how absolutely and valiantly she stood alone.

Windermere was still standing before the picture, his hands behind him and his head inclined, when he heard the door open. A very tall woman advanced toward him, holding out her hand. As she started to speak she coughed slightly, then, laughing, said, in a low, rich voice, a trifle husky: "You see I make the traditional Camille entrance—with the cough. How good of you to come, Mr. Hilgarde."

Windermere was acutely conscious that while addressing him she was not looking at him at all, and, as he assured her of his pleasure in coming, he was glad to have an opportunity to collect himself. He had not reckoned on the ravages of a long illness. The long, loose folds of her white gown had been especially designed to disguise the sharp outlines of her emaciated body, but the stamp of her disease was there, simple and ugly and obtrusive, a pitiless fact that could not be disguised nor evaded. The splendid shoulders were stooped, there was a swaying unevenness in her gait, her arms seemed disproportionately long, and her hands were transparently white and cold to the touch as water-flowers. Her chest, that full, proud singer's chest, that had swelled like the bellows of an organ when she took her high notes, was fallen and flat. The changes in her face were less obvious; the proud carriage of the head, the warm, clear eyes, even the delicate flush of color in her cheeks, all defiantly remained, though they were all in a lower key — older, sadder, softer.

She sat down upon the divan and began nervously arranging the pillows. "I know I'm not an inspiring object to look upon, but you must be quite frank and sensible about that and get used to it at once, for we've no time to lose. And if I'm a trifle irritable you won't mind?—for I'm more than usually nervous."

"Don't bother with me this morning if you are tired," urged Windermere. "I can come quite as well to-morrow."

"Gracious, no!" she protested, with a flash of that quick, keen humor that he remembered as a part of her. "It's solitude that I'm tired to death of, solitude and the wrong kind of people. You see, the minister, not content with reading the prayers for the sick, called on me this morning. He happened to be riding by on his bicycle and felt it his duty to stop. Of course, he disapproves of my profession, and I think he takes it for granted that I have a dark past. The funniest feature of his conversation is that he is always excusing my own vocation to me—condoning it, you know—and trying to patch up my peace with my conscience by suggesting possible noble uses for what he kindly calls my talent."

Windermere laughed. "Oh! I'm afraid I'm not the person to call after such a serious gentleman—I can't sustain the situation. At my best—I don't reach higher than low comedy. Have you decided to which one of the noble uses you will devote yourself?"

Katharine lifted her hands in a gesture of renunciation and went on: "I'm not equal to any of them, not even the least noble. I didn't study that method. Neither Marchesi nor your brother taught me the moral purpose of singing the scales."

Katharine laughed indulgently. "The parson's not so bad. His English never offends me, and he has read Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' all five volumes, and that's something. Then, he has been to New York, and that's a great deal. But how we are losing time! Do tell me about New York; Charley says you're just on from there. How does it look and taste and smell just now? I think a whiff of the Jersey ferry would be as flagons of cod-liver oil to me. Who conspicuously walks the Rialto now, and what does he or she wear? Are the trees still green in Madison Square, or have they grown brown and dusty? Does the chaste Diana on the Garden Theatre still keep her vestal vows through all the exasperating changes of the weather? Who has your brother's old studio now, and what misguided aspirants practise their scales in the rookeries above Carnegie Hall? What do people go to see at the theatres, and what do they eat and drink there in the world nowadays? You see, I love it all, from the Battery to Riverside. Oh, let me die in Harlem!" She was interrupted by a violent attack of coughing, and Windermere, embarrassed by her discomfort, plunged into gossip about the professional people he had met in town during the summer,

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and the musical outlook for the winter. He was diagramming with his pencil, on the back of an old envelope he found in his pocket, some new mechanical device to be used at the Metropolitan in the production of the "Rheingold," when he became conscious that she was looking at him intently, and that he was talking to the four walls.

Katharine was lying back among the pillows, watching him through half-closed eyes, as a painter looks at a picture. He finished his explanation vaguely enough and put the envelope back in his pocket. As he did so, she said, quietly: "How wonderfully like Adriance you are!" and he felt as though a crisis of some sort had been met and tided over.

He laughed, looking up at her with a touch of pride in his eyes that made them seem quite boyish. "Yes, isn't it absurd? It's almost as awkward as looking like Napoleon—there's no possibility of living up to the part. I really believe it kept me out of a scrape or two when I was in college, and, after all, there are some advantages. It has made some of his friends like me, and I hope it will make you."

Katharine smiled and gave him a quick, meaning glance from under her lashes. "Oh, it did that long ago. What a haughty, reserved youth you were then, and how you used to stare at people, and then blush and look cross if they paid you back in your own coin. Do you remember that night when you took me home from a rehearsal and scarcely spoke a word to me?"

"It was the silence of admiration," protested Windermere, "very crude and boyish, but very sincere and not a little painful. Perhaps you suspected something of the sort? I remember you saw fit to be very grown up and worldly."

"I believe I suspected a pose; the one that college boys usually affect with singers—'an earthen vessel in love with a star,' you know. But it rather surprised me in you, for you must have seen a good deal of your brother's pupils. Or had you an omnivorous capacity, and elasticity that always met the occasion?"

"Don't ask a man to confess the follies of his youth," said Windermere, smiling a little sadly; "I am sensitive about some of them even now. But I was not so sophisticated as you imagined. I saw my brother's pupils come and go, but that was about all. Sometimes I was called on to play accompaniments, or to fill out a vacancy at a rehearsal, or to order a carriage for an infuriated soprano who had thrown up her part, but they never spent any time on me, unless it was to notice the resemblance you speak of."

"Yes," observed Katharine, thoughtfully, "I noticed it then, too, but it has grown as you have grown older. That is rather strange, when you have lived such different lives. It's not merely an ordinary family likeness of feature, you know, but a sort of interchangeable individuality, the suggestion of the other man's personality in your face, like an air transposed to another key. But I'm not attempting to define it; it's beyond me, something altogether unusual and a trifle—well, uncanny," she finished, laughing.

"I remember," Windermere said, seriously, twirling the pencil between his fingers and looking, as he sat with his head thrown back, out under the red window-blind which was raised just a little, and as it swung back and forth in the wind revealed the glaring panorama of the desert, a blinding stretch of yellow, flat as the sea in dead calm, splotched here and there with deep purple shadows, and, beyond, the ragged blue outline of the mountains and the peaks of snow, white as the white clouds—"I remember, when I was a little fellow I used to be very sensitive about it. I don't think it exactly displeased me, or that I would have had it otherwise if I could, but it seemed to me like a birthmark, or something not to be lightly spoken of. People were naturally always fonder of Ad than of me, and I used to feel the chill of reflected light pretty often. It affected even my relations with my mother. Ad went abroad to study when he was absurdly young, you know, and mother was all broken up over it. She did her whole duty by each of us, but it was sort of generally understood among us that she'd have made burnt-offerings of us all for Ad any day. I was a little fellow then, and when she sat alone on the porch in the summer dusk, she used sometimes to call me to her and turn my face up in the

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light that streamed out through the shutters and kiss me, and then I always knew she was thinking of Adriance."

"Poor little chap," said Katharine, and her tone was a trifle huskier than usual. "How fond people have always been of Adriance! Now tell me the latest news of him. I haven't heard, except through the press, for a year or more. He was in Algiers then, in the valley of the Chelif, riding horseback night and day in an Arabian costume, and in his usual enthusiastic fashion he had quite made up his mind to adopt the Mahometan faith and become as nearly an Arab as possible. How many countries and faiths has he adopted, I wonder? Probably he was playing Arab to himself all the time. I remember he was a sixteenth-century duke in Florence once for weeks together."

"Oh, that's Adriance," chuckled Windermere. "He is himself barely long enough to write checks and be measured for his clothes. I didn't hear from him while he was an Arab; I missed that."

"Well, he had a piano carted out into the desert somehow, and was living in a tent beside a dried water-course grown up with dwarf oleanders. He was writing an Algerian *suite* for the piano then; it must be in the publisher's hands by this time. I have been too ill to answer his letter, and have lost touch with him."

Windermere drew a letter from his pocket. "This came about a month ago. It's chiefly about his new opera which is to be brought out in London next winter. Read it at your leisure."

"I think I shall keep it as a hostage, so that I may be sure you will come again. Now I want you to play for me. Whatever you like; but if there is anything new in the world, in mercy let me hear it. For nine months I have heard nothing but 'The Baggage Coach Ahead' and 'She is My Baby's Mother.'"

He sat down at the piano, and Katharine sat near him, absorbed in his remarkable physical likeness to his brother, and trying to discover in just what it consisted. Windermere was not even a handsome man, and everyone admitted that his brother was. Katharine told herself that it was very much as though a sculptor's finished work had been rudely copied in wood. He was of a larger build than Adriance, and his shoulders were broad and heavy, while those of his brother were slender and rather girlish. His face was of the same oval mould, but it was gray, and darkened about the mouth by continual shaving. His eyes were of the same inconstant April color, but they were reflective and rather dull, while Adriance's were always points of high light, and always meaning another thing than the thing they meant yesterday. But it was hard to see why this earnest man should so continually suggest that lyric, youthful face that was as gay as his was grave. For Adriance, though he was ten years older, and though his hair was streaked with silver, had the face of a boy of twenty, so mobile that it told his thoughts before he could put them into words or music, and responded to the nerve-centres of his sensitive brain as the keyboard to the touch. A contralto, famous for the extravagance of her vocal methods and of her affections, had once said of him that the shepherd-boys who sang under the oaks in the Vale of Tempe must certainly have looked like young Hilgarde, and the comparison had been appropriated by a hundred shyer women who preferred to quote.

As Windermere sat smoking on the veranda of the Inter-Ocean House that night, he was a victim to random recollections. His infatuation for Katharine Gaylord, visionary as it was, had been the most serious of his boyish love-affairs, and had long disturbed his bachelor dreams. He was painfully timid in everything relating to the emotions, and his hurt had withdrawn him from the society of women. The fact that it was all so done and dead and far behind him and that the woman had lived her life out since then, gave him an oppressive sense of age and loss. He bethought himself of something that Stevenson had said about sitting by the hearth and remembering the faces of women without desire, and felt himself an octogenarian.

He remembered how bitter and morose he had grown during his stay at his brother's studio when Katharine Gaylord was working there, and how he had wounded Adriance on the night of his last concert

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in New York. He had sat there in the box while his brother and Katharine were called back again and again after the last number, watching the roses go up over the footlights until they were stacked half as high as the piano, brooding, in his sullen boy's heart, upon the pride those two felt in each other's work, spurring each other to their best and beautifully contending in song, as he had read in some Greek lyric. The footlights had seemed a hard, glittering line drawn sharply between their life and his, a circle of flame set about those splendid children of genius. He walked back to his hotel alone, and sat in his window staring out on Madison Square until long after midnight, resolving to beat no more at doors that he could never enter, and realizing more keenly than ever before how far this glorious dream world of production and beautiful creations lay beyond the prow of the merchant marines. He told himself that he had in common with this woman only the baser uses of life. That sixth sense, the passion for perfect expression, and the lustre of her achievement were like a rosy mist veiling her, such as the goddesses of the elder days wrapped about themselves when they vanished from the arms of men.

II

WINDERMERE'S week in Cheyenne stretched to three, and he saw no prospect of release except through the thing he dreaded. The bright, windy days of the Wyoming autumn passed as swiftly as the sands through an hour-glass. Letters and telegrams came urging him to hasten his trip to the coast, but he resolutely postponed his business engagements. The mornings he spent on one of Charley Gaylord's ponies, or fishing in the mountains, and in the evenings he sat in his room writing letters or reading. In the afternoon he was usually at his post of duty. Destiny seems to have very positive notions about the sort of parts we are fitted to play. The scene changes and the compensation varies, but in the end we usually find that we have played the same class of business from first to last. Windermere Hilgarde had been a stop-gap all his life, and whatever career he embarked upon he drifted back always to the same harbor, refused by the high seas, and found himself doing the work of all his several friends and serving every purpose save his own. He remembered going through a looking-glass labyrinth when he was a boy, and trying gallery after gallery, only at every turn to bump his nose against his own face, which, indeed, was not his own, but his brother's. No matter what his mission, east or west, by land or sea, he was sure to find himself employed in his brother's business, one of the tributary lives which helped to swell the shining current of Adriance Hilgarde's. It was not the first time that his duty had been to comfort as best he could one of the broken things his brother's imperious speed had cast aside and forgotten. He made no attempt to analyze the situation or to state it in exact terms, but he felt Katharine Gaylord's need for him, and he accepted it as a commission from his brother to help this woman to die. Day by day he felt her demands on him grow more imperious, her need for him grow more acute and positive, and day by day he felt that in his peculiar relation to her, his own individuality played a smaller part. His power to minister to her comfort, he saw, lay solely in his link with his brother's life. He understood all that his physical resemblance meant to her. He knew that she sat by him always watching for some common trick of gesture, some familiar play of expression, some trick of light and shadow, in which he should seem wholly Adriance. He knew that she lived upon this and that her disease fed upon it; that it sent a shudder of remembrance through her and quickened nerves that the grave had already chilled; that all the womanhood in her cried out for this, and that in the exhaustion which followed this turmoil of her dying senses, she slept deep and sweet, and dreamed of youth and art and days in a certain old Florentine garden, and not of bitterness and death.

The question which most perplexed him was, "How much shall I know? How much does she wish me to know?" A few days after his first meeting with Katharine Gaylord, he had cabled his brother to write her. He had merely said that she was mortally ill; he could depend on Adriance to say the right thing—that was

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a part of his gift. Adriance always said not only the right thing, but the opportune, graceful, exquisite thing. His phrases took the color of the moment and the then present condition, so that they never savored of perfunctory compliment or frequent usage. He always caught the lyric essence of the moment, the poetic effluvium of every situation. Moreover, he usually did the right thing, the opportune, graceful, exquisite thing—except when he did very cruel things—bent upon making people happy when their existence touched his, just as he insisted that his material environment should be beautiful; lavishing upon those near him all the warmth and radiance of his rich nature, all the homage of the poet and troubadour, and, when they were no longer near, forgetting, for that also was a part of Adriance's gift.

Three weeks after Windermere had sent his cable, when he made his daily call at the gayly painted ranch-house, he found Katharine laughing like a school-girl. "Have you ever thought," she said, as he entered the music-room, "how much these séances of ours are like Heine's 'Florentine Nights,' except that I don't give you an opportunity to monopolize the conversation as Heine did?" She held his hand longer than usual as she greeted him, and looked searchingly up into his face. "You are the kindest man living, the kindest," she added, softly.

Windermere's gray face colored faintly as he drew his hand away, for he felt that this time she was looking at him, and not at a whimsical caricature of his brother. "Why, what have I done now?" he asked, lamely. "I can't remember having sent you any stale candy or champagne since yesterday."

She drew a letter with a foreign postmark from between the leaves of a copy of "*Fort comme la Mort*" and held it out, smiling. "You got him to write it. Don't say you didn't, for it came direct, you see, and the last address I gave him was a place in Florida. This deed shall be remembered of you when I am with the just in Paradise. But one thing you did not ask him to do, for you didn't know about it. He has sent me his latest work, a pastoral sonata, the most ambitious thing he has ever done, and you are to play it for me directly, though it looks horribly intricate. But first for the letter; I think you would better read it aloud to me."

Windermere sat down in a low chair facing the window-seat in which she sat with a barricade of pillows behind her, and, playing with the lace on her sleeve, he opened the letter, his lashes half-veiling his kind eyes, and saw to his satisfaction that it was a long one, wonderfully tactful and beautiful and tender, even for Adriance, who was tender with his valet and his stable-boy, with his old gondolier and the beggar-women who prayed to the saints for him.

The letter was from Granada, written in the Alhambra, as he sat by the fountain of the Patio di Lindaraxa. In the orange and box and citron trees about him the nightingales were singing all the unwritten and unwritable music in the world, and "*Je pense à mon amie*," he wrote. The air was heavy with the warm fragrance of the South and full of the sound of splashing, running water, as it had been in a certain old garden in Florence, long ago. The sky was one great turquoise, heated until it glowed. The wonderful Moorish arches threw graceful blue shadows all about him. He had sketched an outline of them on the margin of his note-paper. The subtleties of Arabic decoration had cast an unholy spell over him, and Christian art and the brutal exaggerations of Gothic architecture were no more for him. The soul of Théophile Gautier had entered into him, and Western civilization was a bad dream, easily forgotten. The Alhambra itself had from the first seemed perfectly familiar to him, and he knew that he must have trod that court, sleek and brown and obsequious, centuries before Ferdinand rode into Andalusia. The letter was full of confidences about his work, and delicate allusions to their old happy days of study and comradeship, and of her own work, still so warmly remembered and appreciatively discussed everywhere he went.

As Windermere folded the letter he felt that Adriance had divined the thing needed and had risen to it in his own wonderful way. The letter was consistently egotistical, and seemed to him even a trifle patronizing, yet it was just what she had wanted. He wondered whether all the

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gift-bearers, all the sons of genius, broke what they touched and blighted what they caressed thus. A strong realization of his brother's charm and intensity and power came over him; he felt the breath of that whirlwind of flame in which Adriance passed, consuming all in his path, and himself even more resolutely than he consumed others. Then he looked down at this white, burnt-out brand that lay before him. "Like him, isn't it?" she said, quietly, and Windermere felt in her voice the softness of the south wind in the spring.

"I think I can scarcely answer his letter, but when you see him next you can do that for me. I want you to tell him many things from me, yet they can all be summed up in this: I want him to grow wholly into his best and greatest self, even at the cost of the dear boyishness that is half his charm to you and me. Do you understand me?"

"I know perfectly well what you mean," answered Windermere, thoughtfully. "I have often felt so about him myself. And yet it's difficult to prescribe for those creative fellows; so little makes, so little mars."

Katharine raised herself upon her elbow, and her face flushed with the feverish earnestness of her speech. "Ah, but it is the waste of himself that I mean; his lashing himself out on stupid and uncomprehending people until they take him at their own estimate. He can kindle marble, strike fire from putty, but is it worth what it costs him? Certainly there is a sacred and dignified selfishness which properly belongs to art and religion. You know how he wastes his time and strength in those idiotic social obligations which he takes so seriously—in chivalrous attentions to vapid old women who knew his mother, and in writing wedding-marches for every pink-and-white thing who asks him."

"Come, come," expostulated Windermere, alarmed at her excitement. "Where is the new sonata? Let him speak for himself."

He sat down at the piano and began playing the first movement of the sonata, which was indeed the voice of Adriance, his lofty and proper speech. The sonata was dedicated to Brahms, and was the most classic work Hilgarde had done up to that time. It marked, indeed, the transition from his purely lyric vein to that deeper and nobler style by which he will live. Windermere played intelligently, without the least affectation of virtuosity, but with that sympathetic comprehension which seems peculiar to a certain lovable class of men who never accomplish anything in particular. When he had finished he turned to Katharine.

"How he has grown! Heavens, how he has grown!" she cried. "This thing is entirely great. There is not a trace of that persistent saccharine quality that was always creeping into his earlier work. The theme, the whole conception, is big and serene. How firm the texture is! and surely he never wrote such harmonies before. What the last three years have done for him! He used to write only the tragedies of passion; but this is the tragedy of the soul, the shadow coexistent with the soul. This is the tragedy of effort and failure, the thing Keats called hell. This is my tragedy, as I lie here spent by the white race course, listening to the feet of the runners as they pass me—ah, God! the swift feet of the runners!"

She turned her face away and covered it with her straining hands. Windermere crossed over to her quickly and knelt beside her. In all the days he had known her she had never before given voice to the bitterness of her own defeat beyond an occasional ironical jest. Her courage had become a point of pride with him, and to see it going sickened him.

"Don't do it," he gasped. "I can't stand it, I really can't, I feel it too much. We mustn't speak of that; it's too tragic and too vast."

When she turned her face back to him there was the ghost of the old, brave, cynical smile on it, more bitter than the tears she could not shed. "No, I won't be so ungenerous; I will save that for the watches of the night when I have no better company. Now you may mix me another drink of some sort. Formerly, when it was not *if* I should ever sing Brunhilda, but quite simply when I *should* sing Brunhilda, I was always starving myself and thinking what I might drink and what I might not. But broken music-boxes may drink whatsoever they list, and no

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one cares whether they lose their figure. Run over that shepherd-boy theme at the beginning again. That, at least, is not new. It was running in his head when we were in Venice years ago, and he used to drum it on his glass at the dinner-table. He had just begun to work it out when the late autumn came on, and the paleness of the Adriatic oppressed him, and he decided to go to Florence for the winter, and lost touch with the theme during his illness. Do you remember those frightful days? All the people who have loved him are not strong enough to save him from himself! When I got word from Florence that he had been ill, I was in Nice filling a concert engagement. His wife was hurrying to him from Paris, but I reached him first. I arrived at dusk, in a terrific storm. They had taken an old palace there for the winter, and I found him in the library—a long, dark room full of old Latin books and heavy furniture and bronzes. He was sitting by a wood fire at one end of the room, looking, oh, so worn and pale!—as he always does when he is ill, you know. Ah, it is so good that you *do* know! Even his red smoking-jacket lent no color to his face. His first words were not to tell me how ill he had been, but that that morning he had been well enough to put the last strokes to the score of his '*Souvenirs d'Automne*,' and he was, as I most like to remember him, so calm and happy and tired; not gay, as he usually is, but just contented and tired with that heavenly tiredness that comes after a good work done at last. Outside, the rain poured down in torrents, and the wind moaned for the pain of all the world and sobbed in the branches of the shivering olives and about the walls of that desolated old palace. There was a concert piano in the room, and he played that prelude of Chopin's with the ceaseless pelting of rain-drops in the bass. He wrote it, you know, when George Sand carried him off to Majorca and shut him up in a damp grotto in the hill-side, and it rained forever and ever, and he had only goat's milk to drink. Adriance had been to Majorca, you know, and had slept in their grotto. How that night comes back to me! There were no lights in the room, only the wood fire which glowed upon the hard features of the bronze Dante like the reflection of purgatorial flames, and threw long black shadows about us; beyond us it scarcely penetrated the gloom at all. How heavy and impenetrable were those shadows! quite like the darkness of the under world, where it will be resting-time indeed, and the last strokes will have been put to the last score, and we shall all be together, resting in the common darkness, after it is all over. Suddenly Adriance stopped playing and sat staring at the fire with the weariness of all his life in his eyes, and of all the other lives that must aspire and suffer to make up one such life as his. Somehow the wind with all its world pain had got into the room, and the cold rain was in our eyes, and the wave came up in both of us at once—that awful vague, universal pain, that cold fear of life and death and God and hope—and we were like two clinging together on a spar in mid-ocean after the shipwreck of everything. Then we heard the front door open with a great gust of wind that shook even the walls, and the servants came running with lights, announcing that Madame had returned from Paris, '*and in the book we read no more that night.*'" She gave the old line with a certain bitter humor, and with the hard, bright smile in which of old she had wrapped her weakness as in a glittering garment. That ironical smile, worn like a mask through so many years, had gradually changed even the lines of her face completely, and when she looked in the mirror she saw not herself, but the scathing critic, the amused observer and satirist of herself. Sometimes, while looking at the mask she wore, Windermere had thought of Richard's lines, "the shadow of my sorrow hath destroyed the shadow of my face." He dropped his head upon his hand and sat looking at the rug. "How much you have cared!" he said.

"Ah, yes, I cared," she said, closing her eyes with a long-drawn sigh of relief; and lying perfectly still, she went on: "You can't imagine what a comfort it is to have you know how I cared, what a relief it is to be able to tell it to someone. I used to want to shriek it out to the world in the long nights when I could not sleep. It seemed to me that I could not die with it. It demanded some sort of expression. And now that you do know, you would

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scarcely believe how much less sharp the agony of it is."

Windermere continued to look helplessly at the floor. "I was not sure how much you wanted me to know," he said.

"Oh, I intended you should know from the first time I looked into your face, when you came that day with Charley. I flatter myself that I have been able to conceal it when I chose, though I suppose women always think that. The more observing ones may have seen, but discerning people are usually discreet and often kind, for we usually bleed a little before we begin to discern. But I wanted you to know; you are so like him that it is almost like telling him himself. At least, I feel now that he will know some day, and then I will be quite sacred from his compassion, for we none of us dare to pity the dead. Since it was what my life has chiefly meant, I should like him to know. On the whole, I am not ashamed of it. I have fought a good fight."

"And has he never known at all?" asked Windermere, in a thick voice.

"Oh! never at all in the way that you mean. Of course he is accustomed to looking into the eyes of women and finding love there; when he doesn't find it there he thinks he must have been guilty of some discourtesy and is miserable about it. He has a genuine fondness for everyone who is not stupid or gloomy, or old or preternaturally ugly. Granted youth and cheerfulness and a moderate amount of wit and some tact, and Adriance will always be glad to see you coming round the corner. I shared with the rest; shared the smiles and the gallantries and the droll little sermons. It was quite like a Sunday-school picnic; we wore our best clothes and a smile and took our turns. It was his kindness that was hardest. I have pretty well used my life up at standing punishment."

"Don't; you'll make me hate him," groaned Windermere.

Katharine laughed and began to play nervously with her fan. "It wasn't in the slightest degree his fault; that is the most grotesque part of it. Why, it had really begun before I ever met him. His early music was the first that ever really took hold of me. When I was a child out in Iowa, and Charley was braking on the road, I used to lie out under the apple-trees and dream about him. I had seen his picture in some magazine or other, and I always fancied him in Paris leading the gilded existence of a Ouida hero. I had a tough pull to get started; it was a long jump from Bird City to Chicago, and a longer one from Chicago to New York. I fought my way to him, and I drank my doom greedily enough."

Windermere rose and stood hesitating. "I think I must go. You ought to be quiet and I don't think I can hear any more just now."

She put out her hand and took his playfully. "You've put in three weeks at this sort of thing, haven't you? Well, it may never be to your glory in this world, perhaps, but it will stand to your credit in the land to which I travel. I wax quotational. It's been the mercy of heaven to me, and it ought to square accounts for a much worse life than yours will ever be. 'Unto one of the least of these,' you remember."

Windermere knelt beside her, saying, brokenly: "I stayed because I wanted to be with you, that's all. I have never cared about other women since I met you in New York when I was a lad. You are a part of my destiny, and I could not leave you if I would."

She put her hands on his shoulders and shook her head. "No, no; don't tell me that. I have seen enough of the tragedy of life, God knows: don't show me any more just as the curtain is going down. No, no, it was only a boy's fancy, and your divine pity and my utter pitiableness have recalled it for a moment. One does not love the dying, dear friend. If some fancy of that sort had been left over from boyhood, this would rid you of it, and that were well. Now go, and you will come again to-morrow, as long as there are to-morrows, will you not?" She took his hand with a smile that lifted the mask from her soul, that was both courage and sadness, hope and despair, and full of infinite loyalty and tenderness, she said softly:

> For ever and for ever, farewell, Cassius;
> If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
> If not, why then, this parting was well made.

The courage in her eyes was like the clear light of a star to him as he went out.

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On the night of Adriance Hilgarde's opening concert in Paris, Windermere sat by the bed in the ranch-house in Wyoming, watching over the last battle that we have with the flesh before we are done with it and free of it forever. At times it seemed that the serene soul of her must have left already and found some refuge from the storm, and only the tenacious animal life were left to do battle with death. She labored under a delusion at once pitiful and merciful, thinking that she was in the Pullman on her way to New York, going back to her life and her work. When she aroused from her stupor, it was only to ask the porter to waken her half an hour out of Jersey City, or to remonstrate with him about the roughness of the road, and to declare that she would never travel by that line again. At midnight Windermere and the nurse were left alone with her. Poor Charley Gaylord had lain down on a couch outside the door. Windermere sat looking at the sputtering night-lamp until it made his eyes ache. His head dropped forward on the foot of the bed and he sank into a heavy, distressful slumber. He was dreaming of Adriance's concert in Paris, and of Adriance, the troubadour, smiling and debonnair, with his boyish face and the touch of silver gray in his hair. He heard the applause and he saw the roses going up over the footlights until they were stacked half as high as the piano, and the petals fell and scattered, making crimson splotches on the floor. Down this crimson pathway came Adriance with his youthful step, leading his prima donna by the hand; a dark woman this time, with Spanish eyes.

The nurse touched him on the shoulder, he started and awoke. She screened the lamp with her hand. Windermere saw that Katharine was awake and conscious, and struggling a little. He lifted her gently on his arm and began to fan her. She laid her hands lightly on his hair and looked into his face with eyes that seemed never to have wept or doubted. "Ah, dear Adriance, dear, dear," she whispered.

Windermere went to call her brother, but when they came back the madness of art was over for Katharine.

Two days later Windermere was pacing the station siding, waiting for the Westbound train. Charley Gaylord walked beside him, but the two men had nothing to say to each other. Windermere's bags were piled on the truck, and his step was hurried and his eyes were full of impatience, as he gazed again and again up the track, watching for the train. Gaylord's impatience was not less than his own; these two, who had grown close, had now become painful and impossible to each other, and longed for the wrench of farewell.

As the train pulled in, Windermere wrung Gaylord's hand among the crowd of alighting passengers. The people of a German opera company, *en route* for the coast, rushed by them in frantic haste to snatch their breakfast during the stop. Windermere heard an exclamation in a broad South German dialect, and a massive woman whose figure persistently escaped from her stays in the most improbable places and whose florid face was marked by good living and champagne as by fine tide lines, rushed up to him, her blond hair disordered by the wind, and glowing with joyful surprise she caught his coat-sleeve with her tightly gloved hands.

"Herr Gott, Adriance, *lieber Freund*," she cried, emotionally.

Windermere quickly withdrew his arm, and lifted his hat, blushing. "Pardon me, madame, but I see that you have mistaken me for Adriance Hilgarde. I am his brother," he said, quietly, and turning from the crestfallen singer he hurried into the car.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THE subject of the difference of appreciation shown by the native reader and the English in the matter of our American fiction has absorbed once more the attention of various critics, and notably of Mr. Howells. The latter has pointed to the liking of our English friends for fiction dealing with plain types of "every-day Americans," and has reminded us of the seeming irony of the fact that it is not about such pedestrian persons that we ourselves appear chiefly concerned to hear. He refers to the popularity that historical romance has enjoyed here, and intimates that if Americans of all classes cannot read of knights and ladies disporting themselves in a make-believe past, their taste is to read of knights and ladies moving in the glamour of that society whose most representative abode is Newport. This is all worth thinking of, although it may not have been said for the first time. If it is true, it is perhaps not inexcusable. The assumption that, ours being a democratic country, the average reader in it should care more than readers in other countries to read of the lives of the average sort of men and women, is one that, though very widespread, must always seem to some persons to be deficient in logic.

Every-day People in Fiction

One cannot but remember, as a matter of fact, that the average man and woman, as Mr. Howells understands the terms, have never in any country or at any time formed the principal subject-matter of fiction. There have been written in every language many lovely tales of the tranquil existences that flow on, without conspicuous event, everywhere. But such of these stories as have survived have always been marked exceptions. Masterpieces as are the stories of Miss Austen, perfect renderings of the lives that run on mediocre lines as may be some of the novels of Anthony Trollope, touching as may be some of those books of modern Spanish middle-class life that Mr. Howells himself so much admires, it is not among such works that one commonly looks for those pieces of fiction that outlast the wreckage of changing literary fashion and are quoted one generation after another. The story of Manon Lescaut may not always be read in the exact words of Prévost, and coming generations may not always go to Goethe for the story of Gretchen. But the soul, the essence, of such stories floats on insoluble through the all-dissolving waters of the years. With all the falsities that it may be taxed with, there is some such sort of vitality attaching to such a story, for instance, as that of Dumas's Marguerite Gautier. There may be better pieces of fiction than these, but these happen to interest a very large majority of persons, and persons of all conditions, and in countries democratic and autocratic alike.

They happen to "interest," and that is exactly the gist of the whole matter. They interest just as some persons interest when they are met in daily life, and as many others do not. The people who interest have what we call personality. It may not be a pleasant personality or a strong personality. A well-known critic who not long ago had occasion to speak of Madame Duse's *Francesca da Rimini* laid stress on the suggestive truth that there are certain characters in dramatic poetry whose fit interpretation eludes the most finished and sincere sympathy and skill of the actor, and only yields itself to personality. Only a special shade of inborn charm and personality could, he said, lead to the proper impersonation, for example, of such a character as *Ophelia*. Whatever the special quality by means of which some individuals have personality — whether it be charm, strength, magnetism — we recognize it as marking them out, more or less, from their fellows. They are exceptions. They are precisely *not* "every-day people."

This interest in salient individuals is never fad or fashion. It is universal and perennial because it has a physiological basis. We live, structurally and imaginatively, through the receiving of impressions. We must have new impressions, a new point of view, a shock, now and then, or we grow stale and languish. We need salient people for the renewal of our life. That is why we seek them and attend to them. When an author

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—and Mr. Howells is himself a case in point —selects, through some instinct of his talent, to treat of "every-day" people, it is because they are not such to *him*. He has a vision which detects beauties, which picks out and, as it were, illuminates saliencies. They are not monotonous or colorless individuals to him. He receives impressions through them. So it always comes to that. He is finely touched by the pathos or humor of their quiet lives. It is a matter of nerves. The mass of individuals are generally so attuned that they want their impressions to be stronger; that is all.

A Myth of Cookery.

AMONG the many legends that still await the myth-killer's coming may be counted that of John Bull's fondness for simple fare, his liking for "plain roast and boiled." True, the invasion of England by French cookery during the last century assumed such proportions that the average Briton cannot longer sing the exclusive praises of plain living quite so plausibly as he could some forty or fifty years ago. Nevertheless, the invasion can hardly be said to have resulted in actual conquest; French cookery is still an article of imported luxury, still essentially foreign, in England, as in this country also. The standard cookery in Great Britain, as practised and commended by the bulk of the people, is still of the primitive simple type; its aim seems to be less to render food delicious than to prevent its being entirely raw—in which latter it is often successful. No adequate notion of the Arcadian, ungarnished simplicity of native English cooking can be formed outside of England itself. Our own American cookery (when uninfluenced by French, German, or Italian example) is clearly derived from it, but none the less represents a higher and somewhat more complex development. Even as far back as the old Colonial days we did at least something more to our food than merely to expose it to the action of heat.

That simple cookery which is now distinctively English was once generally European — that is, Occidental. Before the Crusades, the French, Germans, Italians, and Spaniards cooked as simply as the English do still. It was the returning Crusaders who brought Eastern cooks, Eastern culinary ideas home with them; which ideas were gradually still further developed and refined upon, with various results owing to as various local influences, in France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and other countries of Continental Europe. All these different *cuisines* are directly derived from the Oriental, and illustrate the more complex fundamental idea of Eastern cookery.

Turkish, Saracen, and Moorish cookery was originally derived from the Persian, as this was undoubtedly from the Indian. In the days of Ottoman splendor, rich Constantinople grandees would keep Persian cooks, just as our own millionnaires now have French *chefs* and *cordons bleus*. Some dishes, in passing from India through Persia to Turkey, even kept their names. Turkish *pilaff*, for instance, comes (both etymologically and as a matter of fact) from Indian *pillau*—both being more or less complicated preparations of rice; just as Turkish *kebab*—collops of meat strung on a skewer, alternating with bits of bacon and onion, and then roasted—is essentially Indian *kibobs*.

England alone kept severely aloof from the great European march of culinary progress; the English stuck to the old, simple, aboriginal Occidental cookery. And out of this piece of characteristic conservatism grew the legend of John Bull's surpassing fondness for "plain roast and boiled." The legend is easily believed in by persons whose opportunities for observation are limited to the perusal of English cook-books, or visits to English kitchens; judged by what can be learned in that way, John Bull's palate is of quite virgin delicacy, the least sophisticated in Europe. Unfortunately for the legend, however, there is one more item to be considered.

French, German, Italian, or Spanish cookery gives one a perfectly accurate idea of the habitual demands of the French, German, Italian, or Spanish palate, of the *status* of French, German, Italian, or Spanish taste in the matter of eating. But English cookery gives no idea at all of the *status* of English taste. Here is the great difference! If John Bull only ate his food as it comes from his kitchen, he might well lay claim to a simple, "natural" taste; but he does not. And the truth is that, so far from his taste being simple, it is extremely sophisticated, his palate is the most dulled, jaded, and depraved by hard usage in all Europe. Nor is the reason for this hard to discover.

A Frenchman once said: "*Les Anglais*

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font leur cuisine à table, tandis que nous faisons la nôtre dans nos casseroles (the English do their culinary work at table, whereas we do ours in our saucepans)." The Briton seasons his food for himself, mouthful by mouthful, while eating; and, if you would have a realizing sense of what his taste is, you must neither read his cook-books nor visit his kitchens, but make a sight-seeing call at Crosse & Blackwell's or Fortnum & Mason's. *Tunc manifesta fides!* There you will find every form of violent gustatory stimulant, from the comparatively peaceful tomato catsup to that esculent fire known as West India pickles—sauces, pickles, chutneys, and what not, rich in all the palate-tickling (palate-tickling?—palate-assaulting, palate-scorching) devices that pepper, cayenne, mustard, horse-radish, anchovy, assafœtida, *et hoc genus omne*, can suggest—and (note this, by the way) all put up in handy bottles, ready for use at a moment's notice. That is the worst of it: all these gustatory knock-me-downs are especially calculated to be used, not by cooks, but by the consumers themselves—at table, on the spur of the moment, poured on with their own hands. Now all these flavoring essences are of the nature of stimulants (to the palate), and he who pours out stimulants for himself will inevitably increase, and go on ever increasing, the dose before he has done with it. This is a law of nature. The indisputable result of all of which is that the average British palate, compared with the French, is become like a Jamaican mule's skin compared with a horse's: a lashing that would half cut a horse in two is just enough to attract the mule's attention. Where a Frenchman will say, for instance, of tomato soup: "*C'est bon, mais cela vous emporte la bouche!* (It's good, but it flays your mouth)," it probably never occurred to an Englishman that tomato soup was "hot" at all.

No doubt this liking for violent condiments, which distinguishes the Briton from other Europeans, came in a great measure from India—as the excessive use of stimulants to the appetite and digestion generally originates in hot countries. After the Indian conquest, the returning English brought back—not Indian cooks nor cooking, as the old Crusaders did Turkish, but—Indian sauces and relishes with them, to be used at their own discretion. But, whencesoever this sophisticated taste may have come, its widespread existence in England is beyond all doubt; so much so that even French *chefs* in England soon find it to their advantage to lay on the flavors thicker and thicker "*pour le goût anglais.*" A quasi-proof of which is the established fact that cooks who are known to have served in England cannot command as high wages in Paris as those who have never left France; Gallic epicures fear the coarsening influence of British taste!

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVINGS

IN the Field of Art for February, 1902, there was given an account of the Avery collection of modern prints which had been added to the print department of the New York Public Library. This department, at present housed in the building of the Lenox Library on Fifth Avenue, opposite Central Park, is constantly though slowly increasing; and it will be of obvious propriety to keep some record of it, and to mention from time to time the addition of important works of art. As this is set down in October, 1902, there is on exhibition, in the cases of the art gallery, a collection of prints from American wood-engravings, and this collection includes some few loans made only for the few weeks of the public exhibition. As, however, much the larger part of it belongs to the permanent collection of the print department, the opportunity of the exhibition under glass may be taken to describe, in part, this important addition to the art collections of the Library. This display in the show-cases of the Library is indeed not wholly satisfactory. The cases are not at all well adapted to the purpose to which they are now applied. The student learns what there is in the possession of the Library; but must wait for any study of the prints till they are in the portfolios again.

It becomes a pleasant duty to mention in the first place the important gifts which have gone far to make this collection of American wood-engravings the important thing it is. Mr. Francis Scott King has given thirty-one proofs of his own work to the Avery collection, and Mr. Henry Wolf presents a dozen selected and signed proofs of his work to the print department. The Century Company has given to the same department over a hundred proofs of work executed for them, including more than eighty from the various series of wood-engravings from the old masters, the admirable and well-known work of Timothy Cole, practically all in the form of India proofs; and including also a number of the well-known portraits by Thomas Johnson. Charles Scribner's Sons have presented over a hundred proofs of work by wood-engravers, executed mainly for this magazine, including many of the prints belonging to the volume entitled "The Art of the American Wood Engraver."

These gifts are not to be taken as minor additions to the collection. They are of first-rate importance, and represent the origin and also the culmination, as far as we can judge, of the art which American engravers have made in a peculiar way their own. It was in 1878, or very soon thereafter, that observers in fine-art matters began to understand that something new was taking shape, and the three artists named with those who are known as contributors to the illustrated magazines and those criticised elsewhere in this paper, were the most noted exponents of the doctrine, if there was a doctrine, or at least of the practice.

What then is the real distinction between the wood-engraving of the new school and that which had gone before? It was at first in the attempt to reproduce very closely the artistic significance of the drawing or painting followed. Consider the old conditions: John Leech or John Gilbert drew with pencil and wash on the surface of the wood block. The engraver went at this surface with his cutting tools and bit by bit destroyed the drawing, while he so engraved the surface with his lines and dots that a print taken on paper would give his, the engraver's, translation of the draughtsman's work of art. But, *traduttore, traditore;* the translation was often very like the Englishing of Dumas or the Verdeutschung of Shakespeare; and it has been known to falsify, or, if the term is preferred, to contradict all that the draughtsman had tried to say. It is on record that a very great and famous wood-engraver, at work in New York less than thirty years ago, turned the landscape of a living painter end for end, so to speak; bringing out mountains light against a sombre sky, where the artist had made a smiling landscape, bright sky, and relatively dark masses of hill. And it was to correct this abuse, and to work consciously

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and not by impulse, reproducing what was meant to be given and not substituting for it the unexpected and often the undesirable, that the reformers set themselves. In detail, their work was, of course, mainly in the careful study of the possibilities and limitations of wood-engraving. Begun in the rather promiscuous use of every known process, all at once and all in the same passage of gray and black and white, it led to the use of the simplest and the purest means—of pure parallel lines without cross lines or hatching of any sort, and without the slightest imitation of the methods of the engraver on metal. For let it be noticed that the metal-engraver cuts incised lines in a smooth surface, which lines being filled with ink, print themselves off upon dampened paper—that is to say, the dampened paper pulls the ink out of those lines—the surface of the metal-plate having been wiped clean that no ink left there might soil a print. On the other hand, the wood-engraver may indeed cut incised lines just as he also cuts away whole surfaces, patches a quarter of an inch broad, from the material of his wood block, but that which takes the ink and gives up the ink to the paper is not the incised lines but the projecting parts, those parts which are left standing up at the full height of the original surface after lines and spaces have been cut away. In brief, the engraving on a metal-plate is strictly incised work; the engraving on the wood-block is strictly relief work, that is to say, the part left projecting is the object of the artist, in every respect as much as in the bas-relief of the sculptor. Now it is clear that if the workman in the second of these arts—that is to say, in relief engraving—tries to imitate the look of the print taken from a metal engraving he is lost. The relief engraving on wood yields a beautiful print, as exceptional in its charm as the print from the copper. And, to speak only of engraving by the artist himself, the production of the man's own design: cleverness, dashing ability, vigor may be shown, and even such artistic qualities as sense of light and shade and the like, but an unwholesome, unnatural, and forced undertaking of the sort can never be otherwise than ruinous to the growth of an artist's intelligence of the true development of his manual powers, and no school of wood-engraving nor even any great handiwork of a single man ever can come from such unwholesome proceedings as that. Now the productions of the earlier nineteenth-century wood-engravers were not always bad, even when looked at from the most technical standpoint. The immense fame of Thomas Bewick (died 1828) is fully deserved, and his engraving was legitimate in the extreme. At another time it may be our pleasure to examine the collection of Bewicks which forms a part of the old Lenox Library, and which passes naturally into the possession of the New York Public Library: but apart from this the work of W. J. Linton was magnificent, the combination of design and technique perhaps unmatched elsewhere, and the beauty of result unsurpassable. Henry Marsh was a realist in the strictest sense, that of being a copyist of nature; but no other mind came between him and nature, when he was making those astonishing fac-similes of butterflies and moths.

Now to take up the work of the translating engravers, of those who propose to render other men's designs, the work of firms like Dalziel in England and of A. V. S. Anthony & Company in New York was very often simple and straightforward, worked as a wood-block ought to be worked, and entirely respectable from every point of view. To limit our questioning to the American school alone, there are in the table-cases now (October) on exhibition in the Lenox Library building, prints which, if the engraving had been made after a more masterly original, or better drawn on the block, would have been worthy of any collector's portfolio. There is one by J. A. Adams after Cogniet, which indeed tries to give the glow and depth of engraving on metal, as is perfectly natural to a wood-engraver working in a community which knew of no admiration for anything except the recognized work of the grand school on copper, but which if the drawing furnished the engraver had been more adequate would have been a good print and which is a remarkable production. Nothing could be more simple and natural than the method employed. Many of Alexander Anderson's prints are shown here, and this patriarch of American wood-engraving sustains his reputation even better than one would suppose. We must look through the slovenly drawing and allow for the tone of vulgarity which possesses all that sentimental art which Americans enjoyed between 1820 and 1850 in order to see all that Anderson gives; but then you will see a very interest-

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ing following of Thomas Bewick, a careful study of his methods which Anderson interprets freely and develops in the cutting of larger blocks than Bewick generally employed, and some most barbarous or, if you please, most childish designs are also engraved by him in a masterly way. There is one here of Balaam and his Ass stopped by the Angel which, as a design, is trivial indeed, but if the student will note how Anderson has rendered it in black and white he will be surprised at the resolute firmness of his adherence to strict wood-engraving methods, and this in the most benighted time of the early nineteenth century.

The peculiar work of the new school was then twofold: it consisted in the selecting of artistic material admirable in itself and perfectly well adapted to reproduction by wood-engraving, and of the engraved work itself, done with uncompromising truthfulness of method, and sometimes with an even excessive exactitude of reproduction, the very brush marks of an oil painting given in almost deceptive copying of the physical, rather than their artistic, weight and consequence. All this fidelity was of importance as training; the work of copying was the right introduction to that of the designer, every engraving showing to the artist methods of gaining more depth of shade, more richness of color, more delicacy of gradation, more beauty of the combination of lighter and darker grays mingled and graded one into another.

And now let it be admitted that the work of the "painter-engraver" is very different in artistic character from that of the faithful translator. Let it be admitted, also, that it is higher in artistic rank. Those limitations once stated hardly need to be forced on our notice, because each kind of art is so noble in itself. See Cole interpreting a Paul Veronese, would you not say: A loving student of Nature at work upon a study of sky and mountain? What are masses of colored light and shade but the one object of the artist's study, in either case? And what has he to do, in either case, but to express them as best he can in gray shade and white or pale gray light?

As is usual in such cases, the new school when it is examined minutely does not differ inch by inch so radically from the best work of the old school as one might suppose. The triumphant march of a new art is never without reminiscences of the step that had been learned, and of the music that had set the time for the now disregarded processionals of the past. The splendid glow and profundity of Kruell's portrait of William Hunt, the painter; the gentle and subdued harmonies of Frank French's engraving from the picture by F. D. Millet, a Greek girl tying her sandal; the indescribable harmony, like that of a mezzotint by Turner's own hand, of Elbridge Kingsley's landscape, the large oblong one with a river running slowly between low banks covered with trees and with a black boat on the extreme right (known as the Split Block), are all the result of such devotion to the wood-block and to the right use of the tools which carve its surfaces. You have a worthy subject to begin with; you try to render some part of its beauty or its significance upon a medium which is notoriously limited in certain directions, you submit to those limitations like a sensible workman and you find that they yield insensibly here and there; your instincts as an artist in black and white guide your skilled and constantly more skilful hand, and without knowing it, until after a while you produce one of the admirable compositions alluded to or something of correlative importance. You find your right path. Each artist is led by that which he cannot altogether control to do the work which lends itself the most perfectly to his habit of mind and his turn of hand.

Thomas Johnson may be thought to succeed best in his handling of portraits made after photographs. Gustave Kruell has also engraved many portraits from photographs, but he has also made many charcoal studies of heads, having all the character of lifelike portrait work, and it is his familiarity with such work as this that has aided in the preparation of his well-known portraits, the well-known large ones of Lincoln, Garrison, Phillips, Darwin, and the almost equally well-known blocks of smaller size but still large—eight inches high—one of the most remarkable of which is the portrait of Godkin.

Henry Wolf seems to excel nearly all the men of his school in his painter-like faculty of relieving figure upon figure in even a large composition, and doing this without ever losing that flatness which is altogether becoming to the wood-engraving—without destroying the charm of light and shade for the sake of rotundity or projection or of realistic semblance of actual relief. One remembers the

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enthusiastic praise which painters will give to pictures which have no significance at all beyond their technique provided always the different whites of cap and kerchief, sky and snow, are discriminated and characterized each by itself while all remain white. Something of that is to be found in Wolf's larger prints.

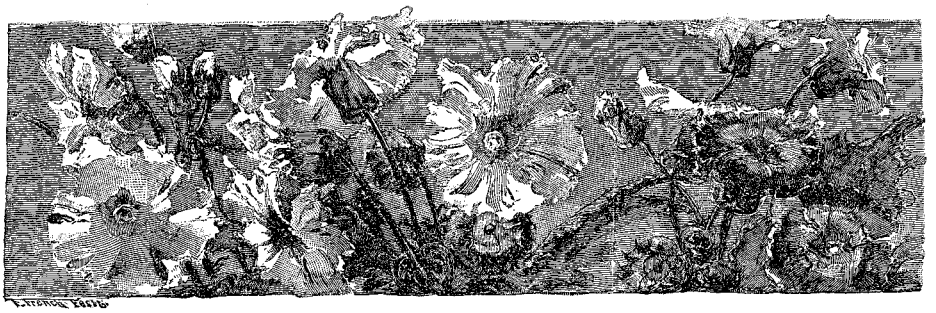
Francis S. King is a landscape painter using the graver more than he does the brush, and he is in this the very type and model of the modern *peintre-graveur*. Moreover, this landscape gift of his and his growing experience in landscape make him the fittest man to engrave the crowded compositions of figures in action in which his work is the best known.

W. B. Closson also engraves his own compositions; and when these are of the simplest character, decorative in purpose with great love of twinkling whites with cloudy darks, they are unsurpassable. Even the more elaborate designs, though reminding one slightly of an older school of landscape, are full of significance—are as good descriptive landscapes as one may find. Frank French is also an original artist. There have been engravings of his published in this magazine, in which, while there is a sentimental or a popularly descriptive purpose, the sense of artistic expression is of the highest. A little rainy landscape, with a sheet of shining water covering the country road, and new sheets of water falling upon it and half concealing the landscape beyond, seems to be one of the most perfect landscape-compositions producible.

Timothy Cole has made for himself a great name as the most successful of the many translators of painting into black and white, and his work in this direction fills all those screens which are first at the doorway as you enter the gallery of exhibition.

The collection of the Library does not as yet contain worthy specimens of all of these men, nor from the work of Frederick Juengling, nor J. G. Smithwick, or others of hardly less renown, but the exhibition now open will tend toward a somewhat rapid increase of the collection. There are needed also prints from the blocks of W. J. Linton and Henry Marsh, Linton as the most powerful and versatile engraver of the men who succeeded Bewick, affording in his work an almost perfect example of straightforward, simple, and workmanlike engraving, and thus serving as best of masters for those very men whom his conservative instincts bid him discourage and almost denounce in what they were doing that was less familiar to his experience. Linton was indeed an Englishman, and did not begin work in the United States until he was fifty years old, but he was completely transplanted and brought from the old world to the new the best of its traditions. As for Henry Marsh, his work was limited in amount and also in the variety of its application. He was a faithful translator into black and white of that which was put before him, and this is a gift which is not given to many men. On the one hand he tried to render, in what may be called literal translation, line for line and touch for touch, if not word for word, the imaginative drawings of John La Farge, and on the other hand he reproduced faithfully every spot, every marking and vein of the moths and butterflies of America, laying the creature beside his block, as the story was, and translating his purples and his golden lights into true values of gray.

RUSSELL STURGIS.



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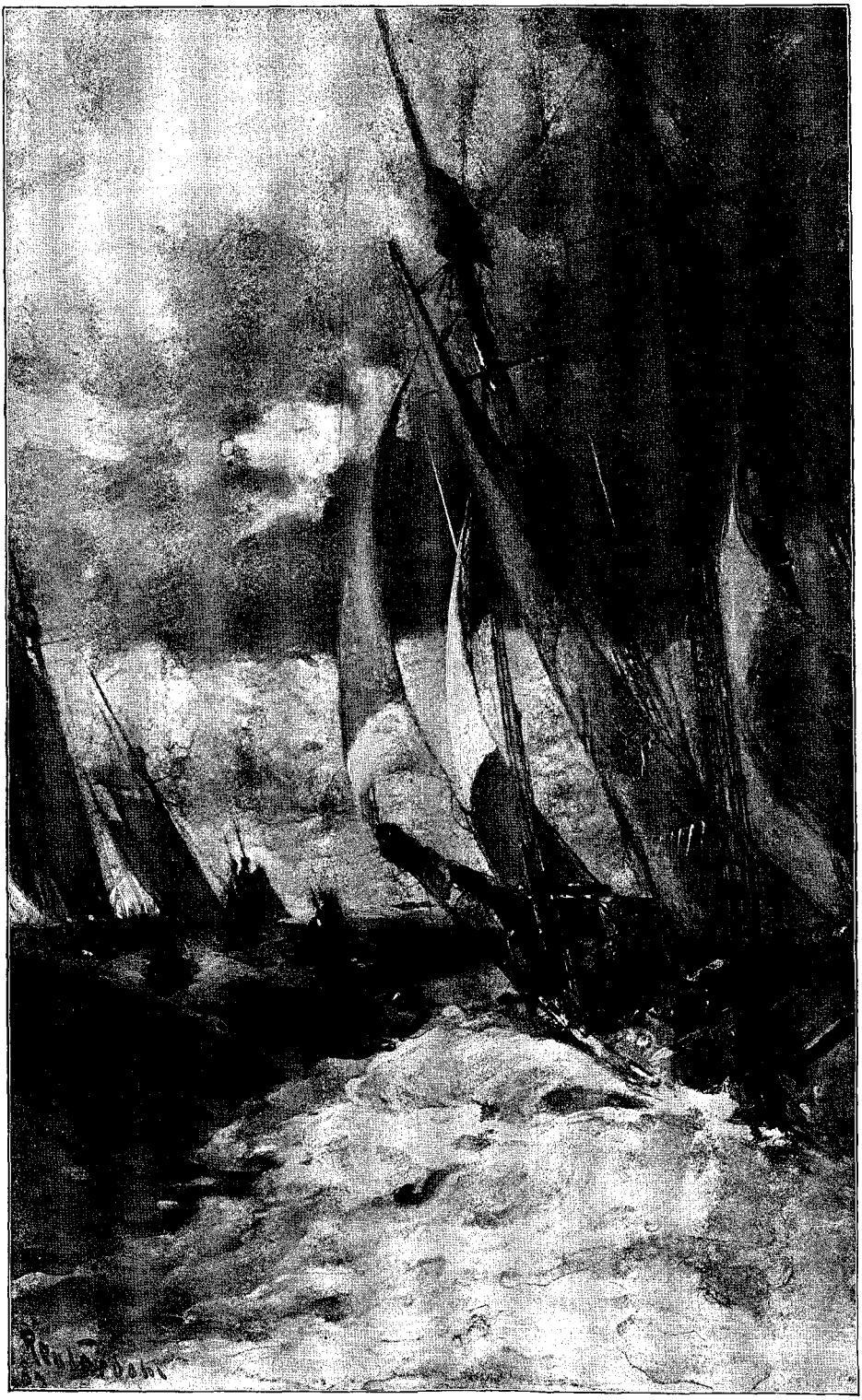

Drawn by H. Reuterdahl.

THE NOR'WESTER HAD CAUGHT THEM.

— "Running to Harbor," page 145

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